FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1896. | VOL. XLVI.—No. 16 No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page viii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

LIFE HISTORY OF THE SALMON.

NEXT to the capture of the salmon the investigation of its life history claims the deepest interest of the angler-naturalist. There is no royal road to learning the habits of this king of the rivers. The little that we know has been laboriously collated from the observations of many students in various lands.

The sea-going habit of the fish takes it early beyond our reach and no one follows it or sees it under satisfactory conditions again until the near approach of the spawning season and the rapid ascent of the fresh-water streams.

On the rivers no observing stations exist except those of a special and temporary character, established in the interest of some statistical bureau or fishcultural organization. This seems remarkable when we consider the wide distribution of the salmon family, the size and enormous number of individuals, their intense interest to the angler, and the surpassing value of the industries to which they give rise.

We know that the Atlantic salmon "roams along the coasts of Great Britain in summer in search of food, and may be found close inshore many miles from where any fresh water enters the sea, loitering in estuaries and also at the mouths of rivers up which it purposes ascending." It is also well known that the same species enters rivers of the United States during spring and summer, passes on to its spawning grounds, and returns to the sea after the reproductive mission has been fulfilled.

The temporary residence of the young in fresh water and their assumption of a silver livery preparatory to their departure to marine feeding grounds is also fully spread upon the records.

There is on the Pacific coast a group of salmon which is no less interesting than the salmon of the Rhine, the Tay, the Restigouche and the Penobscot. Five members form the group, and we speak of them as the quinnat, dog salmon, silver salmon, red salmon and little humpback.

These live in the North Pacific, from whence they ascend rivers of Asia and northwestern America for the purpose of reproducing their kind. Some of them travel only a short distance from the sea to deposit their eggs; others make journeys exceeding 1,000 miles, and after the fatigues, injuries and privations incident to spawning, none are left alive to return to the ocean.

It has been pretty generally supposed that the Pacific salmon becomes sexually mature in four years from its birth, and that when the young fish enter the sea they remain away from the rivers until ready to spawn. This is certainly not true in all cases, as will appear from what follows.

Mr. H. J. Barling, who manages a salmon fishery at Karluk, Alaska, noticed small salmon during many seasons returning from sea with the adults. To quote his own language:

"For many seasons past I have noticed the small fry in surprising numbers standing inshore with the adults, and while I was satisfied that they were small salmon, I could not so positively state ere this on account of not being able to catch them before they escaped through the larger meshes. I was enabled to furnish you the few which I sent by backing up the nets with the small mesh seine at the time we caught over 1,000 small salmon and only 900 adults.

"Some of my friends on the (Karluk) river always maintained that these small fish were trout, and even now some are hardly satisfied. I will state, however, that these small fry salmon are not to be seen in numerous quantities after August 10.

"I have always maintained ever since I have been in Karluk that all the fish we catch are not Karluk bred fish, being merely attracted inshore by the fresh waters from the Karluk River. This year (1895) was not as much so as in many years past, but that was caused by the extreme lengths of the nets driving the salmon outside the range of the inner buoys."

The young fish proved upon examination to be red salmon, but there is no reason to believe the habit is confined to that species; in fact, other kinds have been observed to come along the shores and enter the Karluk beyond the influence of the tides. We may be justified in believing that young salmon return with the adults at will, and if observations were continuously made at suitable localities on salmon rivers this truth would be easily established.

Concerning the age at which the quinnat or Columbia River salmon breeds, the most satisfactory conclusions have been reached by Dr. Jousset de Bellesme, director of the Trocadéro aquarium, Paris, from materials obtained in the United States. Eggs of the quinnat were forwarded, and there is now a steady yield of eggs from acclimatized salmon.

Even in the four small basins devoted to California salmon in Paris 50,000 to 60,000 eggs are produced annually and 30,000 fry are reared. The fish after five generations in fresh water spawn as freely as in the first generation, and they mature at the age of 3 years, when they are 31in. long and weigh from 13 to 15lbs.

A MAN UP A TREE.

THERE is published in Port Jervis, N. Y., a farmers' journal, which is engaged in an incessant and all-the-year-round campaign against game protection. Its editorial platform calls for the free coinage of silver, the immediate abolition of all fish and game laws, and the contribution to its own treasury of one dollar and a half from every farmer who shares its sentiments, and for whose life, liberty and pursuit of happiness it is so valiantly waging warfare. The game laws it denounces as enacted at the behest of hired attorneys of sporting millionaires; the operations of the laws, it points out, afford constant examples of tyranny and outrage on the hard-working farmer. Game wardens, as viewed through its spectacles, are all sneaks and cowardly minions who should incontinently be dumped into the creek. The Port Jervis editor is buoyed up by the proud consciousness that he is pounding the Legislature for the abolition of these obnoxious laws, although we are bound to say that the Legislature most shamelessly has not yet come to a realizing sense that it is being pounded; for the mill at Albany goes gayly on year after year grinding out its new grist, and new burdens are laid upon the already staggering Port Jervis farmer.

We have never been able to understand the reason for this intense game law opposition in the particular vicinity where this farmers' journal is published; but in the news dispatches of last week there was an item which may give some clue to the solution of the puzzle. In the New York *Sun* of April 10 was a report from Port Jervis of what happened to Jacob Flint, an aged farmer of Sullivan county, when he was pruning an apple tree on the morning of April 9. As told in the *Sun* (wherein if you see it it is so) farmer Flint was perched up on a ladder 12ft. from the ground, cutting the suckers from an apple tree, when he suddenly found himself in the midst of hundreds of wild geese, which were making their flight northward. They swept through the branches on each side, and threw farmer Flint to the ground below. At this point the narrative ends. Whether the old man was killed or escaped with the fracture of a half-dozen ribs is not recorded.

This omission of further particulars is in itself full of significance. We are to understand that there was no need to tell the rest; that every Port Jervis farmer would supply the sequel for himself. So many farmers there have been knocked out of apple trees by wild geese that all the other farmers—the survivors, so to speak—know perfectly well what happens to each new victim. The story, then, is a plain and simple account of an every-day occurrence, told in the fewest possible words and with no ornamentation or embroidery by the reporter. This is something that has perhaps happened to hundreds of Port Jervis farmers who possess apple orchards which they prune. Nothing is more common, they can tell us from experience, than for wild geese to sweep by hundreds through the branches of apple trees while making their flight northward, and if a farmer happens to be standing on a ladder among those branches at the precise moment when the geese pass through them, nothing is more certain than that he will be thrown to the ground below. Any old goose shooter will tell you that it is almost impossible to resist the impact of one hundred wild geese, let alone several hundreds. Wild geese are popularly believed to fly at a rate of 90 miles an hour, or 1½ miles per minute, or, roughly, 181ft. per second. A goose will average 8lbs. in weight, and 100 geese would weigh 800lbs. Imagine then the shock experienced by a man weighing say 150lbs., balanced uncertainly on a teetery ladder, very likely an old one, among the branches of an apple tree, when struck by a loose mass weighing 800lbs., moving at a rate of 181ft. per second. Obviously the whole weight would not strike the man at once, but it may be questioned whether the rapid succession of blows would not be harder to resist than the single heavier one.

This, however, is but idle speculation. The solemn fact remains that in the aerial and unequal conflict of man and nature—man up an apple tree and nature in the form of feathered cannon balls whizzing through the air—man must "come off his perch." Here is found full and sufficient ground for the journalistic stand taken by the Port Jervis agricultural editor in opposition to the game laws. The issue for which he is contending is a simple one—down with the game or down with the farmer. One or the other must go to the ground. Let it be the game. Every one is entitled to prune his apple trees in peace, to climb ladders in security, to hold his ancestral acres unassailed by the flying battalions of the air. How criminally foolish is it then to enact tyrannous game laws and to turn loose an army of sneaking game wardens to protect the deadly geese. Repeal the laws. Dismiss the wardens. Exterminate the game. Let the honest agriculturist live out his life unvexed and unafraid. The Port Jervis journalist is engaged in a just cause. We trust that the dollars and the half dollars may flow into his coffers and that his subscription list may wax bigger and bigger until not a game statute shall remain, nor a wild goose be left to imperil the life of an honest man up his own apple tree.

SNAP SHOTS.

It is said that President Cleveland was actuated in his nomination of the new Fish Commissioner by a determination to eliminate from the affairs of the Commission any undue preponderance of scientific influence; it was his desire to put the Commission on a practical basis. Those who viewed with apprehension the accession of Commissioner Brice, believing that in the new incumbent there would be found one who was neither scientific nor practical, will find little reassurance in the interview with the Commissioner which we copy from the Washington *Star*. Mr. Brice talks blithesomely of locating his salmon hatcheries near the spawning beds, where he says he proposes to take the eggs from the beds and to put in their places the fry after hatching. This is to outline a programme of absolute impracticability. One can no more take salmon eggs from the spawning bed than they can take up water from the sand of the desert into which it has sunk. The new Commissioner has begun the wrecking of the Commission by discharging chief clerk Gill, and it is rumored that other employees of the Commission, who know their work thoroughly and upon whom as upon Mr. Gill the efficiency of the service depended, will in their turn be dispensed with also.

The Brackett-Husted bill in the New York Legislature, which ostensibly is for the improvement of the navigation of the Hudson River, but really is to authorize the devastation of vast areas of the Adirondacks by the pulp millers, is one of the most impudent jobs ever proposed at Albany. It gives into the hands of a commission of lumbermen and pulp manufacturers the watershed of the Hudson in eight Adirondack counties; authorizes them to dam anew any stream which has ever been dammed, which practically means all streams in the territory, and grants license to flood forest lands by the square mile. The measure has already advanced far toward final passage, but it will not be too late to defeat it if the Legislature is made to understand how the public regards this barefaced attempt to despoil the North Woods for individual greed.

The FOREST AND STREAM is now domiciled in a handsome suite of offices in the New York Life Building, No. 346 Broadway, corner of Leonard street, two blocks north of the former location. The present entrance is on Leonard street. The offices are on the eighth floor, rooms 809 to 813.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—XIX.

Sungahnetook.

SAM'S comrades were in delicious, semi-torpid enjoyment of a morning nap when he quietly left his place among them and, after making a breakfast of stealthily gathered fragments, set forth in fulfillment of a promise made to himself of a day alone in Sungahneetook, the fish-weir river of the old Waubanakees. He was not unsocial, but yet at times was fonder of solitude than of company. Like a true lover of nature, he desired not to go with a crowd to woo his mistress.

Creek and lake were thickly shrouded in a tattered web of mist whose gray shreds slowly undulated in the motionless air, disclosing near glints of unruffled silver water and further away brief glimpses of russet and green marsh, beyond which the unveiled forest glowed in the faint dawn with all the divers hues of autumnal flame. Every single-pointed willow and many-pointed maple leaf was giving its contribution to the slow shower of crystal drops that pattered on rushes and fallen leaves, or tinkled on the quiet waters. The soft continuous sound was punctuated at intervals by the louder voices of awakening life, the sharp whistle of passing wings, the raucous diminuendo of a duck's call. Then came from afar inland the challenge of a cock, the mellow lowing of kine and quavering bleat of sheep, or from the lake the clatter of an anchored sloop's capstan, the echoed voices of her crew, mingled with the crazy laughter of a loon.

To these drowsy sounds of awakening day Sam added the dip and drip of his paddle, as with head above the mist that wreathed the canoe he shaped his easy course across the shallow head of the bay. Then he entered the stream's gateway, gorgeous with the autumnal colors of the water maples. Looking around and backward, he could imagine himself in the solitude of the primeval wilderness, for there was no visible sign of man's intrusion on the wooded banks at either side, nor on the silent lake, nor on the rugged crags of Split Rock Mountain, and these were the bounds of vision.

A few rods up stream the illusion was dispelled where the cleared bank opened to an old pasture. The turf was cut with wheel tracks of wagons that had brought apples to the Canadian boat, signs of her recent presence that set Sam to wondering how it fared with her contraband freight.

Passing the next bend, he was between wooded shores, where ferns and other moisture-loving plants crowded each other in rampant growth. Ducks frequently arose before him, singly and in flocks, taking wing from the water or jutting logs, out of range before he discovered them or could bring his unready gun to bear on them. He saw that shots were only to be got by prowling along on foot, and ran in behind a little island that hugged the left bank. It was crowded with great trees; most conspicuous among them was a towering elm and an immense buttonwood, whose trunk shone unearthly white amid the forest shadows, like the ghost of a giant, and all were embowered in a tangle of wild grapevines.

As Sam stepped on shore he caught a glimpse through the treetops of a flock of ducks whistling with lowering flight toward some spot below him and back from the stream. Thither he cautiously made his way and presently saw an open space among the trees, toward which he made a stealthy approach under cover of a clump of alders. When he reached this he discovered a narrow lagoon lying close before him. It was some twenty rods in length, bordered by a growth of wild rice and covered with duck weed. A great branchless tree lay lengthwise of it at the nearer end, an inviting roosting place for wood ducks, a score of which were occupying it with heads uplifted and alert, or comfortably resting on their mottled breasts or tucked beneath their wings, the males resplendent with bright color, the females shining with gilded bronze, yet all strangely inconspicuous in nature's nice adjustment to their environment, never failing so to blend them with the hues of her changing seasons. As many more swam idly to and fro, meshing the green scum of duckweed with a network of watery paths.

If Sam was aware of a qualm of conscience it came too late to withhold him from the unfair chance, and he raked the log with such deadly aim that more than half its happy crew tumbled overboard, killed outright or in the last extremity, splashed aimlessly, sorely wounded, struggled instinctively toward the cover of the weeds, while the affrighted survivors jostled each other in flurried flight, knowing not what to make of the catastrophe which had befallen their comrades, but wheeled and pivoted in confused wonderment till Sam came forth to secure his victims, when they took flight, yet returned to circle and hover overhead, reluctant to leave a haunt where man so seldom intruded. Another shot fired to secure a cripple served to convince them of its present unsafety, and when Sam bore away his abundant trophies he left the pool as silent and deserted as it is to-day, when it is known to every gunner of this region, and even the poor heron and bittern avoid its precincts.

After depositing the ducks in the canoe and following the bank a little further, Sam came opposite a landing where a scow was moored and a dugout lay with its nose in the bank. On the level sward a seine was spread and a man was kneeling upon it, busily engaged in mending it. A little boy with hair like sun-burned tow stood watching the net-mender and making frequent proffers of help that were ungraciously refused. The man's inquisitive eyes soon made him aware of Sam's presence, but he made no sign of his discovery except to bawl out without raising his head:

"Haow d' du, Capt'in Tawmus," and he did not change his position till he had finished the rent he was tieing. Then he threw down his netting needle and rising to his feet came to the bank with a peculiar awkward swaggering gait and a swing of the arms that contanued after he stood still, like the slowly ceasing vibrations of a pendulum, motions by which Sam recognized an old acquaintance, one of the money diggers of Garden Island.

The child followed the man to the bank, dividing his gaping attention to the stranger with inspection of a cedar fish pole that was set with its sharpened butt in the bank and supported by a crotched stick at the water's edge. He skipped from one occupation to the other with an awkward agility that seemed to have been acquired in dodging gratuitous cuffs. He drew out his hook, spat upon it and cast it with such faith and skill of a true angler that Sam's heart warmed to him, the more for his forlornness.

"Why, goodness gracious, Peter-ah!" the man cried in dull surprise, "I took ye tu be Tawmus Baker, an' consequently I called you Captain Tawmus. Haow's your folks-ah? Crops tol'able good? I do' know's I c'n call your name. What is 't when you're tu hum, anyway-ah?"

Sam gave him the desired information and he continued:

"You don't say! A-huntin' ducks, be ye? Wal, you won't git none. The' ha' none-ah up the crick ner nowheres. I b'en daown the crick myself an' all I got was this 'ere-ah." He took a coot out from the log canoe and held it aloft for Sam's inspection. "I do' know what sort o' critter he is, but I'm a-goin' tu see haow he'll eat. I fooled that 'ere duck, sir. He sot right aout in plain sight, but I went a-sploshin' along in the ma'sh an' a-lookin' t'other way, an' made him think I was arter su'thin' else, an' I got right up tu him. Fooled him, I did, by gracious, Peter!| The' hain't no use in your a-goin' up the crick ner daown crick nuther," the man declared, giving meantime no more attention to the presence of his child than he would have done to that of a dog.

"I'm 'bleeged tu you for tellin' me, but I guess I'll go 'long up a piece. I kinder want tu see what the crick looks like, an' I don't care no gre't abaout ducks anyway."

"Wal, go and be darned," the other snarled, "but you might jest as well leave your gun-ah. An' you'll come tu a gut o' the ma'sh 'at you can't git acrost-ah."

In spite of such discouraging advice Sam went on with his ready gun in the hollow of his arm and his thumb and forefinger on hammer and trigger, and a watchful eye on the stream as each bend unfolded a new reach. He crossed the formidable gut at one stride and at the next turn came to a long westward reach down which the rising sun shone full in his face, dazzling him with level beams that sheeted the rippling water with a sun glade of wrinkled gold, and glorified the mist with more and brighter colors than the rainbow bears, all minutely mirrored in the innumerable drops that beaded every twig and bejeweled every leaf.

Shading his eyes with his hand, he searched the resplendent reach to its further end, and there discovered a figure skulking swiftly along the bank. The form and motion, though revealed but in glimpses, were unmistakably those of his late interlocutor, whose purpose of forestalling Sam was easily guessed.

"Wal, go and be darned," said Sam, quoting the man's ungracious godspeed with a chuckle. "I guess I'll lay low right here a spell."

A group of lusty basswoods, sprung from the mouldering parent tree, overhung the bank with a drooping spread of branches, and Sam crept beneath the leafy tent, stretching himself on the green sward to wait at ease for what might come to him. The monotonous babble of a shallow rapid not far above him, and the softer irregular swirl of deeper water around a half-sunken log near at hand, were the loudest sounds that reached his ears for awhile, and then the quiet of the morning was broken by an echoing roar, and before the echoes ceased there was a rush of wings, recurring again and again as flock after flock of frightened ducks came hurrying past, unseen but in fleeting glimpses through openings in the branches. At last there was a clattering splash of an alighting flock, and in a few moments he discovered them swimming down stream toward him. When they came near enough he fired into the thick of them, with a result that would have sickened with envy the heart of his rival had he beheld it. Six ducks lay feebly beating the water with their wings, or clawing the air with upturned paddles, and a seventh dived and fluttered down stream in a futile attempt to escape, till Sam reloaded his gun and ended its struggles.

Then with the aid of a pole he gathered in the game and again retired to his ambuscade. Laying his loaded gun within easy reach he sat down to the enjoyment of a comfortable smoke, idly watching the patch of water gliding past him, tangling in its eddies the quivering reflections of the other shore with floating frost-painted leaves, some waterlogged with far-away voyaging, others newly launched and buoyant, sailing across the current in wafts of the breeze till stranded on the bank or swept onward in the stronger current.

Then as silently, but more swiftly and suddenly, and scarcely less gayly colored than the drifting leaves, a flock of wood ducks swam into the narrow arena. After tacking up stream a moment to inspect an evidently favorite resort, they crept in onto a willowy sand spit that jutted down stream and formed a tiny cove almost beneath Sam's hiding place. Instinctively he stretched his hand toward his gun, but withheld it as he became more interested in watching the unsuspicious birds crowding and jostling each other for the best places, then one after another standing upright and shaking out their wings, then settling down and preening their plumage. They were so near him that he could see the flash of their bright eyes, the red and olive markings on the drakes' bills, the colors of their crests, and almost count the arrow-shaped spots on their breasts.

"By the gre't horn spoon!" he whispered to himself, "they're tew harnsome tu spile, an' they're so clust tu, I sh'll knock 'em all tu flinders. I've got 'nough anyway, seben here an' 'leven in the canew, so what's the good o' murderin'? But they be turrible temptin'."

Just then he caught sight of the money digger at the bend above. It was evident that he saw the ducks, for he stopped a moment, then cautiously backed away and began a wide detour to reach a point opposite them. Sam drew a stout piece of a fallen limb to him, carefully balanced it in his hand, and then watched intently the crest of the other bank. After a considerable time the crown of an unkempt head slowly arose from behind a log of driftwood stranded among the trees in the spring freshet, and then a pair of eyes slowly scanning the shore till they fixed on the object of their search, then sank out of sight, then reappeared behind the rusty barrel of a slowly leveled musket.

As Sam saw a brawny hand reaching out to cock the clumsy hammer after assured aim, and wondered that the audible double click did not alarm the ducks, he threw the club at them. Before the hurtling missile splashed in the margin of the sand spit the ducks sprang into the air, uttering quavering *wee-uks, wee-uks* of alarm.

For a moment the musket held to its blank aim, then was uplifted as the disappointed gunner slowly arose to his feet and came out upon the bank, craning his neck up stream and down stream to discover the cause of the mischance, till at last he drawled:

"What in all smutteration scairt them 'ere ducks-ah?" and then after vainly waiting for an answer, "Gol dum the tarnal luck."

Shaking with smothered laughter, Sam watched the man vent his disappointment in stamping and fuming, till at last he saw him depart, bearing a couple of ducks, the sole trophies of his stolen march.

Sam resumed his exploration of the stream, and after coming to a great raft of driftwood that bridged it he discovered another little lagoon in the edge of the narrow intervale, so close to the level upland that it was shaded by its hemlocks, and ducks and partridges were near neighbors, each in their favorite haunts.

Then he came to banks clad with willows, and they in turn with wild grapevines, purple underneath with clusters of frost-ripened fruit. Out of one of these wild bowers a partridge and a wood duck took sudden flight from their interrupted feast, one making for the woods, the other for the water. Sam tumbled the duck back among the willows by a snap shot that he was prouder of than of those which had given much greater scores.

The next bend of the stream disclosed the majestic peak of Camel's Hump through the vista of a willowy bank and a pine-crowned knoll, and when the hunter had warmed his heart with a long look at the grandest of his beloved mountains he turned back, for the landscape was beginning to show more farmsteads than woods.

The way back over a path once traveled seemed so long that Sam had been expecting to come upon the bowery island for some time before he caught sight of its ghostly guardian buttonwood shining afar off through the shadows of the water maples. He was about to shorten the way by a cut across the bend when he heard the agonized scream of a child. It apparently came from the landing, and he bent his steps that way with a premonition that help was needed.

He was running at top speed when he came to the place and at a glance saw the dugout adrift slowly rocking on the agitated water with a cedar fish pole floating near it. With eyes intent on the water he dropped his burdens and threw off hat and coat and waistcoat.

In the same instant a scared little face and a pair of clutching hands broke the surface. Making a long leap, Sam plunged and found himself not beyond his depth, but so near it that he could swim faster than he could wade, and a few strokes brought him within reach of the child. He caught him by the hair and bore him to the shore.

The little fellow had life enough in him to impede his rescuer with wild clutches and to cling desperately at the grassy margin when he was brought within reach of it, so that when Sam had dragged his own waterlogged self up the steep, slippery bank he had less trouble in pulling the boy up it than in bringing him to it.

The poor little fellow had not much breath to spare, but plenty of water, to rid him of which Sam laid him across a log and gently rolled him from side to side, his patient moaning and crying feebly between fits of strangling.

When he had recovered speech and natural breathing and a disposition to cry continually, Sam took him up tenderly in his arms and carried him toward the house, which stood a quarter of a mile away behind a straggling orchard, whose unpruned lichened trees were as old, forlorn and neglected as the weather-beaten house and ruinous barn.

"Haow old be ye?" Sam began, catechizing his charge.

"Seben, goin' on eight."

"Haow come ye in the crik?"

"Fishin'," was the laconic response, and then with sudden interest the child added, "Say-ah, 'd ye git my fish pole?"

"No, I had all I wanted tu git you."

"Wal, you'd ortu git it. The's an ol' roncher on it-ah. Pulled me right in. They'll lick me for losin' on't, ah," the boy whimpered.

"No, they won't, nuther. Don't you worry, they'll be glad 'nough tu git you. Naow, you look a-here. You're tew leetle a feller tu go fishin' alone. Your father 'd ortu known better 'n tu left ye. The' won't allers be somebody 'raoun' tu pull you out. Don't ye go again. Naow, don't fergit." Sam gave him a gentle shake to emphasize his injunction and the boy nodded assent. Then discovering they were drawing near the house he struggled to get down.

"You lemme go," he whimpered, "I wanter go an' dry me. Marm 'll lick me for gittin' wet."

"By the gre't horn spoon! if she does I'll draowned the hull fam'ly. Haow many on 'em is the'? Wal, nev' mind, you keep quiet," Sam added, guessing the computation was beyond so young a head, when he saw a full half dozen tow-thatched heads swarming out of the door to stare at him a moment and then vanish as suddenly as a litter of frightened woodchucks.

A gaunt, unkempt woman appeared, shading her inquiring eyes and blank, wondering face with both hands till she recognized the visitor's dripping burden. Then her face grew white with terror and she wailed out with her hands piteously outstretched:

"Oh, Joby's draounded! Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"No, he hain't draounded, marm," Sam declared in a cheery voice, "but he's almightedly soaked an' you'd better dry him off an' put him tu bed."

Her face became a little less woeful, yet she would not be assured, but cried out:

"O, Joby, hain't you draownded?"

"No, marm, I hain't," the boy answered feebly.

"Yis, you be tew draounded," she protested.

The children gathered behind her in an awed semicircle that broke to let Sam and their mother pass in, and closed in again in their rear while he kicked a rocking chair to a place by the stove, motioned her by a nod to be seated in it, and put the child in her lap.

"You take off his wet clo's an' put him tu bed," he commanded, "an' I'll roust up the fire," and while she began to obey him he fed the cracked old rotary stove with an armful of wood.

"Sis, you run aout an' git a han'ful o' catnip an' steep it up in a tin o' b'ilin' water," he said to a girl of 12 who stood staring at him in abashed amazement, then addressing the mother, who was struggling with the clinging ragged garments: "You give him a good lot on't, hot as he c'n take it."

After seeing the catnip tea a-brewing, Sam went to the

barn and took off and wrung out his clothes, affording an interesting spectacle to three of the boys who followed and watched him through the half open door till he disposed of them by throwing one of his boots at them.

When he returned to the house, shivering, but no longer dribbling a trail by which he could be traced, he found his late audience of the barn giggling in safe retreat behind the stove, the patient in bed and his mother administering doses of hot catnip tea, with the comforting assurance that "he'd ketch it when his pa got hum."

THE SHORE OF YELLOWSTONE LAKE.
Illustrating Mr. Francke's "Two Ocean Pass."

"I don't care," poor Joby whimpered under the blankets; "I wa'n't a mite tu blame. I got holt of a ol' roncher an' he yanked me in, so naow. I wish I'd got him. He was a ol' roncher." And he began to cry piteously over the loss of the fish and the impending chastisement.

"There, there, bub, don't ye take on," said Sam, shivering over the stove. "If your fish hain't le' go when I git back there, I'll haul him aout and lay him on the bank for ye, an' your pa won't tech ye, I know. It's bad 'nough tu git draounded 'thaout bein' licked for it. Boo! it's consid'able cool bathin' this time o' year!"

"Why, you be cold, hain't ye?" the woman said. "I was so took up wi' Joby I never thought. Won't ye hev ye some sperits? We hain't a drop in the haouse, but won't ye hev some? The's some camfire; that 'ould kinder warm ye. It's warmin'."

Sam declined the spirits that were not and the camphor that was.

"You needn't think I hain't obleeged if I hain't said so," the woman said, looking more gratitude than her words expressed, as she followed him to the door. "If his brother was here I'd tell your fortin' an' not charge ye nothin'. His brother gives me the influence. I hev secont sight."

"You'd ort tu hev looked fur enough ahead tu kep' your boy from tumblin' int' the crik," Sam said as he left her, and she called after him:

"Wal, I foreseen he was a-goin' tu git draounded, an' I've said so all summer."

Sam warmed himself with a run to the landing, where he had the luck to find the dugout stranded on that side. He picked up the boy's pole with a big pickerel fast to the line, and leaving it conspicuously displayed on the bank crossed the stream. When he had rescued the child he noticed the scow and seine were gone, and concluded that the owner was seeking for better luck in fishing than in duck hunting. He picked up his things, and was soon afloat in his own canoe.

As silently as the outsped current the canoe glided down stream, and Sam with eyes constantly alert scanned banks and water without discovering anything worthy of note till, upon rounding a bend, he found himself close beside a man kneeling by a hollow log on the verge of the bank. It was the negro Jim, who, as the bow of the canoe slid noiselessly into his field of vision, turned a startled face toward Sam.

"Good Lord, Mr. Lovel, haow you did scare me!" he exclaimed with emphatic jerks of his head. "You 'pear tu be allus a-scarin' of me! My Lord, haow you did scare me that night." He laughed as if at the recollection of an excellent joke, then became suddenly serious. "But 't wa'n't nothin' to what come arter! No, sir!" He dropped his voice to a lower but no less emphatic tone and came nearer Sam, who held the canoe by an overhanging bough. "'Baout half an haour arter I come back four fellers come a-r'arin' int' the ol' shanty, lookin' arter Bob. Yes, sir! 'Where's that nigger you be'n hidin'? Where's that nigger?' 'No niggers here but what belongs here,' says I, 'me an' Nancy an' the young un, an' them's as many as I can 'tend tu.' But no, I was all sorts of a lyin' nigger, an' they knowed I'd got him hid, an' through the haouse they went, up stairs an' daown, an' under the bed an' int' the butt'ry; but nary Bob nowheres, an' mighty good for some o' their healths 'at the' wa'n't naow, I tell you. One spell they'd cuss an' 'nuther spell they'd coax, but ary way they couldn't make me know nothin', an' bimeby they cleared aout, an' you'd better b'lieve I wa'n't sorry; no, sir, not one mite. An' I tell you what, Mr. Lovel, I don't want no more o' my Southern relations tu come a-visitin' on me; no, sir! They're tew interestin' tu white folks! Nancy an' the young un is all the darkies I want tu bother my brains with."

"You hain't heared nothin' but what he got away all right?" Sam asked.

"Mr. Bartlett thinks he did, sure, an' he says that nigger hunter 's gin it up an' cleared aout. I guess Bob's shakin' his heels in Canerdy by this time, don't you, Mr. Lovel?"

"I hope so," said Sam, and then with professional interest in the other's evident employment, "Hain't it middlin' airly for trappin' mink?"

"I reckon they'll du me more good naow 'n they will if somebody else gits 'em by'mbye," Jim said, with repeated and decided jerks of the head.

"Wal, they hain't my mink," said Sam, loosing his hold of the branch and letting the canoe drift away. "Ta' care of your relations when they happen along."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Lovel, I will sartain, but I don't want tu see none of 'em, no, sir," and chuckling and wagging his head he resumed the setting of the trap as Sam drove the canoe on its course.

A smart breeze ruffled the green water of the bay with waves that flashed like fire in the broad glade of the low sun and flecked the far blue of the lake with leaping whitecaps as the canoe slid over the long undulations of the shallows toward her port.

A flock of golden eyes took flight before her, their wing-beats ringing like the quick clangor of tiny bells, and flocks of teal and dusky ducks whistled past, coming in early on the favoring breeze from their day's outing on the lake. One by one a company of herons forsook the shallows beneath the cliffs and sagged on slow vans toward the woods of Little Otter, and high above all an eagle made stately progress through his aerial realm. The wash of waves was left behind when the canoe entered the creek and presently it slipped in at the landing, where Sam found his friends already returned and awaiting his coming.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

TWO OCEAN PASS.

[Concluded from page 291.]

Thursday, Sept. 14.—Phillips and I went out again after sheep, hunting on the north side of the cañon. We saw fresh traces twice, but no game. A very high wind was blowing, increasing in strength toward the middle of the day to such an extent that my guide deemed it unsafe for us to remain on the higher ground, where, when trying to walk in an upright position, we were in danger of being blown over the precipices. Still, there is a peculiar fascination for me in hunting over the steep, rugged cliffs, and I much prefer it to hunting in thick, green timber.

I have come to the conclusion by this time that sheep are very scarce in the neighborhood of our camp, and that the best way to get any would be to make a side camp for a couple of days near timber line, and from there try and get above their feeding ground early in the morning.

P. and Woody this day crossed the divide to the Greybull country, where P. killed a big bull of thirteen points at a distance of 600yds. He fired six shots and hit him three times; but they saw no sheep.

Friday, Sept. 15.—This day C. and Billy hunted on East Mountain and saw three bands of elk. C. killed a big bull elk of twelve points and wounded another smaller one, which he unfortunately lost. We others had stayed in camp to give C. a chance, as he had not yet killed a big bull, but in the afternoon P., Phillips and I went to see if no bear had yet paid a visit to the carcass of P.'s fourteen-pointer.

The trail—so called by courtesy—led through about the very worst piece of "down timber" that I have seen in my seven years' experience in Western mountain hunting, and how P. and Woody got safely through it that night when P. killed that elk will always be a mystery to me.

No bear had visited the carcass yet and it looks as if we would have to return home without the skin of one of these animals.

On our way back to camp we saw a band of elk in the distance—at least thirty in number, with one big bull among them who was continually whistling. The moment they got over the divide and out of sight we spurred our horses after them. Said P.: "F., you go and shoot him (meaning the bull) if he is bigger than your big one; if not, let him go." So when near the place where the whole band had crossed the ridge I jumped off my horse and grasping my rifle said to Phillips: "Here, Jack, hold my horse," and took after the elk on foot. I could not see them, because they were in the green timber below me, but I could hear the bull "whistle" once or twice and tried to locate him by the sound. Before I could get near him, however, I heard him whistle again, this time much further away, and the band was traveling so fast that I was unable to keep up with them. Still, I followed their tracks for quite a distance until the lateness of the hour compelled me to give up. I now retraced my steps to a place half way down the mountain, on the top of which I had left P. and Phillips with my horse, and taking out my glasses saw P. put his to his eyes and look, as I thought, straight at me. I therefore waved my hat, motioning them to come on, and saw them start, as I thought, in my direction. So sitting down, I waited for them to come, but I waited and waited, and neither Phillips nor P. put in an appearance. It then dawned on me that they had either not seen my signal at all or had misunderstood it. I hated to have to walk back to camp with my own horse so near and still so far, but I disliked worse to have to climb a couple of thousand feet back to the top of the mountain, where I was not all sure about still finding Phillips. So I set out on my weary tramp of some eight miles, the setting sun bidding me to hurry. It was dark when I reachd the camp, and then Phillips came in, leading my horse. "Where is P.?" was the first question that I asked him. He said P. had left him on the mountain, telling him to be sure and wait until I came back, but that after a while he (Phillips) had seen me in the valley walking back to camp and so had followed. While Phillips went back trying to find P. we had the only bear excitement during the whole trip. Just as we were getting ready to sit down to supper old Sly, Woody's bear dog, began to growl furiously. "Look out, old Eph is around," said Billy, who knew the dog well. Hastily slipping a couple of cartridges into my rifle, and backed up by C. and his Winchester, I went to where Sly was growling now more furiously than ever. It was so dark that even the horses loomed up but indistinctly, but after staying out there a while and almost straining my eyes out of their sockets, old Sly quieted down and we returned to the fire. We certainly found no tracks the next morning and never found out what had aroused old Sly's ire.

Directly afterward Phillips came in with P., he having

ON THE MARCH.
Illustrating Mr. Francke's "Two Ocean Pass."

met him only a short distance from camp. I fear I shall never hear the last from P. about my remark, "Here, Jack, hold my horse."

Saturday, Sept. 16.—It having been decided to break camp the next day, as C. has to be in college by the 28th, I go to improve my last chance, if possible, and with Phillips visited the carcass of the twelve-point bull which had given us so much trouble to track him. The others stayed in camp to pack up the odds and ends.

No bear had been to the carcass of the elk, and the only way I could account for their complete absence was that we were too high up in the mountains, while the bears themselves at this season of the year kept further down below. While we were discussing this question we discovered, a couple of thousand feet above us, two mountain sheep, rams, I thought, even after a look with the glasses. Shall we go after them? If we are not in camp by noon P. will understand that we are after either bear or sheep; so here goes.

"Luck is going to change at last and I am going to get a ram after all," I thought as we toiled up the steep acclivities of the mountain. Accustomed and inured to climbing as I was by this time, the almost perpendicular ascent obliged me several times to rest to regain my breath, and once I nearly came to grief for good and all. Crossing some slide rock I slipped, and, being unable to regain my feet, had just presence of mind enough to turn over on my back spread-eagle fashion, trying at the same time to dig my heels into the loose shale. It would not hold, however, and the prospect of my being dashed to pieces at the bottom of the precipice, the edge of which I was rapidly approaching, seemed unpleasantly near, when Phillips managed to reach me my leather rifle sling and by its aid to pull me back on firmer ground. It is accidents of this kind which make it desirable for two persons to hunt together in these mountains, so one can eventually render assistance to the other; but the cause of this particular accident was no doubt the rubber-soled shoes which I wore and which were without heels. However desirable these may be for still-hunting elk in the timber, they are not near as good as stout hob-nailed shoes for mountain work on rocks.

When we reached the place near where we had observed the two sheep I was almost completely fagged out, and had to take a rest of several minutes. Then, inch by inch, we wormed our prostrate bodies forward until I finally got to within 25yds. of a large ewe whose head and neck were visible, the body being hidden by a large rock. The moment she saw us we remained perfectly motionless, and she kept staring at us for fully a minute. Then she evidently made up her mind that she did not like our looks, and disappeared. We heard a clatter of small stones, and running toward the noise saw the whole band—five in number—disappearing over the sky line. They were only ewes and lambs, and we had had our climb for nothing.

In the afternoon we packed up our things and got everything ready to move on.

Sunday, Sept. 17.—But we had so many trophies of elk and elk antlers that we decided to split up our party, P., C. and I going ahead with Woody and Brown, leaving the others with the heavy luggage and most of the pack horses to follow us in a more leisurely manner.

We followed the same trail which we had traveled coming in and on our way killed half a dozen grouse, while P. this day made a most remarkable shot at a black-tail buck. He and Woody (who were riding ahead) had seen the buck—a small two-year-old—feeding, and P., whose double express was packed up in its case, therefore took C.'s—his son's—Winchester. The first shot hit the buck, who was about 150yds. distant, breaking a hindleg high up, but the next three shots missed—all being high. The buck was so badly wounded, however, that he was caught and dispatched by Woody with the knife. And now comes the remarkable part of the story. While we were standing around the dead animal P. turned to me and said: "I can shoot this Winchester all right, but I am not stuck on it. Did you see where the last three shots went?" I told him they had gone about 6ft. over the animal's back. Then we all looked at the rifle and C. said: "See here, papa! you are the luckiest man I know of, killing a 150yds. shot with the 400yds. sight up." And so it was, C., after his last long shot at elk, having forgotten to put the sight down again!

After traveling all day we made camp at Cliff Creek in a drizzling rain. I helped Brown to get supper, and was voted a good cook.

Monday, Sept. 18.—The morning broke bright and clear, but all the higher peaks were covered with snow. We traveled all day long through lovely scenery, but although a few moose are known to exist around here in the swamps, we saw none of the animals themselves or any of their fresh traces. Being now again in the Park, we of course dare not kill anything; but I should have liked to have seen a bull moose, this being an animal which I have never seen yet in his native wilds.

In the afternoon, near where the Yellowstone River empties into Yellowstone Lake, C. tried to photograph a large porcupine at close quarters, with the result that he scared the animal, which rushed among our pack horses, making them buck and kick. In the confusion which ensued Brown was pulled out of his saddle by the pack horse which he was leading and measured his length upon Mother Earth. His remarks about porcupines and kodaks were both loud and fervent.

We went into camp for the night on the east shore of Yellowstone Lake. We saw two spike bulls enter the water near our camp for their evening bath, but both sun and wind being wrong, we could not obtain their photographs.

Tuesday, Sept. 19.—The horses had strayed during the night and it was late before we made a start. With our glasses we counted sixteen bull elk in a shallow part of the lake opposite our camp.

The trail followed the east shore of the lake more or less all the time and the scenery was lovely, the tops of the Tetons being again visible in the southwest. This day we got several times quite close to bull elk, who in each case were challenging our horses, and when we made camp in the evening, near the Steamboat Spring, we not only saw two more bulls, but the elk kept up a perfect concert all around us all night long, challenging and whistling.

Wednesday, Sept. 20.—Woody said we should get to the Cañon Hotel this evening, so we made an early start. It began to storm during the early part of the day and it snowed more or less all day long. The country through which we traveled seemed alive with ducks, geese and pelicans, but the driving snow obscured a great deal of the more distant scenery. We got near the Yellowstone River about noon and could see the stage-road and the telegraph line on the other side. We crossed the river a little above the Mud Geyser. No one seemed to know the ford, so C. and Brown went across first at a place which seemed, and was, quite shallow. They then insisted that some 50yds. further up it was still shallower; but when P., Woody and I got near the middle of the stream we had to swim our horses—and the pack horses, following suit, got a good many of our belongings quite wet.

The Mud Geyser I consider if not the most wonderful, then certainly the most grewsome sight in the Park. We all walked a great deal this afternoon to keep ourselves warm and about dusk arrived safely at the Cañon Hotel.

Thursday, Sept. 21.—Last night we slept again in a bed, in a room heated by steam. After bidding Woody and Brown good-bye and informing our families of our safe return by telegraph, we left the Cañon Hotel for the Mammoth Hot Springs. There must have been quite a foot or 15in. of snow on the ground, but the roads being good we got to Larry's at noon and arrived at the Mammoth Hot Springs in the evening, where we were welcomed by our friend, Captain Anderson, of the Sixth Cavalry. We were quite disappointed not to find any mail, Captain A having sent our letters after us with a soldier who was going on a scout a week ago, and the soldier had missed us.

Here closes my diary. While we were unfortunate in not getting either sheep or bears, we had the consolation to know that no such collection of elk heads as our party obtained was ever brought out of the Shoshones before.

PAUL FRANCKE.

THE BIG TROUT OF BEAR VALLEY.

> As inward love breeds outward talk,
> The hound some praise, and some the hawk;
> Some, better pleas'd with private sport,
> Use tennis; some a mistress court;
> But these delights I neither wish,
> Nor envy, while I freely fish. —*Izaak Walton.*

IN July, 1894, a big trout lived in a dark pool at the head of Bear Cañon, in the San Bernardino Mountains of California. The trip from Pasadena to Bear Valley, by way of the upper road to San Bernardino, and thence by the Arrowhead Grade, the Mountain Crest and Bear Valley wagon roads, into the valley, returning by the City Creek Grade, and home through Redlands, Riverside and Pomona, is about 235 miles in length. It reaches, at the highest point, an altitude of 8,400ft., and take it all in all, wheat fields, vineyards, orange groves, thriving towns, orchards, profound cañons, magnificent views of foothill and plain, pine forests and snow-clad heights, cannot, I believe, be matched in an equal distance, in our own land or elsewhere.

As courtship is to the honeymoon, so is preparation and the journey to fishing. We (son and I) overhauled the camping wagon, put in the tent, the spring bed, frying pans, kettles, angle worms, bacon, canned corn and tomatoes, "Macaulay's Essays," landing net, coffee, fish bag, eggs, ham, rods, ammonia (for snake bites), tape measure, thermometer to take temperature of cold springs, and especially a memorandum book, for we are after a big trout, leaving nothing to guess work. Imagination is well enough to make small fish big, but I have noticed that the weight or measure of a large fish read from a note book seems more to our friends as an unvarnished tale than simply words of mouth. People believe that Jonah camped in a whale for one reason, because it is written in a book. Then after we had made a special visit to the Angel City and subpœnaed what good Izaak Walton called "a jury of flies likely to condemn all the trout in the river," we set the alarm for 4 o'clock A. M., and got up three times in the night to see if the clock had stopped.

At last we are off, and drive forty-five miles the first day. The next morning we are in San Bernardino at 10 o'clock, and after reinforcing the commissary department start for the mountain, some six miles, and, pulling up a cañon for several miles, beautiful with oaks, sycamores and a swift stream of clear, cold water, camp at the foot of the steepest part of the Arrowhead Grade. We were now fairly in the mountain air, and breathing the pleasant smells peculiar to the shrubs and flowers of that region. Early to bed, the brook sings us to sleep, and up early for the steep climb. This takes about an hour and a quarter. The road is cut into a spur of the main mountain, and doubles on itself several times before reaching the pine forest near the summit. Here, at an elevation of 5,000ft., we begin a journey hard to describe, but once experienced never to be forgotten. An hour's ride up hill and down, every turn of the road disclosing new and wonderful views, brought us to the famous Squirrel Inn, built after the description in Frank Stockton's story of that name, and owned by a club of wealthy gentlemen, who have erected several beautiful log houses close by.

Mr. Adolph Wood, vice-president and manager of the Arrowhead Reservoir Company, very courteously showed us over the interesting hostelry. It is built of hewn pine logs, has immense stone fireplaces, and is profusely decorated with large numbers of ornithological and marine specimens, the great turkey hanging over the dining room mantel being a marvel in the art of taxidermy. The premises are in a forest of noble pines directly on the edge of the mountain, and commanding a view to the south practically limitless in the clear California atmosphere.

Pushing on, the road winds around the higher peaks, affording views to the north of Antelope Valley and the Mohave desert, and again to the south, where towns and villages on the plain, with their surrounding orchards laid out in squares, look like an immense checker board.

We reached camp on Deep Creek, a tributary of the Mohave River, about 5 o'clock, fed and tethered the horses, and were soon whipping the stream for a supply of trout. We stopped at eighteen, and such a supper—a foretaste of the good things to come. A big camp-fire, we retire, and only the moping owl breaks the profound silence of the vast mountain solitude.

The next morning a two hours' steady climb brings us to the toll house of the Bear Valley wagon road, altitude 7,000ft., temperature at 10 o'clock 65°, and after another long grade we reach the highest point in our journey—8,400ft.—on the north side of a peak at least 1 000ft. higher. Here we drink from the famous Barrel Spring, which gushes from the granite rocks a stream as big as a 4in. hose and with a temperature of less than 40°. We drive on, up hill and down, and at last, when we were sure there could not possibly be another hill to climb in California, we emerged into a beautiful park of green, flower-strewn meadow, set in a grove of giant pines. From this lovely spot it is down grade to Bear Valley, which soon opened to our delighted vision. First the great silver lake in its setting of green meadow and dark pine forest, then the hills rising to the south into the great San Bernardino Mountains, and all capped and crowned by Grayback, two miles and a quarter high—timberless, gray in its tremendous precipices of granite, its vast dome smooth and white with snow that never entirely disappears. The devout angler at each recurring season times his pilgrimage to this famous spot when the moon is at her full, and pitching his tent on the north shore of the lake, often walks forth in the evening to gaze on these snowy heights, a full mile higher than where he stands, to fill his soul with the grandeur of the scene and with reverent thoughts of the great Architect who planned and piled up these giant hills for his children.

Bear Valley is about ten miles long and affords summer pasturage for hundreds of cattle, which are yearly driven up from the desert on the east side of the range. A dam at the very head of Bear Cañon and at a point where the hills almost come together at the west end of the valley was built in 1885. It is 53ft. high and 175ft. long, made of huge granite blocks quarried on the spot and cemented together with cement that cost $12 per barrel delivered. The whole structure is crescent in shape, with its convex side against the lake. The reservoir is five miles long and holds 280,000,000,000 gallons of water, and is held to supply the irrigation systems in the fertile valleys below during the dry and rainless summer. It furnishes the juice for the far-famed navel oranges of Redlands, Highlands and vicinity. After its release at the dam it just plunges down Bear Cañon eleven miles to the Santa Ana River, forming incidentally one of the finest trout streams in southern California.

Bear Cañon is a dark and profound mountain gorge, heavily wooded to the summit of its almost perpendicular sides, the bottom narrow and strewn with irregular masses of granite, and the stream which roars and plunges and foams over its rough bed is thickly lined by willows, effectually barring the approach of the angler, except at considerable intervals, where great ribs of rock come down to the stream at right angles, restraining the mad waters into long, deep pools. These often have a fall of 10 or 15ft. pouring into their upper reaches, and here the fisherman may cast his fly without hindrance. What dear Walton and his pupil Venator would think of Bear Cañon as contrasted with the primrose banks and the honeysuckle hedges of old England it is hard to tell, but doubtless it would have given them some ideas in advance of the sublimity to which they have now so long been accustomed.

Here is the only place in southern California where I have seen the ouzel or water thrush, so marvelously described by John Muir in his "Mountains of California." Except for his size, this, the only bird of the Sierra waterfalls, reminds one of the Eastern wren, especially in the management of his tail. He flits by as you stand quietly on the bank, alighting on a half-submerged rock, where he sits in the spray of a roaring fall, now diving into the foam, now standing in the shallows; in an instant back again, alert, polite in his poisings and bowings, happy in his rainbow home, and mingling his cheerful voice with the ceaseless song of the mountain river.

The fish in the upper part of this stream are of good size, not many less than ½lb. The further down you go the smaller and more numerous the fish, but the journey back is something that makes the most ardent angler think twice before repeating the experience. The only trail that leads to the bed of the cañon ends less than a mile and a half from the dam, the last descent being very steep, where if you study wisdom you will have a burro to pull you up (by his tail) on your return.

Our camp was made under a group of pines and hard by a spring of clear, ice-cold water. The bluejays and chipmunks at once began our acquaintance, and encouraged by a handful of grain fairly overran us, even jumping on our heads and scampering across our laps if we sat still. As they pouched the grain and carried it into an old hollow stub, we estimated that there was eight solid quarts of the pretty creatures in the den at one time.

The next morning we arose before day and first took a long look at Grayback, already beginning to flush with the glorious pink of dawn. Breakfast, lunches (one of which was forgotten and the other subsequently lost), horses saddled, and we are off to the dam, two miles below, then on foot a mile further, and we turned our steps to fish back. Only a small part of this upper stream can be approached with a rod, but every pool and open rapid rewarded us with beautiful fish, until our bag was very full and our stomachs very empty. At one point I found the boy who had jumped to a flat rock a few feet from the bank in frantic gesture, trying to secure a big fish he had hooked, and in his enthusiasm said, "Papa, this is the best time I ever had in my life."

Twice I took two large trout at a single cast, and by the time we reached the big pool below the dam we were the happiest boys in California and the hungriest.

As there was no luncheon to eat, we at once made ready for the big trout. That day the pool, with a surface of perhaps an eighth of an acre, was supplied with nearly 3,000in. of water, an unusual quantity, as the preceding winter had been seriously deficient in rainfall.* It foamed and thundered down a rocky bed 200ft. with a fall of 70ft., and rushed through the middle of the pool until turned back by a granite wall, causing two great eddies, revolving in opposite directions, on either side. We were on a flat rock directly at the end of the bisecting inflow. The eddy to our right was completely covered with large pieces of thick, rough pine bark that made their slow and ceaseless rounds with the current and caused the deep water beneath to look black, although actually clear as a crystal spring. We felt that the big trout we had come so far to catch was in the deepest water under the bark.

Whence the feeling when no eye had seen him, and when not a flower or leaf or bird had whispered of his presence? The scientist answered that it was a brain shadowgraph produced by the X rays that cannot be re-

* In California an inch of water is what will flow through a hole an inch square under a pressure of 4in., and amounts in quantity to 18,000 gallons in twenty-four hours. A miner's inch is the same also with a pressure of 6in.

fracted or reflected by prism, or stopped by scalp or cranium; but we think it was the angler's sixth sense, descended from St. Peter, the fisherman in apostolic succession, and always to be transmitted to the elect of future generations.

My split-bamboo was of the lightest, I had 50yds. of line on the reel, and a single gut leader. I removed all flies but the trailer, hooked on three fat, juicy Pasadena worms, and carefully dropped them, with their seductive, wriggling, squirming lengths, into the water, where the current slowly swept them down into the bark-covered depths. I had played out about 10yds. of line when I knew a fish had stopped the bait. How did I know it? We will not wait now to analyze the intuitions of an angler, or the flash when eyes of lovers meet, or the snap shot you made last November when that old cock partridge set all the dry leaves whirring as he sped away in his last rush. I instinctively waited for him to swallow everything, and then struck. It felt solid and no mistake. The rod bent, fortune smiled, and the big trout swam, without unseemly haste, into the clear eddy on the other side; and then all at once he discovered that his dignity was compromised. One tremendous swirl, a dive, a soar, and he came to the surface with a mighty splash and lunge. I remembered afterward that my involuntary exclamation was in the exact words used by Pharaoh's daughter more than 3,000 years ago, "Moses in the bulrushes!" a sort of hydropathic swear, and for the exigency not very wicked. The fight was now on, and the actors and audience interested. Time was noted and coolness assumed, if not felt. Round and round the pool the big fellow darted, now yielding to the rod and now making the reel sing again. After a goodly exhibition of this circus he dropped to the bottom of the deepest hole and sulked. All was quiet for seven minutes, when suddenly he resumed his former motions, with additions and variations. At last, as the watch ticked on, he began to show fatigue, his rushes became less frequent, and we could oftener see his broad, gleaming side, and almost imagined we could hear him gasp for breath. Yet even now he needed the closest attention, and I was very, very careful. Finally he made a closing rush up into the white foam of the inlet, and his strength seemed to depart. I gently led him into shallow water, my son carefully drifting the net under the exhausted fish, and in a twinkling he was ours. Time, thirty-five minutes. Mr. J. S. Worley came down with a carpenter's square, we laid the trout on a plank, and exactly measured him at 25in. "A gallant trout," to use Izaak's words, and alone worth double the journey.

Of course the boy wished to try his skill, and he succeeded, under tuition, in landing one of 18½in. Then a gallop home to camp and supper. Boiled trout with sauce of drawn butter, baked potatoes, coffee, tomatoes, hot biscuit. Fatigue, the lost luncheon, wet feet, church, state, and even home and friends, were all for the moment forgotten, and only when nature cried enough did we come back to earth and wonder if there were other worlds to conquer.

Somebody kicked off the clothes that night. The next day we spent in visiting the gold mines in Holcomb Valley. Another day we made a trip to Bluff Lake, and you may be sure in the delightful week that followed we did not forget to visit and revisit the trout stream, and always with abundant success.

All too soon the hour of departure came; a good-bye to the squirrels, the birds, the meadow and lake, and we were flying down the hills and through the forests. We made the final descent from the mountain by the City Creek road, which drops 3,800ft. in the first ten miles below the upper toll gate.

We reached Redlands in time to express a box of fish home to our household and neighbors, and camped for the night at the edge of an orange grove. The next day on to Riverside and through the whole length of its incomparable Magnolia avenue, camping on the Santa Ana River near Rincon. The third day with a big drive brought us home, the most satisfied pair of Pages that ever cast a fly or caught a trout. BENJ. M. PAGE.

PASADENA, Cal.

THE WILY GOBBLER DECOY.

GREENVILLE, Miss., April 7.—Some of you folks up yonder may think it a sin to kill a wild gobbler in the spring. I have heard it stated that the best time to kill him was when you could. The man who fools an old gobbler at any time of the year will never be considered a pot-hunter in my estimation. There will always be enough to go round.

While the hen is hovering over her brood and fighting off hawks, owls and wildcats, old Mr. Gobbler is on his roost far out over the water, never attempting to fly to the ground until all disturbance is over and he has scanned every inch of the ground near where he expects to get his breakfast. He generally has the company of several old rascals like himself, and what one fails to see some of the rest are sure to see. When their eyes are shut their ears are open, and nothing in the world has sharper ears or eyes than a turkey.

When spring comes and the buds begin to swell the old gobbler begins to strut. He is then as fat as a pig. He does not gobble much at first, perhaps once or twice from the roost at break of day and once after he flies up on his old cypress limb and is comfortably fixed for the night. He does not get down to business in the tone of his voice till later on when the hens begin to set. Then he feels lonesome and begins to ramble about. He listens for the call of his hens and will go a mile out of his way at the sound of another gobbler to see what he is making such a fuss over. The anxiety of his situation causes him to get thin, and the thinner he gets the more he puffs himself up with wind. What was a short and indistinct gobble at first now sounds like a role on a brass drum, and the drumming of his feathers can be heard a mile.

A tame gobbler is the best decoy, if he is trained well and is used to the woods, and does not struggle to get loose at the approach of the game.

A cedar box bored out of inch stuff 6in. long by 2in. wide, with thin sides, and a piece of slate 1in. wide and 3in. long, make the best call. Hold the slate between thumb and forefinger lengthwise, and draw the furthest edge of the box toward you across the slate. With a little practice it can be graduated to any note.

On March 29 a friend and I took the train for Anguilla, a station on the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley road. We were met there by Paul Dinkens and his party, all good hunters. We spent the night and next day at Anguilla getting our camp outfit ready, and on Tuesday morning, with a pair of stout mules and heavy wagon well loaded, we we started for the hunting ground. Six miles brought us to the Sunflower River, where we crossed on Mr. Batton's ferry, and then took our course due east ten miles further over a very rough road. We camped near Darling Bayou on a high cane ridge. We carried our decoy gobbler in a box just made to fit his body, with openings at each end for head and tail to protrude. The sides of the box are about 4in. high, and hoops are bent over the top just high enough to keep the turkey in a sitting posture. This box is mounted with broad straps to go over the shoulders and buckle in front like a knapsack. There were just eight hunters in the party, and by dividing in twos we arranged to have a hunter acquainted with the woods with each two.

In the morning at 4 o'clock we set out, going in different directions. My partner and myself took Fox, the gobbler, and persuaded Wash, our driver, to go with us and tote him. We took our way through a most abominable thicket. After passing through the cane we got into briars and tangled vines. It was very dark and we floundered over logs and through water sometimes waist deep for four or five miles, until we found a good location on a palmetto ridge with an open space among some large trees. We tethered Fox to a stake in the open and took our station by the root of the trees at a good shooting distance from him. I told Wash to get back out of the way and hide himself, but I could not get him to go, as he declared a "'pant'er' would sure get him."

When day began to break Fox gave a mighty gobble and everything in the swamp appeared to hear him and make answer, the owls especially. The sun was shining through the tops of the trees when we heard an old fellow answer. This pleased Fox and he came very near

LOCKED ANTLERS.

gobbling his head off. We soon had the wild one coming; we could hear him drum as he strutted through the palmetto long before he was in shooting distance. At last he came into the open, cautiously took in the surroundings, and started toward Fox. My partner stopped him with a load of No. 6 in the neck. A grand fellow he was, with spurs like a game cock and beard full 10in. long.

As it was late in the morning we went to camp with our trophy. Wash was disgusted. He declared that Fox was as heavy as a sack of meal, and that he could have killed two turkeys if he had had a gun.

We broke camp on Saturday after spending four days in the woods, our party having killed ten gobblers, which was one apiece and two over. We had a fine time. Everybody was good-humored and happy.

Just before our leaving camp two hunters came to us who had been all the morning trying to call Fox away from the camp. They had heard him and taken him for a wild one. They looked very sheepish when they found out their mistake.

We parted company at Anguilla to meet again, if we are all alive, in November for a big deer hunt on the same ground. I hope we will all be there. SOUTHERN.

Deer Horns and Velvet.

OREGON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Nov. 9, 1895, I see that one of your correspondents makes the statement that in his opinion deer do not rub the horns to remove the velvet. I have hunted deer in the West for twenty years, and my observation leads me to the belief that your correspondent is certainly mistaken. There is in captivity a short distance from here a large buck, the owners of which have ample opportunity to observe its habits, and they state that he does rub the horns upon trees and bushes during the season that the antlers are in the velvet. Nearly all the hunters in this region of western Oregon agree that this is a fact.

I should like to ask the readers of FOREST AND STREAM if it is considered that there is a distinct species of deer that bear only forked antlers. While a good many fine heads of horns have fallen to my rifle, some of the largest deer killed had simply forked horns. In one instance the horns were slightly palmated or flattened like the horns of the moose, and the deer was as large as one killed near the same place that had six points. E. L. HOWE.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Natural History.

BIRD FLIGHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In FOREST AND STREAM of March 14 Mr. C. F. Amery undertakes to explain how a bird maintains or even increases its elevation by sailing flight, by taking advantage of the wind, and the parabolic curve of the wings. I am sorry to say that he has not made it clear to me, as this is one of the things I have been wanting to know for many years; and what is now said on this subject is not for the purpose of provoking argument or asking puzzling questions, but solely in search of information. When the bird is floating in the air, after his momentum is used up, he is subject to just two forces—that of the air and the force of gravity. This latter force is changeless under all circumstances. If the bird weighs 5lbs., gravity is pulling him toward the earth with a 5-pound pull all the time, whether the bird is moving upward, downward or horizontally, or is stationary, and it makes no difference whether his movements are the result of muscular exercise or whether he is being carried along by the wind. If an opposing force equal to or greater than that of gravity is not applied, the bird will inevitably be drawn to the earth.

Mr. Amery says the bird finds this force in the wind. As wind is a body of air moving horizontally, I am unable to see how a bird floating in it would be in any way affected by it, except to be carried along with it. That this body of air is constantly changing its position as regards terrestrial objects could not affect the bird, because he is subject to no terrestrial influence except gravity. Wind, applied to a floating body, is a force only so long as the wind moves faster than the floating body. When the speed of the body becomes equal to that of the wind, as it is bound to do, the relations of the body and the air to each other are exactly the same as if both were motionless. For these reasons I am unable to see that the wind has anything to do with it.

Mr. Amery also compares the sailing of the bird to the sailing of a ship, but the conditions are totally different, for the ship is acted upon by two forces, the wind and the resistance of the water against the keel; but the bird has no keel, except in slanting flight upward or downward. Then gravity acts as a keel, or rather just the reverse, as it is an active instead of a passive force.

As yet I can call the phenomenon nothing but a paradox, although it is self-evident that a paradox in nature is an impossible thing. I am not saying that Mr. Amery's theory is all wrong, only that he has not made it clear to me.

If he or any one will give an explanation that is clear to all of us he will clear up a mystery that has puzzled millions of us. O. H. HAMPTON.

MOHAWK VALLEY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Chained to the grippe" has been my lot for a week past, and to my fellow-sportsmen who have been chafing under the other "chained to" let me say, congratulate yourself that you have not been fastened to this vile importation from sunny France.

I have been much interested in the recent articles on "bird flights," although the opinions expressed have been entirely at variance with my own. I think the tail of a bird in its flight is like a rudder to a ship, and the direction of the flight is controlled thereby. To illustrate and corroborate if possible my own theory, I will give an incident that occurred to me in my early shooting days, when I owned neither pointer nor breechloader: I was hunting in an extremely thick piece of second growth when a grouse rose behind and a good distance from me. I turned and shot at the bird, which presented a square cross shot. After a flight of a few feet the bird struck against one sapling after another until seemingly exhausted, and finally struck the ground with that "dull thud" so familiar to sportsmen and the readers of sensational fiction.

On retrieving the bird I found it alive and apparently unhurt; but on closer examination I found two tail feathers cut by a shot about in the center, and the loose ones hanging. On subsequent examination I found this was the only shot that had touched the bird. Now, my theory is, that the bird directed its line of flight with its tail (or rudder), and being unaccustomed to these two loose feathers was unable to avoid the trees, the repeated concussions dazing and exhausting it. I hope to hear from others on this subject.

I must not close without joining the thousands in praise of our favorite FOREST AND STREAM, the *ne plus ultra* of a true sportsman's journal. Two recent articles have particularly delighted me: "The Christmas Grouse" (how often has his counterpart outwitted us), and "The Carlin Grouse," in your last number. In Timothyseed we recognize one who lives "near to nature's heart," to whom it is not all of hunting to fill an enormous game bag, but whose delight is to get in touch with her virgin simplicity. He has the happy faculty not of bringing the described scene to us, but of transporting us from our offices and counting-rooms until we seem to hear in reality the whir of rapid wings, and grasp our cherished and familiar gun again. ADIRONDACK.

New Hampshire Bird Notes.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., April 9.—The first robin I have seen this year made his appearance on my garden fence the day before yesterday, April 7. No bluebirds have been seen here yet, though some of your correspondents note their arrival in places where they were not found last year.

We have had a larger invasion than usual of the rose-breasted grosbeaks, first noticed about Feb. 20, and remaining a month. A flock of eight or ten of them have been in evidence from my window nearly every day for a month, but I have not seen them within the last ten days. VON W.

Locked Antlers.

MR. ISAAC EDSON, of Otsego, Mich., kindly sends us a photograph of locked deer horns discovered by him while on a hunting expedition in the Northern Peninsula last fall. Mr. Edson came upon the two bucks while one of them was still alive and was struggling to free itself from the dead body of its antagonist. The reproduction gives a very good view of the horns.

A NEW AUDUBON SOCIETY.

BOSTON, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a circular of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, just started here. We mean to have members only within the State of Massachusetts, trying to thoroughly canvass the State. This makes it possible to keep up a permanent interest among the members through annual reports or some such reminder. The rest of the work of the society is publishing articles in newspapers and being represented at the State house, where we hope for better laws and better enforcement.

What we especially desire is that other States shall take up the work on the same lines; and if every State would do this the result would be inevitably good. A few private contributions of money would cover the expenses, which are not large, the principal expense being a secretary's salary, and the membership fee covers distribution of circulars. (MISS) MINNA B. HALL.

The announcement to the society reads: The purpose of the society is to discourage buying and wearing for ornamental purposes the feathers of any wild bird, and to otherwise further the protection of our native birds.

We would awaken the community to the fact that this fashion of wearing feathers means the cruel slaughter of myriads of birds, and that some of our finest birds are already decimated, and may be utterly exterminated by the demand for their feathers.

We would make an appeal to all lovers of nature; since by this reckless demand of fashion the woods and fields are being stripped of one of their chief attractions, and the country deprived of indispensable friends to agriculture.

The use of the aigrette so commonly worn, which is obtained from the egret or snowy heron, is a marked instance of the evil we would restrain before it is too late. These plumes are almost invariably taken from the parent bird while it is hatching or rearing its young, and the whole family is therefore usually destroyed.

Chapman in his "Birds of Eastern North America" says: "The curse of beauty has numbered the days of this, the most dainty and graceful of herons. Twenty years ago it was abundant in the South. Now it is the rarest of its family. The delicate aigrettes which it donned as its nuptial dress were its death warrant. Woman demanded from the bird its wedding plumes, and man supplied the demand.

"The Florida herons have gone, and now he is pursuing the helpless birds to the uttermost parts of the earth. Mercilessly they are shot down at their roosts or nesting grounds, the coveted feathers are stripped from their backs, the carcasses are left to rot, while the young in the nest above are starving."

To lessen the demand is the most effective method of staying the evil, and it is earnestly hoped that all intelligent and humane people will join the society.

The feathers of the ostrich and other domesticated birds may be worn. The ostriches are farmed for their feathers, which are taken from them without injury to the birds.

You are invited to join the society. Membership $1. No annual assessment. Address Miss Harriet E. Richards, secretary and treasurer, Boston Society of Natural History, Berkeley street, Boston.

The pledge reads: "Being in sympathy with the principles of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, I hereby agree not to purchase or encourage the use of feathers of wild birds for ornamentation. I hereby subscribe $1 to become a member of the society."

THE CAMP ROBBER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you herewith a faithful drawing of a little animal which inhabits the forests upon the western slope of the Cascade Mountains, and of which I can find no description in my natural history. It is called the "wood rat" by the hunters, trappers and lumbermen who see most of it and know its life history.

It is a rat sure enough in habit, appearance and character, all but its tail. Its slender muzzle, long whiskers, beady eyes, round ears, nearly naked feet and gray-brown body indicate the rat; but the tail is that of a chipmunk, though a little longer. A big rat, with long, furry tail, flattened as is that of a chipmunk, and thinly covered.

The wood rat is a sociable fellow, loves a joke, and affects the society of mankind.

He loves to steal as well as does the magpie, and will carry off anything he can handle just for the fun of the thing. His sense of humor is great, and it is no uncommon occurrence for a whole household to be kept awake all night by the rollicking, reckless and tremendous fun a couple of these rats will have playing tenpins under the rafters. J. A. BEEBE, M. D.

TACOMA, Wash.

[Under the name camp robber the wood rat, or mountain rat, described by our correspondent, is one known through pretty much the whole Rocky Mountain region and even far out on the plains to the east, and the great piles of stick which form a portion of its nest are often seen near the crevices of the rocky buttes on the prairie and in ravines and coulees along the Missouri River. This rat belongs to the genus *neotoma*, and in one form or another is distributed over a good part of the country. It is more or less abundant in the South, extending as far north as Pennsylvania, and as already stated is found in considerable numbers all through the Rocky Mountains and country to the west as far as the Pacific. Its common name—camp robber—is derived from its habit of picking up and carrying away from the camp anything that may strike its fancy. In this way it appropriates many articles which would be thought useless to it, and which it hardly seems possible that it could carry off, such things as knives, forks, tin plates, cartridges and so on. It is also likely to carry off towels, dish rags and small articles of clothing, but these it might be imagined would be used for the lining of its nest. In the *North American Journal of Science* some years ago Prof. Benjamin Silliman, describing the nest of the wood rat, says it is about as large as a bushel basket; it was formed entirely of railroad spikes that it had carried away. The wood rat is a bold fellow and if he receives any encouragement becomes almost impudent. His fondness for the property of other people makes him very unpopular with campers and settlers in the West, and he is usually killed on sight.] The qualities of this little animal have attracted the attention of persons who dwell in the region which it inhabits, and a number of interesting articles have appeared in FOREST AND STREAM about *neotoma*. One of these, entitled "Monty," was from the pen of the late H. P. Ufford, and another interesting sketch was written by Capt. Chas. Bendire.]

Return of the Bluebirds.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., April 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to Mr. Ames's article I send you the following extracts from my notes: In the spring and fall of last year I saw very few bluebirds, and I know of only one pair that nested here last summer. On pleasant days this winter I have been surprised to see small flocks of bluebirds, numbering from ten to twenty, in the neighborhood of New Rochelle. During last month (March), though the migration was very late, numerous quantities of bluebirds passed through here, and on warm days you can hear their *tru-al-ly* as of old. I have received news from Maryland that large quantities have passed through that State, and have also heard favorable accounts from New Jersey. EDWIN IRVINE HAINES,

FOX LAKE, Wis., April 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After an absence of over a year the first bluebird of the season was seen here Thursday, April 2. Last season none at all were seen here. D. J. H.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y., April 10.—The cold weather has broken at last. Bluebirds and robins are here in great numbers. I saw three small flocks of black ducks on April 2, and quite a number of whistlers and sheldrakes. The ice in Saratoga Lake is still firm, being 15in. thick. I have heard of very few ducks being killed; those were in swamps and pond holes. BLUEBIRD.

P. S.—I am not a new reader of FOREST AND STREAM, but I have had it for about twenty years.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 9.—I have a question to ask in regard to the increase of bluebirds this year over last, which I hope some one will answer. How is it that when the birds were so scarce last year, even during the fall migration, that they were so fairly abundant this spring? I have never heard of their breeding in the South during the winter. Now, where do they come from? G. C.

Animal Intelligence.

AUGUSTA, Me., April 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I agree with Raymond Spears in regard to birds and animals having the power of thought and reason. Like M. M. S., in March 28, I too believe that they are often brighter than a good many of us.

Now the difference between man and beast is that one has reason and the other instinct. In my opinion they are one and the same thing, only not so highly developed in animal as in man.

When the mother partridge "plays broken wing," to draw the intruder away from her little ones, is it simply instinct that somehow, without any reason on her part, performs this wonderful piece of intelligence? Or, I suppose when a crow is flying overhead, and you raise your gun, and he suddenly sheers to one side, or turns completely about and retraces his flight, that he is acting under this wonderful instinct—does not reason that there is danger in that gun? Queer, isn't it, this wonderful instinct that governs him? To my mind he shows as much reason in this act as you or I would if some one were pointing a rifle at us with the intention of killing.

Yes, yes, of course this must be this yet unsolved and unexplained instinct that informs the crow somehow that on getting a certain height above you he is safe from the gun. Then circling and hovering far above he will send down his defiant battle cry.

Can or does anyone dare say that the dog, fox and wolverine do not think and reason in all their cunning ways and tricks? I think that anybody who half studies the life of reynard agrees with me that the crafty fellow is able to do his own thinking and planning about as well as the average man. EBEEME.

Intuition of the Cat.

MISS Felina is a difficult animal to train, but she will sometimes "catch on" by a sort of intuition that is quite astonishing. Like a good many boys, I was naughty enough to get some fun out of animals by teasing them. I had observed that when a cat is weaning her kittens she snarls at and cuffs them a good deal if they are persistent in nursing. Well, when the old cat was particularly adverse to their attentions I would amuse myself by tossing the kittens toward her, when she would work herself into a real frenzy of rage, and make a dash for her offspring as if she would annihilate them at a stroke. Finding my persistence in the game intolerable, she started for one of the closed doors of the room which had a handle and thumb latch. She jumped and caught the handle with one foot, and with the other pressed the latch and opened the door. I think this was the first time she did it. However, if not the first time, it became a regular habit with her, and if she did not learn it at that particular time I am at a loss to guess how she "caught on" how to catch on in so skillful a manner as would do credit to any smart dog. N. D. ELTING.

A Blackbird Wintering on the North Side of the Forty-ninth Parallel, North Latitude.

ESTEVAN, Assa, Canada.—Winter in this vicinity was ushered in by a big snowstorm on Nov. 5 and continued thereafter, with the exception of a few soft spells (but at no time wholly disposing of the snow) till the early days of April following. A solitary blackbird, probably deterred by this untoward event from embarking on its southern flight, wisely betook itself for shelter to a lone police stable near by. For some time it manifested considerable alarm at its forced proximity to man, but the force of circumstances, coupled with the exercise of kindly offices in placing food at its disposal, gradually overcame this propensity, so that in a short time man's presence appeared to be regarded as a matter of course. And so this frail denizen of a sunny clime has been enabled, and with some degree of enjoyment as evidenced by many a cheery note, to withstand the rigors of a northern winter, beset with many a storm, and on the advent of spring hail the return of its congeners from their southern haunts.

W. M.

An Easter Woods Ramble.

FRAMINGHAM, Mass., April 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A pleasant Easter morning drove me to the woods for a ramble and I must say that I was both surprised and benefited by the indulgence. I sought no particular cover, but my hour in the brush disclosed the fact that there was at least one spot in this vicinity where the birds had wintered well. I saw no less than seven ruffed grouse. I don't think I saw any of the seven twice, as I marked the flight of each and could see them quite a distance. Three I saw on the ground quite near each other, and watched them for a minute before the nearest one flushed. Surely here was a brood which must have been quite overlooked last fall, and which ought to furnish some sport for next fall. I saw one meadow lark, the first I have seen this season. An old gray squirrel diverted my attention for a few moments as I wended my way homeward, and a tempting looking brook made me register a vow to try it later. The season is backward here, ice is still upon secluded ponds, and it will be quite the first of May before we can expect to be in any condition for fishing. Of that more anon. J. W. B.

Red Squirrel in Southern Indiana.

UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., April 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The occurrence of the red or pine squirrel as far south in Indiana as Thorntown, as recorded in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. C. E. Tribbett, is unusual and interesting. This is not, however, the first record of its capture in central Indiana.

In Evermann & Butler's Preliminary List of Indiana Mammals (Proc. Indiana Academy Science, 1893, p. 130) this squirrel is recorded from La Grange, Huntington, Fulton, Wabash, Miami, Blackford, Randolph and Franklin counties. Randolph county is nearly due east of Thorntown, and Prof. U. O. Cox reports seeing several examples in that county in the vicinity of Farmland in 1888 to 1891.

It was recorded from Franklin county, some fifty miles further south than Thorntown, by Dr. Rufus Haymond, the pioneer Hoosier naturalist.

BARTON W. EVERMANN.

A Hawkish Pigeon.

THAT a domestic pigeon should be meaner than a hawk is a statement not easily credited, but in one particular instance mentioned by an acquaintance of mine, whose word is not to be questioned, a large male bird belonging to a person in Ironton, Ohio, sought recreation in killing chickens. My friend now and then would find his chickens, which were from two to three weeks old, lying dead on the ground with their necks broken. He was much puzzled to know the cause of their death. But one day the secret was revealed, when he saw the pigeon alight upon the ground near a chicken and immediately pounce upon it and with great dexterity break its neck. Being granivorous he had no use for the chicken, and therefore his depravity exceeded even that of a hawk.

N. D. ELTING.

Game Bag and Gun.

OCTOBER DAYS.

OCT. 16 was an ideal early autumn day, one of the sort that makes the business man feel good and the sportsman delightful. On this particular bright and cheerful day I had a telegram in my pocket from Massachusetts telling me to be sure and come. Leaves were off and birds plentiful, so I was throwing off all business cares to become for a few days the sportsman in the old Pelham Hills of Massachusetts, consequently I could for once in my life realize how good the man felt whom I had once heard say, under great pressure of pleasure, "I have an embarrassment of riches."

I sometimes think could any of my dogs understand some of the things I say to them while preparing for the trip and *en route*, as well as they understand and have it impressed on them while "at it," they would think me a fit candidate for an asylum.

On this trip I take Jennette, but am sorry I can't take them all. One as fast as she is all I or any one man on earth would care to hunt grouse with. She is particularly selected, however, because she is a sure retriever, and with her along a wing tip has no terrors for me.

The baggage master received her on the Boston & Albany train much as he would a sample trunk, coldly indifferent, almost with an annoyed look; but how susceptible is human nature in a blue uniform. The silver coin turned him into a prince of graciousness, and Jennette slept on a sack of letters addressed to cultured Boston. I in the meantime go back in the train, stow away my outfit, and settle down behind some blue and curly wreaths to dream of the victories and defeats of the to-morrow. I had just killed my twelfth or thirteenth grouse, and Jenn was pointing another, when the sport was rudely interrupted by "Play whist?" and realizing that I had thoughtlessly refused one time to play poker in Montana and old sledge in Colorado, and been set down as a tenderfoot and treated as such, I played whist.

At Springfield I secured my patient little traveler from the smiling baggage master, changed cars, and started north. There was a long delay at Holyoke. A freight train was wrecked ahead, and my train was to back down to Springfield again; but I was not going with it, nor had I any intention or desire at this time to visit Holyoke. I found that Bartlett's Corner was eighteen miles away, the time 9 o'clock in the evening, the stomach empty, the spirit fast becoming dejected. The sportsman expects hardships and would be disappointed if he returned home without them; they are part of the trip, and to make it a success they must needs be. I found a liveryman who, for the consideration of $5, agreed to carry me to my destination by midnight.

With Jennette curled up on the seat beside me under a generous fur robe the start was made. The fog had settled deep and heavy along the Connecticut River, and the moon had retired early, leaving the night dark and threatening. At Old Hadley I discovered that my driver didn't know the road, and although the night was chilly I began to get hot. His only lights were two well-spent candles in the brackets on each side of the wagon. We

had left the river and started over the mountains, making inquiries as we went (and how many times have I inquired of myself since why I did not have sense enough at that time to burn just one of those candles at a time). The ascent grew sharper and the lights dimmer until the summit is reached and the descent begun, but in the dark those lights had burned out.

The clear conscience New England farmer is not the easiest thing on earth to awake before midnight; he comes much easier after four in the morning. (How different from our city farmers.) All this I found out that night after feeling for front gates, finding big dogs and yelling myself hoarse. Borrow a lantern? Not one. I came to the conclusion that there was but one lantern in that county, and some one had borrowed that to sit up with a sick friend. While I was making one last appeal at a gate, a brute of a dog and a sleepy native, the heavens suddenly became illuminated by the burning of a barn in the distance, and fortunately in Bartlett's direction, and with "first road to the right, second to the left," etc., many thanks, good night, and a vigorous kick at my friend's dog, we drove on. I am sorry the man lost his barn, very sorry, but mighty glad of the light it gave, being it had to go. As the old town clock told of the midnight hour I rapped at the door of a friend's house indeed.

I value too highly the space in FOREST AND STREAM to tell in detail of those three well-remembered days in Pelham. Months dark and cold have passed since then, yet some of Jennette's exceedingly clever work still lingers in my memory. I will venture some of it.

As the sun came creeping up over the hills that morning we were out to meet it. The vapor arising from the drying autumn leaves was sweet smelling extract to the sportsman. Jennette seemed to imbibe the spirit of the morning and occasion, and proved much faster than was desirable. These hills and swales were smooth and vastly different from the rocks of Pike county, and more than one "pa'tridge" got under way out of reach. However, by carefully getting their line of flight and introducing vigorously a birch switch, we finally got down to business. She makes a point, but the bird flushes badly, yet a glimpse is secured just between a big chestnut and its little family of suckers. Instinctively the gun is up and off. A flying vision, a crack and nothing is seen. All is still. Jenn retrieves a dead bird—a chance shot that was successful. Another point, but the breaking of a twig under my boot puts this fellow on wing. We get his line, but not a shot, and press on. Jenn finds where he struck, takes the ground scent of this running bird and follows in a pace. Finally she stops; so do I, want of breath alone demands it. The silence is too much, another whir and away it goes, Bartlett trying to tame it with two badly aimed barrels, and again we follow on. Surely we are far enough; in fact we are nearly out of the woods; something must happen here, and it did. Jennette swings swiftly to the left and is off. We wait. Those fine nostrils are full, but the location is incomplete. See this dumb brute work out this problem in her own way and raise your hat to an intelligence ofttimes unappreciated, but to the true sportsman always delightful and refreshing. I see that streak of mottled animation passing swiftly into the wind near the open country. She bears off a point toward me, strikes a careful trot, slackens to a measured walk and stops, lays the head around nearly on the left flank, raises a front paw and becomes motionless. I step ahead in the direction indicated by the position of that head, the stillness is broken by the roar of the mighty wings as the bird starts on his last flight. The underbrush was scant. Under the spreading branches of an oak he fell. Jenn sees it all—the flight, the kill, the fall; yet stands firm until the word is given to fetch, which she does with alacrity.

Shortly after Bartlett walks one up and nearly scared it to death "by turning loose" both barrels again. I tried to stop it by firing as it crossed my bows, and questioned for the time being my success. I see it strike an embankment 100yds. away as though it was hunting cover. We climb the hill and Jenn passes along the ridge at the edge of Laurel's. Like a flash she swings and comes to a full point. I close in and call "Steady!" Instantly she disappears into the bushes and is gone. I yell at her and at the same time make ready to fire. No need; 30yds. away I hear a flutter, see a commotion in the bushes, and she returns with a wing tipped grouse. I have been asked why she did not hold the point. Because she knew more about it than you or I.

Again a bright morning breaks into view, and the tried hunter Page is to guide me. Jennette is left at home to nurse sore feet, and I am out for shooting purposes only. Old Sport, who has tracked many a grouse to its doom, is put down. I can hear Page now as he calls in that peculiar tone: "Woah, Sport! Steady, Sport, get into that clearing! Look out! There she goes!"

Bang! bang! And in many cases that bang settled it. Some however reached the clearings, heard the vicious crack, crack of my gun and passed on, and are flying yet for all I know, for aside from nervous shock their health seemed good where they left me. If there is a harder shot in the world than a grouse crossing an old woods road or a 10yds. barren knoll under full wing, I in my hunting experience have failed to find it. Yet by chance perhaps I did stop a few.

We start down through an old woods and find Sport making game. A wild flush follows, which is repeated four times, until my patience is nearly exhausted, and so is that piece of woods, and still again that bird takes himself off prematurely for us, and makes for a long birch swamp extending an eighth of a mile to the left, dividing an immense meadow into nearly two equal parts; but away out it drops to cover. I am directed to take up a position by an old stump about the middle of the left clearing, and I regret seriously that I could not be in both meadows at the same time. Page entered from the right side, opposite me, and called "Look out!" The high wind soon brought to my hearing "Woah, Sport. Look out, Sport, there she goes." I turn all eyes, but to no avail; it didn't come my way. Page appears and says she has gone out to the point and he will send that bird back my way. I wait, that meadow becomes a whole county in size, seems as though a whole flock of grouse could cross a thousand places out of range of my gun, and my gun is no slouch either. I tried to see in every direction at once. The sun went under a cloud and everything seemed dark and tangled up; my coat got too small, I open and shut the safety of my gun, and right it; the stock has grown 3in. since I stood there. At last the spell is broken. An echo, not a voice, is heard. It comes down the wind. She goes. My eyes are glued on that point of swamp; as the ball pitcher delivers the ball, so did that grouse appear, with me in the position of catcher. Coming down that meadow 8ft. from the ground, it traveled faster than the sound of its beating wings and increased to the size of a cannon ball. How far away it was when I had dropped to one knee (to keep me from

JEANNETTE AND THE BIRDS.

jumping out of its way) I will never know, nor the distance from me when I pulled the trigger, or whether I had one eye open or both shut. The noise of my gun brought me to my feet and senses with a bound. I saw bounding toward me a dead bird that I would rather have had than the farm on which it was killed.

That day was full of exciting sport and some good shots (time has erased from my memory the bad misses); and again the shadows in the woods told of the late afternoon, and night was on when we lowered the string in the woodshed and added our birds to the successes of the day before. Then behind some more curly wreaths we go over the day's sport. Another day, and the farewell is said—only three short days, but how full of freedom and life! The return home is made, flavored with a sweet remembrance.

THOMAS ELMER.

ELIZABETH, N. J.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN FLORIDA.

IT was on Feb. 10 last that, pursuaded by a keen native of the languid State of Florida, I drove over a very sandy road a distance of twelve miles from the sleepy village of Arcedonda. We had with us three dogs, Don, Dora and Juno, the first two being well-built English pointers and the last a thoroughbred Irish setter. On reaching our shooting ground we found a succession of cotton fields, varied here and there by scrub, sand and an endless variety of semi-tropical vegetation. The country was flat and uninteresting and everywhere free from moisture, and the temperature at 9 o'clock in the morning recalled an early summer's day in Michigan. We both wore flannel jackets, shirts and trousers, with stout laced boots and canvas leggings, and I really felt tired, in the way one can only feel in the sunny South, before I had pulled a trigger.

The morning was calm with a cloudless sky. A nigger followed closely in my tracks and my companion had with him a boy, both these adherents being liberally supplied with cartridges. The average native of the South suffers from a chronic lassitude. He is tired all day, goes to bed tired and wakes up irresolutely in the same condition.

My friend, late a captain of Southern cavalry named Steele, was a shining exception to this rule, and the easy way in which he carried his gun told of long experience, while his light, springy step gave promise of good staying powers.

We had got about a couple of hundred yards from the horses when Don and Dora suddenly pointed and Juno backed, though quite 30yds. in rear.

In a moment I lost that tired feeling and made a slight detour to the left so as to bring my companion in a position to shoot parallel with my own.

As I did this I almost stepped on three quail, and a hurried double shot checked a fast flyer, which seemed to have got in very quick time a long distance off. Not a dog moved. All three were steady as rocks and already we were both within 10yds. of the two pointers. A moment later a bevy of fifteen or sixteen birds rose with a rush and four reports rang out sweetly on the still air. We had each killed clean with both barrels and had also the satisfaction of seeing the remaining birds scatter and gradually drop 200yds. ahead. Here too the ground broke into gentle ridges, with just enough cover to make the quail lie close. Altogether the prospect looked pleasant, but the silence was broken a moment later by the sudden jumps of a large hare, which was neatly killed by my companion in the act of nimbly clearing some fallen trees.

The dogs were now ranging some 40yds. ahead and a light breeze from the west had sprung up and was blowing gratefully in our faces, while we still had 100yds. to traverse before we reached the spot where we had marked down the birds. Suddenly all three dogs turned to the right, and you could have covered them with a blanket as they stealthily drew toward some low scrub and at its very edge became rigid in points which there was no misunderstanding.

We had found a fresh covey, and they were without doubt within a few yards of the noses of our trusty dogs. This time the birds rose irregularly, and my companion got rid of three cartridges with marvelous quickness to the tune of as many dead birds. He certainly was a lovely shot, and I missed one chance in pure admiration of the deft way in which he handled his shooting-iron. I did, however, get in both barrels, killing clean with the first and hitting the second bird so hard that we picked him up dead 50yds. further on.

Those of the bevy which got away we marked down not far from the undulating ground where we knew the others were lying, and the pleasant feeling of having plenty of work on hand was strong upon us.

I cannot conceive anything prettier than the shooting which followed a few minutes later, when point succeeded point and birds continued to rise singly for quite half an hour. At one time we had seven birds dead while scarcely moving out of our tracks, and the still drawing dogs told us that there were more to come.

I never saw birds lie so closely. Every now and then one would have to be kicked up out of the tangled vines, and the manner in which he got through space when once on the wing amply atoned for his previous lethargy.

Shortly after noon we sat down to a modest luncheon composed of bread and butter and potted meat. We were then close to a spring, the water of which was as clear as crystal and as cold as ice.

My colored friend informed me that despite its attractive appearance this water was a deadly poison, and I have since learned that in Florida it is not an uncommon thing to find water which is beautiful to the eye, but far from suitable to the stomach.

The women drink tea and rain-water caught in cisterns. The men are not partial to these innocent beverages and are not averse to the fire-water of the North.

Twenty-four quail, four pigeons and two hares lay dead beside us on the sand. Those of your readers who have shot in Florida need not be told that grass is there a luxury, and can only be artificially produced. I have often pitied the poor attenuated cows, who here grow tired in walking from one blade of grass to another.

Luncheon over, we again settled down to steady work and were not long in finding fresh bevies. In spite of sand-burs, heat and drought, the dogs seemed tireless, and until we ceased shooting at 5 o'clock in the afternoon there was no pottering or false points, and no matter how heavy the firing those staunch brutes never lost their steadiness.

The writer has shot in Michigan, Wisconsin, western Canada and Indiana, but has never before encountered quail which for close lying and fast flying could compare with those Florida birds.

I am sorry to say that toward the end of the afternoon I missed a bird with both barrels which rose within a few inches of my feet.

My companion, with the true courtesy of his race toward a stranger, never pulled a trigger when he could give me the shot, and at 5 o'clock our bag numbered forty-four quail, six pigeons and three hares.

Tired, but contented with our pleasant day's outing, we turned our faces homeward, and my last act before seeking my welcome bed was to see that our three matchless dogs got the good supper they so well deserved.

RIDEAU.

OTTAWA, Canada.

MONGOLIAN VS. ENGLISH PHEASANTS.

WINCHESTER, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When the Legislature of Massachusetts instructed the Commission on Inland Fisheries and Game to introduce the pheasant into the State if possible, we opened correspondence with every one we could find who had any experience in breeding and rearing them. This correspondence amounted to nearly 100 letters. The testimony from all, except two or three who had the English pheasant for sale, was in favor of the Mongolian as being superior as a game bird. It is well known that the English is a mongrel bird and semi-domesticated. One of the dissenters was Mr. De Guise, who then as now lauded the English pheasant and offered to supply us with them at $36 per dozen. When informed that we did not want them, preferring the Mongolian, he replied that he would furnish Chinese pheasants at $60 per dozen. Just what he meant we were unable to say, as there are thirteen varieties of pheasants in China, but we would have been willing to pay his price had we been sure of obtaining pure Mongolian stock. We sent a man who was familiar with the birds to Mr. De Guise's place, and he reported that he did not find any Mongolian pheasants, and from what he learned of his method of feeding the young birds, he could not have been successful in rearing them, for the Mongolian requires a very different treatment. Whether this report was correct or not, the Commission cannot have any controversy with Mr. De Guise, as we are not breeding pheasants for sale. He is breeding them for market, and however successful he may be in raising English pheasants, he has much to learn about our New England climate.

Finding that all attempts (and they cover a period of several years) to introduce the English pheasant into this State had failed, we turned our attention to the Mongolian. Learning that they had been phenomenally successful in Oregon, we opened correspondence with Judge Denny, who introduced them there. Judge Denny was Consul-General at Shanghai for seven years, and in the employ of the King of Corea for eight years. During his stay there he had nine of the thirteen varieties and selected the Mongolian as being the best all round game bird. In 1881 he brought eighteen of these birds to Oregon, and so rapid was their increase that in 1894 the State game warden, Mr. Maguire, estimated that last year in Linn county alone, during the open season of three months, there were about 18,000 killed, and the year before, when the snow and sleet were on, 1,200 dozen were sent to one dealer in San Francisco. Correspondence from others confirms these statements.

There is no man in this country who so thoroughly understands the character and habits of pheasants as Judge Denny. In speaking of the Mongolian he says, "They are not only a first-class game bird, but a delicious morsel of food. They are hardy and clearly 'the survival of the fittest.'"

From our own experience with both varieties, we fully indorse all that he says. I have been a sportsman for more than fifty years, and so well satisfied am I of the superiority of the Mongolian that I gave away all of my English, and am breeding only from the Oregon pheasant. I have neither the desire nor the time to enter a controversy on this subject. In my note to you I said that it would be a mistake to introduce the English pheasant into the New England States; I now go a step further and say that wherever the Mongolian can be had it would be a blunder to introduce the English into any of our States. No true sportsman, who understands the habits and char-

acter of these birds, would hesitate a moment as to which bird he would select.

There is nothing very difficult or requiring long practice to enable any one to successfully breed pheasants. Given the right conditions, no bird is more easily raised.

Let our sportsmen look at this matter in a commonsense way, avoiding all personalities. Here is a breeder of English pheasants who says that during the last twelve years he has handled nearly 100,000 of them. Enough, if they are worth anything, to stock the whole United States, and he is only one of many who are breeding and turning out these birds. To this may be added many importations of these pheasants during the last twenty years.

Now, Mr. Editor, you are in a position to know something about game. Look on the map of North America and put your finger, if you can, on a single State or county where these birds abound; and then turn to Oregon, where in 1881 Judge Denny set loose only eighteen Mongolian pheasants, and consider the marvelous increase of that variety. Here is an object lesson more conclusive than all that has been or can be said in behalf of the English pheasant in this country.

Facts are stubborn things. The more the breeders boast of the thousands they have let loose, the worse their case appears. A hundred thousand English pheasants liberated during the past twelve years and where are they? Is there a single public domain stocked with them? Eighteen Mongolian pheasants set free in Oregon, and the State is overrun with them.

Personally it is a matter of no interest to me how much time and money my brother sportsmen spend in trying to introduce here a bird that thus far has proved of no value except on private preserves, where they are obliged to feed them in winter.

Again I repeat that I must decline all controversy on the subject. Satisfied beyond a question of doubt of the superiority of the Mongolian pheasant as a game bird, this State will make a thorough experiment in introducing them. E. A. BRACKETT,

Chairman Board of Com'rs of Fish and Game.

REARING PHEASANTS.

I HAVE read with much pleasure and interest Mr. E. A. Brackett's report and indorse the whole of it.

I have been interested in pheasant rearing for the past five years and have had many ups and downs, but I have learned a lot of things by experience, and if I may add a little to pheasant culture which may be of use to others I am only too happy.

And I would suggest, in addition to what Mr. Brackett has given in regard to the hatching out of the young birds by bantam hens or any kind of hen, the great advantage it is to have an incubator.

I place the eggs after being under the hen twenty-two or twenty-three days in an incubator, where the birds hatch out more quickly and are not able to get into any place where they could be chilled, nor do they run the risk of being trodden on by the hens. I have sometimes found that the eggs do not hatch out at the same time and consequently the hen gets very uneasy and she does not sit close enough on the unhatched eggs, which may remain for two or three days chipped without breaking because they were not hot enough; but if placed in an incubator heated up to 101° F. they will break in two or three hours. Another object gained is that it gives a splendid opportunity to completely asepticise the hen and free her from any insects. Also it prevents the young chicks from being infected, as there can be none in the egg and the incubator should be completely free of them. And in the warm days in the beginning of June it is very hard to keep the nests completely free of the insect pest.

I leave the young birds in the incubator till they are able to run about freely and then place them under the hens again, who have been sitting on dummy eggs.

I think also I may be allowed to add to the very excellent cuisine of Mr. Brackett and others Spratts game meal. This I have found most excellent when added to the custard and the chicks thrive on it. Spratts crimsel takes the place of the maggots, which are hard to get in this climate during the month of May and early June, when the most of the birds are hatched out.

I begin with very little of it and increase daily, say for every twelve chicks begin with a teaspoonful and get up to a tablespoonful about the end of the second week. I think Mr. E. A. Styles's manner of feeding is about the best of any, but I don't wish to be invidious; they are all good.

But the watchword in pheasant rearing in this country certainly should be "eternal vigilance." Watch the cats. Be on the lookout for rainstorms. Count your birds two or three times a day, and by these means you will save a great many, at least this is my experience.

J. S. NIVEN.

LONDON, Ont.

SHOOTING PHANTOM BIRDS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM. I read about J. E. B.'s unexpected luck, shooting at and killing a single grouse and his dog retrieving two; also of J. K.'s luck, shooting at a single quail and killing four. I have a true incident that happened some time ago. A friend by the name of F. C. M. is a very enthusiastic hunter, but a very poor shot, as a great many hunters are. He is also a member of our local fish and game association, with the privilege of hunting all the year round. He was the possessor of a very good dog, named Jeff, at that time. I was out one time with my friend F. C. M. and one-armed Bill S. to a place where they knew there were several bevies of quail and some grouse. After hunting over some cover, my friend's dog Jeff made game in an open field. Calling us up after trailing some distance, the dog came to a point at the edge of a thick swale, my black and white setter Blink and one-armed Bill's red Irish Bruce backing—as pretty a picture as ever I saw. We watched them as long as we dared to, as my dog Blink, being jealous, was getting uneasy. I told my friend F. C. M. to go in and flush, which he did. A large bevy of quail got up. He, not believing in shooting at singles, let go in the bunch afterward, claiming he saw one drop. I did not shoot, as I was so much taken up by the dogs. One-armed Bill did not shoot, as he averred he could not get a shot from where he stood. However, F. C. M. sent his dog Jeff to retrieve, and to our surprise he brought a woodcock in his mouth. Thinking it might be a bird that some one else had killed, or perhaps one the dog had caught, we examined him and found several shot in him. We came to the conclusion that he got up at the same time that the quail did. E. B.

THE PETIT MANAN DEER CASE.

(From the Kennebec Journal.)

BANGOR, Me., April 10.—A most important opinion was handed down from the law court to-day. It was drafted by Chief Justice Peters, and the document is one that will be of special interest to sportsmen. Through the courtesy of Gen. Charles Hamlin, reporter of decisions for the Supreme Court, the *Journal* is able to present it in full to its readers. It is as follows:

State vs. Parker, Peters, C. J. The respondent was complained of for killing a deer in close time, and the question of his liability to be prosecuted therefor is presented to this court upon the following statement of facts agreed to by the parties:

"The respondent had in his possession at Steuben, in Washington county, on June 19, 1894, parts of a deer, which said respondent killed on June 15, 1894, being in close season, to wit: Between the first day of January and the first day of October, in the inclosed deer park on Petit Manan Point, in said Steuben; said park being the property of the Petit Manan Company, so called, and said respondent being the owner of one-fifth of the deer in said park, in common with said company; said deer was caught alive, when a fawn, on Township No. 29, M. D., by Charles Haycock, in the month of June, 1888, being the close season, as aforesaid. That said Haycock sold said deer the following year after his capture to Horace F. Willey, of Cherryfield, by whom it was kept until the month of November, 1890, when he, said Willey, sold it to the said respondent, who then put it into the park aforesaid in company with other deer therein confined, and it was in his possession continually until killed by the respondent as aforesaid. The respondent was arrested by game warden Charles I. Corliss, and on July 5, 1894, was arraigned before Jacob T. Campbell, Esq., a trial justice in and for said Washington county, at said Cherryfield, on complaint of said Corliss, charging said respondent with having in his possession at Steuben, June 19, 1894, one deer and parts of a deer killed in close time, as aforesaid, whereupon said respondent waived examination, and was found guilty by the magistrate, and sentenced to pay a fine of $40 and costs, from which sentence respondent appealed. The law court to affirm or disaffirm the decision of said magistrate, as the law and facts in the case warrant."

The respondent contends upon the strength of the cases of Allen v. Young, 76 Maine 80; James v. Wood, 82 Maine, 173, and State v. Beal, 75 Maine, 289, that the deer was so far within his dominion and control in open time as to have become his absolute property, with which he could at any time do as he pleased. The doctrine of the above cases has been lately emphasized somewhat by the decision of the court in State v. Bucknam, 88 Maine, 385, in which it has been distinctly held that, under our statutes, one who lawfully obtains the ownership of game in open time, in that case carcasses of deer, is not criminally liable for having the same in his possession in close time afterward. Some of the States have decided that laws which do make such act criminal are not constitutional, but that question did not arise in the case referred to.

We think, however, that, giving the respondent the fullest scope of protection which the doctrine of those cases can afford him, he fails to find them any sufficient justification for his act. We refer to the act of killing the deer within close season, waiving now all question of illegality in capturing the animal alive originally.

Probably it would not be questioned that in particular instances *ferœ naturæ* may be so far reclaimed and domesticated, or if not reclaimed may be so closely subjected to confinement by a person as to be regarded as under his dominion and control and to become his property. And, if captured or obtained at a proper season and in a lawful manner, there might be no reason why such person should not control such property at all seasons as he might at any other, subject, however, to any restraint upon the use of the same which may be imposed by our game laws.

But we think that a proper construction of the statute applicable to the facts in the case at bar does not admit of a conclusion that the deer in question was under such dominion and control of the respondent and his associates as to allow them to kill or hunt such animal in close time. Their so-called possession was not actual and complete enough; was more fictitious than real. The deer was roaming wildly over a park covered mostly by woods, as was stated when the case was reported, containing between 700 and 800 acres of territory, and surrounded on all sides by the sea excepting at a narrow strip or neck connecting this, an almost natural park, with the main land. And artificial structures are placed across this neck to prevent the escape of the animals therefrom. Animals kept within these wide boundaries cannot be said to be thereby either reclaimed or held in close confinement. Should they escape from the park either by sea or land into other woods it would be preposterous for the proprietors of the park to set up an ownership in such animals against other persons who might kill or capture them off their premises. The most of the proprietors can reasonably claim is that they possess by some artificial means some facilities for capturing or recapturing deer within their woods, and perhaps for obtaining actual possession of the same either dead or alive; and, while that may be denominated an approach toward possession, a step in the direction of possession, to style such a condition of things as an absolute actual possession, thereby giving the respondent complete property in the animals, would be far-fetched and visionary.

The ideas which we entertain on this subject are aptly illustrated by the remarks of the court in Commonwealth v. Chace, 9 Pick. 15, a case involving the question as to how far and under what conditions doves might be the subjects of larceny, and we quote largely therefrom:

"It is held in all the authorities that doves are *ferœ naturæ*, and as such are not subjects of larceny, except when in the care and custody of the owner, as when in a dovecote or pigeon-house, or when in the nest before they are liable to fly. If, when thus under the care of the owner, they are taken furtively, it is larceny.

"The reason of this principle is that it is difficult to distinguish them from other fowl of the same species. They often take a flight and mix flocks with the doves of other persons and are free tenants of the air, except when impelled by hunger or habit, or the production or preservation of their young, they seek the shelter prepared for them by their owner. Perhaps when feeding on the grounds of the proprietor, or resting on his barn or other buildings, if killed by a stranger, the owner may have trespass, and if the purpose be to consume them as food, and they are killed or caught or carried away from the inclosure of the owner, the act would be larceny. But in this case there is no evidence of the situation they were in when killed, whether on the flight, a mile from the grounds of the owner, or mingled with the doves of other persons, enjoying their natural liberty. Without such evidence, the act of killing them, though for the purpose of using them as food, is not felonious."

Judgment below affirmed.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Spring.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 11.—This week warm showers have softened the marble heart of the earth. The young man with turn-down stockings is visible in the land, as also the young woman with trousers. On the curb at the corner an ancient crone is offering sassafras to the public, and at the cheery banquet board the wild, sweet fragrance of the tender onion is apparent. Spring has come.

The Flight of the Snipe.

The weather of the past few days has been such that we should have a fine chance at jacksnipe hereabouts for the coming week. The flight even of golden plover was in lower Arkansas and west on that parallel last week, and the snipe precede the plover by many days. Mr. E. P. Maynard, a Chicago gentleman just back from Arkansas, says that he and a friend put in two days on the famous prairie near Devoll's Bluff, in eastern Arkansas, but saw only few snipe. The weather was rainy and they thought the birds must have passed on north, which is probably the case. A week ago to-day some fair bags of snipe were made on the sloughs near Wheaton and Hinsdale, Chicago suburbs, and some birds have been killed also along the Sag and out near Blue Island, but the warm days have been followed by cold ones and no great number of birds have been in. The weather of the past three days has been warm and rainy, and will without doubt bring the remainder of the birds up to stay—so far as such capricious fowl can be said to stay anywhere. At Fox Lake, fifty miles north of here, some shooting has been had. I should expect to hear of good bags at jacksnipe on the Kankakee near Koutts and Shelby to-day and to-morrow. The lucky ones will get it. Then a few days later others will go to repeat the performance of their friends and will find the birds are not there. They do not stay very long if the country is warm and open to the north, but pass on up along their line of migration.

Golden plover are usually to be expected at their best in this vicinity about May 1, perhaps earlier if the grass gets green and the days are warmer. None are reported at this writing. At any place adjoining Chicago though one would expect them very soon if the warm spell holds. Gilman, Ill., is a favorite place for the plover shooter, and some good bags are made there. Often the very edge of Chicago is equally good, but the shooters are abundant there always.

Ducks.

The old Kankakee this season showed a little sport to the duck shooters who like spring shooting, and a few birds were killed on the Illinois, the shooting at both places being of the patchy and irregular nature which now characterizes all our shooting here at any season whatsoever. At Fox Lake a great many deep-water ducks came, and tried to light the best they could for the ice and the shooters. Some of the lower lakes of Wisconsin held the fowl for a time, and at Koshkonong the deep-water ducks, redheads, bluebills and canvasbacks fairly swarmed for a time, and are even yet not all gone. Eddie Bingham took a couple of his Chicago friends up with him to his old home on Koshkonong, and they had three days of very pleasant sport and got a nice lot of birds. I do not hear of any better bags than these anywhere for this region this spring.

New Koshkonong Club.

The Carcajou Club, with a good membership of Wisconsin men, A. M. Valentine, of Janesville, president, has been added to the clubs already holding preserves on the famous Koshkonong waters. It will control three miles of lake front, including some of the best of the deep-water duck shooting.

The Wisconsin Law.

The Wisconsin law on duck shooting is peculiar and convenient. It prohibits spring shooting of snipe, plover and marsh ducks (mallard, teal, etc.), but allows shooting of deep-water ducks in the spring (redheads, bluebills and canvasbacks). Such a mixed law is not of very much use, as many careless native shooters will kill any sort of duck they can. It is the July woodcock shooter who does for most of the young (and illegal) wood ducks along the Kankakee River. Legislators have a touching confidence in human nature. But then the Wisconsin legislators have declared that when Illinois has prohibited spring shooting on all sorts of ducks, it will do the same! (Illinois has no close season on ducks or snipe in the spring.) There is some human nature in that too. Meantime Illinois shoots all over both Illinois and Wisconsin in the matter of such ducks as Wisconsin makes legal, and heeds not the voice of Wisconsin saying that Illinois is real mean not to abolish spring shooting for the sake of Wisconsin. Our divers State laws "protecting" game are good subjects for a comic opera.

Grouse Grounds.

The great grouse grounds of Wisconsin are in the upper part of the hardwood region, or where the hardwood timber begins to give way to the pines. Marshfield, Wis., is at just such a point, and Mr. J. A. Kerr, who lives there and who this week made FOREST AND STREAM a pleasant call, says that in the fall the ruffed grouse shooting is quite good. That is also a very good deer country, though most of the hunters go further north in the deer season. Mr. Kerr has killed four bears since his residence in Marshfield, and says they have lots of fun running foxes

there, though they have to shoot them to get them. There are some wildcats and any quantity of rabbits. Trout fishing they have to go a dozen miles to get, and by going on up about sixty miles further north, along the Wisconsin Central road, they get to the Fifield and Butternut chains of lakes, where the muscallonge are to be had in good size. These are Flambeau waters, that stream emptying into the Chippewa, which carries the 'lunge from the Mississippi. The Flambeau is a lovely stream to run.

Mr. Kerr says that it is all nonsense saying the non-export laws of Wisconsin are respected, but he says they could be enforced if the express companies of Chicago would be honest in their attempts to enforce the laws. Thousands of pounds of grouse, venison and trout go out of Wisconsin every day in their season, and only too much out of season. The goods are boxed and billed through to Chicago, and the local express agent takes care that he does not meddle in any one's business by trying to learn what is in the boxes. The express agent gets a commission on what business he does, and does not want to lessen that business in any way, and game is the same to him as anything else. If this state of affairs be the case, it may be seen about how faithful are the protestations of the express companies annually and regularly made to the sportsmen of Chicago. They will help prosecute or allow prosecution when the goods are found in their possession; but they take precious little care to keep such goods out of their possession. It is no doubt true that the railroad and express companies could in one year break up the game trade of Chicago and establish fine shooting in regions now shot out. But they will not do this, because they figure there is more money in the freight than there would be in the fares of the sportsmen they would carry out to such shooting grounds if the latter offered anything to shoot. In this the companies are probably or possibly correct. But they are not right. It is their wide cloak of secrecy that has made cover for the illegal destruction of our Western game. In spite of all the hoggishness of many men who pass as sportsmen, such men do not have time to kill as those who make a living at it, so that it is the markets which have taken the game. And without question two-thirds of the goods of the markets—perhaps four-fifths of the total—came to them illegally, killed illegally, shipped illegally, or carried illegally by common carriers who were delicately careful not to seem to break a law, nor to keep any other man from breaking it who made them a dollar by doing so. This is a fine, big, boyish, good-natured, strong country, this America of ours. And how dearly it loves a humbug!

Opening Day on Trout.

The first of our trout fishing here is done in Wisconsin, and the opening day of the season falls on April 15, next Wednesday. While not so far advanced as it was at this time last year, the season should be enough so to afford a basket of trout to the early and ardent who will sally forth next week. It will of course not be worth while to go too far up to the pine country, for there the streams are muddy and cold, if even free of ice; but lower down in the State there are a few streams which carry a few trout—some very good ones, if you know where to go. Mr. H. L. Stanton and his friend Mr. Willard will start Tuesday next to some streams in Walworth county, where they expect at least a day of walking. It remains as yet a case of bait, and he who scorns the patient and faithful worm might as well stay home, for it is not warm enough yet to render the fly anything but ornamental as an accessory to the sport.

They will Come North.

A great many Northern men have heard of or have seen on their native cactus the two San Antonio, Tex., sportsmen, Joe George and Oscar Guessaz, who are positively the only two shooters in America who shoot 20-gauge guns and live on baled hay. It will be pleasant news to these and many others to learn that both these gentlemen are to come to the North on a visit this spring, more especially to attend the E. C. Powder Co.'s tournament in New Jersey, May 5-8, but incidentally to have a good time, and of course to see Chicago. Mr. George was born near the City Hall in New York, and will act as guide to Mr. Guessaz, who was discovered in the chaparral west of the fifth principal Meridian. I hope all who meet these gentlemen in the North will remember the debt the sportsmen of this region owe to those of the South.

P. S.—Mr. Guessaz will not bite. P. P. S.—Mr. George has agreed to leave off his gun when appearing in full dress.

E. HOUGH.

900 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

BALLS IN SMOOTH BORES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been a subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM for nearly twenty-one years, and during that time have noticed that at regular intervals of about three years some one asks if a ball can safely be fired from a shotgun. Then follow a few replies, both negative and affirmative, and the subject is dropped. One of these periods with the usual question having recently come around, may I be permitted to attempt a reply?

To one at all familiar with the literature of the hunting of large game this question is a strange one, for in the past and at the present time great numbers of such animals have been and are hunted and killed with smooth bores, especially in Africa and India, where the great value, with certain obvious limitations, of such guns is perfectly well understood and appreciated. Pages of FOREST AND STREAM could be filled with quotations from various writers telling of good work done by 10 and 12-gauge smooth bores at distances up to 100yds.—and much more game is killed within that distance than beyond it. For night work and in jungles and forests these are more convenient and efficient weapons than any rifle, better adapted to and as accurate in snap shots, and the terrible shock from such a large ball is more effective in at once stopping the game than is the bullet of any but the heaviest rifles. From greater use most sportsmen can do far better snap shooting with a shotgun than with a rifle, and this is an important point to be considered in comparing the two arms.

Common sense is as valuable in this matter as in others. In this country a smooth bore is no more a proper arm to carry when hunting antelope, sheep or goats than is a .50-110 300 Winchester express for squirrels; but for such work as jumping white-tailed deer, bear hunting in the Southern canebrakes, watching for a grizzly to come to bait at dusk and similar forms of sport, I am convinced that a good 12-gauge smooth bore that has been well tested by its owner is a much more useful and efficient weapon than is a rifle under the same circumstances. The opposition to its use is largely due to ignorance of its merits and to the widespread idea that the use of ball in shotguns is dangerous both to shooter and gun. Provided the ball does not jam in the choke there is no danger to either; but the best results are obtainable from barrels especially bored for the purpose, not choked, but cylindrical to within a few inches of the muzzle, when there should be a slight contraction, also cylindrical, in which the ball fits snugly until it leaves the barrel. The axes of the barrels should so converge as to intersect at from 50 to 75yds. Proper fitting of the balls is of course of the utmost importance, and a special mold should be made from accurate micrometer measurements of the bore after deciding whether a patched or naked ball will be used; the former is the more accurate.

Now load a few dozen shells with different weights and kinds of powders and test them carefully at measured distances of from 10 to 100yds. Having decided upon the combination which gives the best results, do not vary it, but load 100 shells and practice snap shooting at stumps, stones and other natural objects at unknown distances. In this way alone can one acquire such familiarity with the gun and its shooting qualities as will insure good results in the field.

After considerable experimenting, I have found that in the gun I use for this purpose 3¼drs. by measure of E. C. powder and plenty of wadding in a good grade of nitro powder shell, firmly crimped down on the ball (which must not have a wad over it), gives the best results, with a minimum of recoil and a maximum of penetration. Lyman's ivory shotgun sights aid in taking a quick and accurate aim, and other details might be given, but the above are sufficient to guide any one in testing his own gun if he cares to.

ABSAROKE.

LONG RANGE GAME SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I recognize the killing power of Mr. Irland's gun and respect it accordingly, but do not think it an ideal hunting rifle; and when its worthy owner essays to smash the vitality out of a bull moose at 400yds. he is certainly taking too many chances of crippling the animal instead of paralyzing him on the spot. That is, unless Mr. Irland can instantly convert himself into a yardstick and measure the exact distance at once without alarming the moose. That the gun is inaccurate or lacks stopping power, no one will claim; but the trouble lies in the high trajectory of the bullet and the hunter's inability to judge the distance correctly. Suppose, for example, that Mr. Irland saw a moose 400yds. away, and that his eye estimated the distance to be 350yds.; that he adjusted the sights for that distance and then held on the center of the 36in. target; what would be the result? A clear miss! Why? Because the bullet would fall below the target while traveling the 50yds. lost by his error in estimating space, and the only possible result would be the smashing of a leg. If his estimate came within 25yds. of being correct he could only scratch the lower part of the animal's body, and it would get away—yes, get away, even from the most expert rifle shot in the country shooting from a perfect rest and using Mr. Irland's .45-120-500. With many sporting rifles an error of only 10yds. would save the life of the moose. This is no flight of the imagination, but a solid fact, and it should cry out in thunder tones against that class of sportsmen who think they can judge space and kill game at almost any distance. Such attempts are brutal folly and should not be made. The certain killing of game at long unmeasured distances cannot be done with any rifle I know of, for the reason that a long range weapon is needed, and as that arm must have a high trajectory it consequently involves too much guesswork on the part of the man who handles the rifle; and as not more than one sportsman in a thousand is sufficiently familiar with the ever varying phases of geography, light, etc., to make correct estimates of space, I must repeat my statement: Such killing cannot be done with any degree of certainty and ought not to be attempted.

Some small caliber man might take one of those "crochet needle guns" and by holding on the withers of the moose, with level sights at 400yds., hit the 36in. circle on the lower edge, and what would be the result? It would simply tickle the old fellow's diaphragm, and he would go off laughing at the simpleton who tried to exterminate him with a crochet needle. A moose is occasionally killed at 400yds., and because he has accomplished this remarkable feat once the hunter is too apt to believe he can do so whenever a fair shot is offered. Let the sportsman count these lucky shots as they should be counted—accidents—and his bump of conceit will grow smaller as his experience enlarges.

Mr. Irland seems to have a poor opinion of the ordinary repeating rifle as a gun for moose, and not without reason, for many of them are quite worthless for such purposes; but the Winchester Company is now making a repeater that commands the respect of all who are acquainted with it. I refer to the .50-100 450. It does not have the long range of the .45 120 500 Sharps, and its trajectory is too high, yet it shoots true and strong, and has great paralyzing power up to the limit of range that any sane man ought to shoot a moose. If it could be modified and made to manipulate 150grs. of powder and about 500grs. of lead it would suit me better; but a workable repeater of those gentle proportions I understand is beyond the capacity of the manufacturers to produce at present. As we can expect and realize great things from the above firm I am living in hope of possessing a .50-150-500 repeater in the near future. While waiting for it I shall continue to shoot my .50-100 450. By using a soft nose bullet and 50grs. each of Hazard's No. 4 and No. 2 ducking powder one can make a cartridge that more than equals in power the 120grs. Sharps factory-made cartridge, and it does awful execution, smashing the bones of the heaviest moose with ease. For deer I load the mercuro-mushroom bullet in place of the solid soft nose, and the shot produced by this unique bullet is simply terrible—the deer goes down in a heap, and stays there. When it comes to the question of repeater vs. single-shot rifles, much can be said in favor of both. For accurate work where one shot only is needed I prefer the single-shot rifle; for game the repeater has its advantages, and as the first and second class guns will all shoot better than the average man can hold, I fail to see any sound objection to their use, providing the man masters the weapon, and thinks more of making a center shot than the rapid pumping of the lever.

Your correspondent fully agrees with Mr. Clay when he states that the man who cannot kill a moose standing still at 200yds. would do much better to try his hand at something else. I should call for still more rigid requirements, and say that the hunter who shooting off-hand cannot puncture his cap with considerable regularity at that distance is not qualified to do long range game shooting. But when Mr. Clay intimates that he makes a regular practice of tripping the heels of a moose at full speed when over 200yds. away from him, then I must enter an emphatic protest against the publication of such nonsense. True, the gentleman may have killed a moose or two on the run at that distance. No experienced running shot will deny it. The question is, with what regularity can he repeat the performance? For surely Mr. Clay would not shoot one of these noble animals outside of a radius of 15in. from the heart. That would allow him as large a killing circle as any rifle shot could reasonably expect, and I should like to have Mr. Clay inform us how he performs the act of stopping the moose while traveling at its highest speed and crossing his line of sight at right angles 200yds. away. Kindly tell us, for upon your answer much will depend. Remember, it is not altogether guesswork; that good, solid mathematics play an important part in the little affair; that you must perforate the 30in. circle well in toward the center in order to make a stopping shot, and that the decapitation of a grouse at 40yds. or the hitting of a standing moose at 400yds. is simply boys' play in comparison with the killing of a swiftly running moose at 250yds. If the explanation is not satisfactory to the many readers of FOREST AND STREAM, some of them may be unkind enough to say that the 220yd. running shot was made much after the manner of an estimable lady I knew of who once saw a large hawk making off with her pet hen. Rushing into the house she seized a shotgun, and running out, pointed the gun heavenward, closed her eyes and pulled the trigger, when to her utter amazement down came the hawk dead as a stone. Now, it is not my desire to insinuate that Mr. Clay killed that bull moose in this manner, and I hope that he will succeed in proving to the experienced members of the moose hunting fraternity that he actually did it on scientific lines—yet this is considerable to expect from a man who would use a .50-110-300 for target practice at 600yds.

Mr. Clay is quite severe on what he is pleased to term "would-be hunters" and those who use large caliber rifles, implying that such sportsmen are compelled to use big guns for the reason that they are not sufficiently well posted in the art of still-hunting to approach their quarry near enough to enable them to hold a small gun on a fatal spot. This insinuation must be the result of want of observation on the part of Mr. Clay; for if he will take the trouble to correctly inform himself upon this subject, he will probably be surprised to learn that among the advocates of large calibers and heavy charges of powder will be found the greater part of the most expert shots and experienced hunters known in this country, men who can place a bullet where they want to when they get the chance; and the oft-repeated failure to get this chance is one strong reason why small caliber guns cannot do the work required of them.

If a .32cal. bullet could be placed in the brain or spinal column at every shot there would be no need of such guns as Mr. Clay rails against. But where is the man who can play the part of Svengali and induce a moose or grizzly bear to pose for him while he calmly selects the most vulnerable spot on the animal's anatomy to perforate with his little gun? Years ago and in the far West big game was quite obliging and would loiter around for us, and occasionally ask to be shot; but one can seldom duplicate those experiences nowadays in the East, and it is well that it is so. Conditions have changed; much hunting has developed the naturally keen senses of the quarry into an abnormal alertness, and the hunter must accept his chances as they come, and shoot at the best target offered when he feels fairly sure that the animal can be brought to bag; and the best results under these conditions are obtained when a large-caliber expansive bullet is propelled by an enormous charge of powder. The shock to the nervous system produced by such a projectile is simply terrible, and its value cannot be overestimated. It stops the animal on the spot, and the secondary and tertiary effects of the bullet are not needed. Your game is dead. Such is the charge usually used by the sportsman who knows how to stalk his game and drop it on the spot when he pulls the trigger. Don't handicap a good workman with a poor tool, or, in other words, do not use a .44-40 200 on moose.

To those sportsmen who are contemplating the purchase of one of the new military rifles, .30cal., smokeless powder and steel jacketed bullet, let me suggest the advisability of first considering a few facts in relation to these guns. The ideal army gun and the ideal hunting rifle are constructed with entirely different results in view: the first one is designed to cripple, while the second must paralyze the animal shot at immediately. To produce the latter effect one must use a bullet with a large striking surface and drive it with an enormous charge of powder. The .30cal. Government cartridge will not kill quickly unless the brain or spinal column is pierced, and even then it is not to be depended upon, as an authentic case is on record of a man who was shot through the brain with it and then recovered. The great power of the gun as shown by the makers is somewhat delusive—more apparent than real—and to satisfy yourself as to the correctness of this statement you have only to place a soft nose cartridge in one of the rifles and then test its penetration; its piercing power is at once reduced 80 per cent. and sometimes more. The diameter of the wound is a trifle more than double the size of one made by the solid bullet, but it stands no kind of a comparison with the wound made by a .45-70 Gould, and its penetration is considerable less. Again, take the penetration of a .45 hollow point and a .45 solid bullet; the mushroom loses less than 30 per cent. in piercing power notwithstanding the fact that it often expands to over three times its normal striking surface, and makes an exit hole alongside of which the .30cal. soft nose opening is insignificant indeed. As the penetration of the Gould bullet is regarded as not sufficient for moose, large bears and an occasional buck when in certain positions, it is very evident that the .30cal. soft nose is not in the race at all for large game.

An exhibitor of a certain small caliber smokeless

powder rifle was recently expatiating upon the merits of his gun, and among the many good qualities possessed he said that a bullet fired from the gun had a velocity of 2,000ft. per second, and then, in the next breath, informed me of the astonishing fact (?) that it shot point blank up to 200yds. What is the real truth in this case? The bullet has a trajectory of over 6in. at that distance and an actual drop of over 8in.! While at 300yds. its trajectory is 14in. with an actual drop of nearly 20in.! In regard to the accuracy of these "crochet needle" guns the least said the better for the rifles, as it is an established fact that the one commendable feature of these arms—a low trajectory—is obtained by sacrificing accuracy.

Any one who doubts this statement would do well to consult those disinterested expert rifle shots who were furnished with samples of smokeless powder high velocity rifles about a year ago for the purpose of testing their accuracy, and after fair and impartial trials made their report, which was so uncomplimentary to the guns that the manufacturers withdrew them and begged the marksmen to allow them a few years more in which to produce a more perfect arm. If not convenient to find one of the above marksmen try one of that company of military experts who again gave this class of guns a fair test a few months ago, and were so keenly disappointed at the result that they would say nothing, but were finally induced to show the score, which was so astonishingly poor that I dare not record it here for fear of taxing the credulity of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. H. B. S.

NORWICH, CONN., March 30.

Spring Shooting.

WABASHA, Minn., April 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual spring slaughter of ducks has commenced here, and ten times as many ducks are being killed now as last fall, owing principally to the fact that the lakes and ponds throughout the Northwest are very dry, and there is more water in the Mississippi Valley than elsewhere, and the birds in their northern flight follow the river. I don't care who he is, high or low, rich or poor, any man who will go out in the spring and slaughter a lot of ducks or any other kind of fowl bears the characteristic ear-marks of the "great American game hog," notwithstanding any excuses he may make to the contrary. But men of this stamp are as a rule not susceptible to or have no ability to feel or conceive any of the divine attributes of true sportsmanship. WAPAHASA.

FOX LAKE, Wis., April 6.—Ducks, mostly bluebill, are quite plenty on the lake, and several flocks of redheads, pintails and mallards have been seen. Wild geese are also flying some, and one or two have been shot. Two sports from Milwaukee shot sixty-nine ducks yesterday, nearly all bluebills, and 80 per cent. of them were males. A large flock of big white swans were on the lake to-day. They were pure white and a fine-looking bird, as near as could be seen. Four of them settled just outside of a flock of decoys in use by a couple of hunters and were fired at with four charges of No. 4 shot, but their heavy plumage and the distance shot at, about 80yds., prevented their being brought to bag. D. J. H.

OSHKOSH, Wis.—I saw in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* to-day that Messrs. R. B. Organ, Will Mussey and Ed. Bingham, of Chicago, had just returned from Lake Koshkenny, Wis., where they had killed 200 ducks. I should like to ask the gentlemen if it is true and what they did with the ducks. Of course they took none home with them, as that is against the law. In fact, isn't it against the moral laws of sportsmanship to shoot ducks in the spring anyway? AGAMOK.

GIBSON WELLS, Tenn., April 5.—Snipe are here and in great numbers. I have had some of the most enjoyable days I ever had, and made some very creditable bags. My son Dan and I on March 26 bagged forty-three. On the 27th, 28th and 30th thirty-five and a number of smaller bags. The snipe here give a dog a chance to work some on them, as they lie in low sedge fields and slashings where the water is not over ankle deep. I predict a great quail crop the coming season, as there are a great many birds left over. R. B. MORGAN.

Vermont Deer.

THE Rutland *Journal* of April 8 reports: Deputy Sheriff Stearns and State's Attorney J. C. Jones went to Mendon yesterday to investigate the shooting of two deer which were found wounded on Monday in that town. The deer, a buck and a doe, were found on the mountain road beyond Mendon City. The buck, which was an exceptionally large one, weighing nearly 300lbs., had been shot through the head and the doe was torn and cut up, apparently by a dog. Both deer were alive when found and were taken to a barn in Mendon, but they were too badly injured to be saved. Gen. W. Y. W. Ripley, one of the officers of the fish and game club of this city, was notified of the killing of the deer and a search for the guilty party was at once commenced. The authorities have a clew as to whom the guilty person is, but no arrests have yet been made. It is thought that the deer was shot by some one who was rabbit hunting and who shot on the impulse of the moment and not with the direct intention of killing the animal. The doe was probably pursued and overtaken in the deep snow by the hound belonging to the hunter.

Under date of April 9 the *Herald* reports: C. P. Goss, who lives on a farm near South Wallingford, discovered three deer, two bucks and a doe, in one of his meadows Tuesday afternoon. The animals were very tame and, though the Bennington & Rutland track runs through the meadows, the deer did not appear to be frightened at the passing of trains and remained until evening.

There was another development in the Mendon deer-shooting case yesterday that may help the officers in running down the party or parties guilty of mutilating the deer found Monday.

Joe Neddo, a lumberman living in Sherburne, brought a dog to the city yesterday which he claims he found chasing deer in the Mendon woods. According to Neddo's story he was in the woods late Tuesday afternoon and heard dogs barking near the place where he found the wounded deer on Monday. Thinking that there might be trouble, Neddo followed the sounds and soon came upon a fine deer wallowing in the snow a short distance in front of two dogs. The animal was bleeding from some kind of a wound in the flank and was thoroughly exhausted. Neddo captured one of the dogs, frightened away the other and let the deer escape. The dog which Neddo brought to this city he thinks is one owned by a man named Geno, who lives on the Mendon stage road not far from the Sherburne line.

Sportsmen in this vicinity are much wrought up over the wanton slaughter of deer that has been recently brought to light and they will spare no pains in apprehending the guilty parties.

A Pennsylvania Scalp Competition.

WILKES-BARRE, Pa., April 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Luzerne County Sportsmen's Club has instituted a hunters' and trappers' prize competition, the rewards being cash prizes of $40, $30, $20 and $10 to the four persons having the highest number of points to their credit for killing the birds and animals named, and to be counted as follows: Catamount 11, fox 10, weasels 7, mink 6, great horned owl 5, hawk 4, skunk or polecat 2, owls other than horned 1. The contest commenced April 1, 1896, and will close March 31, 1897. No two or more persons will be allowed to form a combination or partnership by placing skins, scalps or heads together to help another secure a prize. Contestants must produce the heads of all birds and the skins, or scalps with both ears attached, of the animals. The birds or animals to be counted must be killed in Luzerne county. Each contestant shall make affidavit that all rules governing this contest have been complied with. Scalps, skins and heads may be returned at any time to any member of the undersigned committee, by whom a record will be kept. The result will be announced a few days after the contest closes.

E. A. RHOADS, H. S. REETS, T. B. HARRIS, J. F. O'NEILL, Committee.

Chicago as a Shooting Resort.

IN "Chicago and the West" in FOREST AND STREAM of April 11, Mr. Hough gave a brief though alluring pen portrait of New York as a peaceful, restful hamlet, in which the overworked brain toiler might obtain a beneficent outing, free from the business pressure, selfish competition and mental strain incident to life in a really great city. We know now what constitutes Mr. Hough's idea of a pastoral hamlet, that is to say New York city, but the following from the *Times-Herald*, of Chicago, somewhat confuses us on his ideas of a really great city, meaning Chicago: "Hunting is especially good in Michigan avenue. People lined the lake front and filled the big hotel windows to watch more than 200 sportsmen shooting ducks yesterday. There was a continuous rattle of shots all day, the birds falling one by one in passing over the lines of small boats from the Illinois Central station to Randolph street. Two prairie chickens flew across the park in the afternoon. One, befuddled by the sights, and probably weary from long flying, turned in front of the Auditorium and started toward the building. It spied an Easter exhibit of flowers, and, imagining it a good place to rest, dashed against the window. A big crowd gathered about the stunned beauty, the boy who captured it finally starting to find a bird store." BOWERY.

What the Gun Did.

C. E. MCDONALD, engineer of the switch engine in this city, is a badly battered up but much wiser man to-day. While the locomotive was standing on a side track near Colchester yesterday, he discovered some wild geese in a pasture near by. Some boys were near with a shotgun, which they loaned him to kill a goose. He rammed in two loads of powder and shot, either one of which would have blown up a howitzer, and creeping up on the geese, blazed away with both barrels at once. For a while it was difficult to tell which was the worst injured, the geese or the shooter. Mr. McDonald was rendered unconscious by the "kick" from the gun. His face, head and hands were badly bruised and cut. Fortunately he recovered consciousness in a short time and is now all right except the bruises. He only succeeded in wounding one goose, which was run down and captured. As a "kicker," that gun could give some of Macomb's citizens a beating.—*Macomb (Ill.) Journal.*

The Unearned Increment.

ONE night we decided to lay for black duck at a pond which lay about five miles from the house. We arrived there before the sun had set and so did not go to our blind at once, but started to walk around the pond to see if we could start up a duck from the reeds which grew about the edge. I went around one side and my companion the other. I found that I was getting wet and so struck up on to a small level place which led away from the pond, when suddenly I came on a puddle full of lilypads, and in it sat two black ducks. I determined to kill them at all cost, so I took good aim and fired, and then up from the pond came three more; at these I fired and got one. On going down to the pond I found three ducks dead in the water. After picking these up I returned to the blind, where we lay till it was so dark we could not see, when we returned with only four ducks, my companion not having got a shot, and now I am the envy of all the sportsmen in the neighborhood. O. C. W.

New Jersey Game Seasons.

THE new law, in effect April 14, makes the open seasons: Rabbits and quail, Nov. 10 to Jan. 1; woodcock, month of July and Oct. 1 to Dec. 10; snipe, months of March, April and September; ruffed grouse, Oct. 1 to Dec. 10; reed and rail birds, month of September; squirrels, month of September and Nov. 10 to Dec. 10; plover and doves, months of August and September.

New York Game Law.

NEW laws permit the killing of deer on Long Island on each Wednesday in November; extend to 1900 the close term on Mongolian pheasants; make the open season for black and gray squirrels, hares and rabbits, Oct. 15 to Feb. 15, ferrets forbidden; the Long Island season remains Nov. 1 to Dec. 31; and Wayne, Onondaga and Oswego counties are excepted as to use of ferrets.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Smelt of Lake Champlain.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of March 28 I wrote of the smelts, or as they are called locally "ice fish" of Lake Champlain, and said that I believed that they were not permanent residents of the lake, "as they are caught only through the ice in February and March, and a search for them by the anglers in the summer and fall months has proven fruitless." My friend Mr. Rowland E. Robinson has written me a letter upon this subject, from which I quote:

"Hon. M. F. Allen, of that place (Ferrisburg, Vermont), told me a few years ago of catching pike-perch off Split Rock, in Lake Champlain, that were gorged with smelt. I do not recall the date, but it could not have been earlier than the middle of June, and may have been in July or August. Mr. Allen is an old angler, well acquainted with the varieties of fish common in our waters, and could not have been mistaken in the identity of the smelt.

"I well remember seeing an occasional specimen among the great hauls of other fish taken in the old days of unrestricted seining on the then famous fishing ground at the mouth of Lewis Creek, the Sungahneetook, or Fishing Weir River of the Waubanakees. These facts go to show that the smelt remain in the lake during at least part of the summer."

The author of "Uncle 'Lisha" is the first person to my knowledge residing on or near Lake Champlain to call the smelt of the lake by its proper name, or, in fact, to admit that it is a smelt. That Mr. Robinson has himself observed the smelt among the fish caught in the lake, and that Senator Allen bears like testimony, should settle the question of their presence in the lake in summer. There is a whitefish found in Lake Champlain the young of which might be mistaken for the smelt when found inside other fish, unless the observer was familiar with both species, but this would not apply to either of the gentlemen quoted. A strange thing about the smelt is that they have not been caught by those who have searched for them in the summer months. My information on this subject comes from fishermen at Port Henry only. A year ago, when smelt fishing through the ice was at its height, I visited the fishermen on the ice, and questioned them as to their knowledge of the smelt in the summer months. All agreed that although search had been made for them they had not been taken. Another strange thing is that no one seems to know anything about where they spawn.

The Tuna of California is the Horse Mackerel.

In a note about the tuna of Santa Catalina Island I stated that I had asked President Jordan to identify the fish, as it is not mentioned in his "Synopsis of the Fishes of North America," and he writes me under date of March 31 from Leland Stanford Junior University, California:

"The tuna, which is now caught in considerable abundance off the coast from Monterey southward, is the tunny of Europe, of which the proper scientific name is *Thunnus thynnus*. When I was on the Pacific coast before I did not see this fish. I, however, got one for the World's Fair at Chicago, which was exhibited there and weighed some 600lbs.

"Occasionally I have seen as many as a dozen of these fishes in the markets of San Francisco at one time. The fish is exactly the same as the European and Atlantic species." This is, I believe, the first time that the identity of the tuna has been established in any journal, although it has been written of by scientists and laymen, but always as tuna, and the tuna of the books is a different fish. This too is probably the first time that the Atlantic tunny has been credited to the Pacific slope.

The gentleman in Philadelphia who first asked about the California tuna writes: "Allow me to comment on what you have written. With due deference to so excellent an authority as Dr. Jordan, I think he is mistaken with regard to our fish, since you say that he says that the bonita is the fish called at Santa Barbara Island, and from California south to Chili, the tuna. At any rate the bonita of Catalina, and more especially the mainland, is a very different fish. It seldom weighs over a dozen pounds and has well-marked bands down the sides. If I can find it I will send you one of my photographs of this fish.

"The tuna on the other hand is a gigantic fellow—the fishermen say he goes 1,500lbs. sometimes—and although they belong to the same family I believe he is vastly different. For speed and strength he is ahead of any fish I have either observed or read of, and to catch one of his tribe would indeed make a man high hook of the coast.

"From the pictures I have seen I have an idea that the tuna is closely related to if not identical with the Atlantic horse mackerel, but I learn that the latter is not very much thought of as a food fish, whereas the Pacific fish readily sells as a great delicacy in the San Francisco or Los Angeles markets for $12 or $15 per fish. So say the fishermen, who catch them only at rare intervals in their nets. My reason for writing to you was to try to find out something about the Atlantic fish. I am very anxious to try conclusions with one of these big fellows this summer, and I wanted to know just where they were to be found along the Atlantic coast, and as to their habits and the possibility of locating and hooking one. I have a reel that will carry not less than 1,000ft. of 21-thread line, a good rod, upon which I took well over 5,000lbs. of fish at Catalina last summer, and a proportionate ambition to tackle anything in the line of a game fish that can make things lively. The horse mackerel can, if I can only get a hook into him so as to give me a fair chance. You say you will make a note on this matter. Do so and you will oblige me greatly, as I think there will be answers giving the information I desire."

What I said was that Jordan had stated that the bonita (*S. chilensis*) is called skipjack or tuna on the Pacific coast, but as its average weight was 12lbs. it could not be the tuna we were after. The photograph of the bonita sent by my correspondent answers to Jordan's description of the fish, with "about five blackish stripes running obliquely upward from the pectoral region to the upper edge of the tail, these variable in number and direction."

However, Dr. Jordan's letter, quoted above, will make

the matter clear and explain why there is no description of the horse mackerel, as existing on the Pacific coast, in his "Synopsis of the Fishes of North America," and it only remains for some one to come forward and tell in FOREST AND STREAM where the horse mackerel may be encountered on the Atlantic coast with reasonable prospect of hooking one. Should one of these fish be captured with hook and line the majestic tarpon will be obliged to retire to the primeval forest to conceal its emotions at its downfall from its proud position as the greatest hook-and-line fish in the world.

A few words about the photographs sent to me by my correspondent showing some of his catches at Santa Catalina Islands. One is of two yellow-tails (*Seriola dorsalis*, for this classification see the appendix of Jordan's "Synopsis," as in the body of the book it is given *Seriola lalandi*) of 82 and 43lbs., the latter being the Santa Catalina Island rod and reel record for this species of fish. Another is of a sea bass of 43lbs., and its captor says: "These fellows fight well, and as they come near the boat at the last they are as beautiful as a trout, possessing all the brilliant colors of the rainbow." This sea bass I take to be *Centropomus undecimalis*, and it is quite unlike another photograph of the black sea bass or jewfish.

Tip-ups in New Hampshire.

The use of tip-ups in pickerel fishing through the ice agitates a portion of the public mind every season. My friend and fellow laborer, Ed. Mott, the "Old Settler" of the New York *Sun*, was sitting at meat with me in the Albany Club when he informed me with the air of one who knows, "They have only three seasons in Pike county, Pa."

"Only three! How does it happen that they are shy one season?"

"They never had but three, and that is enough. There is the trout fishing season, the bear hunting season, and the season for catching pickerel through the ice. But they have only two seasons in New Jersey. One is when they drink apple jack hot and the other is when they drink it cold; so you see, Pike county, Pa., is better off than would first appear to a man up a tree."

At another time I will relate where this conversation led us, but now I must return to the tip-up question. Every winter the question comes up regularly, "Can I use tip-ups in fishing for pickerel?" And every winter and spring I read the game laws to inquirers, and they at once proceed to denounce the law-makers if the waters they wish to fish do not come under the exceptions. Fish Commissioner Griffin, of New Hampshire, submitted to the Attorney-General of that State the following question: "Is it legal to fish for pickerel through the ice with several hooks and lines attended by one person?" The Attorney-General's reply is before me, and I quote from it: "From your question, I understand you to refer to the practice of setting a single hook and line with bait in a hole cut through the ice, one person at the same time having several single hooks and lines so set at points conveniently distant from each other. Section 3 of Chapter 133, Public Statutes of New Hampshire, prohibits the taking of pickerel 'in any other manner or with any other device than the ordinary way of angling with a single hook and line with bait, artificial fly or spoon,' and the same section also makes the having in possession upon any fresh waters of this State, or upon the shore of the same, any gill or seine net, spear, jack, torch or trawl, *prima facie* evidence of the violation of the law by the person having the same in possession; thus indicating what methods of taking fish the statute is designed to prevent, none of which includes the one in question. Taking fish in this way through the ice has been practiced for a very long time, and must have been as well understood by the members of the Legislature who enacted the law as the other methods prohibited by them, and it is reasonable to assume that if they had intended to prevent the catching of fish with single hooks and lines set as before described, they could easily, and would have said so.

"I am therefore of the opinion that fish can be taken in this way, subject to limitations imposed by Chapter 61, Laws of 1895."

It is evident that the Attorney-General of the Granite State understands fishing through the ice for pickerel with tip-ups (and I imagine there are very few men brought up in the country, fond of fishing, who do not), for his opinion reads as though he understood fishing as well as law; but I think, unless my memory plays me utterly false, that the Supreme Court of New Hampshire has decided that fishing with tip-ups is fair angling, and that I mentioned the decision in this journal several years ago. The New York law on this subject is not very unlike the New Hampshire law, except that after providing that no fish shall be taken by methods other than by angling, it defines angling "to mean taking fish with hook and line and by rod held in the hand, and does not include set lines."

I have always maintained that tip-ups are not "set lines," as a set line is a device separate and distinct from a line or lines used in tip-up fishing. A set line is a long and heavy line with from 100 to 500 short lateral lines, each armed with a baited hook, attached thereto, and this line is "set" or anchored in a stream or pond and left to do its own fishing during a night or longer. The set line of fresh water is the trawl of the sea fisherman, and "the trawl is set by allowing it to sink to the bottom, the ends being secured by anchors." Tip-up fishing is the acme of all fishing with many country people, and it is a healthy sport, and really does less injury to the fish interests than other methods of fishing which are legal. As it is, the law permits fishing through the ice with tip-ups for pickerel, bullheads, catfish, eels and sunfish in any waters of the State not inhabited by trout, lake trout, black bass, landlocked salmon or moscalonge. To emphasize the fact that the game law is a piece of patchwork, waters that do contain trout are excepted. After limiting the tip-ups to certain waters under certain conditions, the same section gives the spear an inning in these words: "Provided, however, that pike, pickerel and wall-eyed pike may be taken with hook and line or spear, and moscalonge with hook and line, in any of the inland waters of the State not inhabited by trout or salmon of any kind during December, January and February," except in one lone county. Fortunately the sea waters are excepted by the word inland. Section 141 is a bird! I used to think Section 140 was the banner section, for the first stanza reads: "It shall be lawful to fish at any time for perch, suckers, bullheads and pickerel with nets and fykes, and to spear and fish through the ice in any of the streams, ponds or lakes in Warren county," except, etc.

It is quite evident that the law itself does not intend that tip-ups shall be considered set lines, for it makes a distinction between them in that beautiful Section 141.

A. N. CHENEY.

BOSTON ANGLERS AND MAINE ICE.

BOSTON, April 13.—The weather continues remarkably cold and backward. This is not pleasant for the early fishermen proposing to visit the streams and ponds for trout. More than one early enthusiast has got home from the Cape with no trout. In Essex county the streams are still full of ice, and the boys have done nothing. A report yesterday from Lake Auburn, Me., mentions Supt. Hanson, of the fish hatchery there, as saying that the ice can scarcely leave that lake before May 1, and possibly considerably later. He also mentions prospects of good fishing there, with the idea that the fishing has been better in that lake for a couple of years past than in almost any other waters in Maine. Fish Commissioner Stanley got a 9lb. landlocked salmon on the fly there the last day of September last year. On the spawning beds later more large salmon and trout than ever before were taken for the purpose of propagation, and liberated after being stripped. I saw a gentleman Thursday, from Lewiston, Me., who remarked that the ice in Lake Auburn could not possibly get out before the middle of May. He is pretty well posted as to the Maine fishing waters, and thinks that the ice will be remarkably late in getting out this year. Only last Tuesday there were 2ft. of snow in the woods in the vicinity of Eustis and Round Mountain Lake. By the way, I learn that Mr. Charles L. Bly, of Boston, has bought an interest in Edgar Smith's camps and fishing and hunting preserve at Round Mountain Lake. Several new camps are to be built this season and other improvements made. Mr. Bly and his most estimable wife are very much in love with Round Mountain Lake.

The fishermen have made a few trips to the Cape and the south shore, but the fishing has generally been very poor. Along the north shore but little fishing has been done, high water and snow and ice prevailing. Punkapog Brook, in Canton, or near the Blue Hills, has yielded one or two strings of trout. A crack fisherman of that section—his name is not given—caught thirteen good-sized trout there in one day last week, though the banks of the brook were overflown, and the most of the lower part of it an overflown meadow. Mr. Henry Savage and a friend fished the brook the same day, with the result of four good trout. They are satisfied that some good strings will be taken as soon as the water starts to go down.

Mr. Geo. B. Appleton, of Appleton & Bassett, will make an early trip to Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, where he will be under the direction of Fish Commissioner Wentworth, and where he is likely to get some of the best of landlocked salmon fishing. He will be accompanied by Arthur Soden, the celebrated baseballist; Mr. Devlin and possibly another friend. Mr. Arthur T. Sisson, for some twelve years a salesman in the fishing tackle house that is now Appleton & Bassett, has left that place and taken charge of the tackle department of John Wood, Jr., on New Washington street. Mr. R. H. Jenkins, of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, will make an early fishing trip to Newfound Lake, N. H., for the purpose of trying the lakers. He is invited by a friend who is posted on the fishing there. They will go on the departure of the ice.

No further reports of salmon being taken at Bangor have come to hand at this writing. The weather has continued cold and unfavorable. A few salmon from the Penobscot are to be seen in the markets, evidently from the weirs at Bucksport, or somewhere below Bangor. What is termed the Dry Goods Club would visit Sebago Lake, Me., in pretty good numbers if the ice would only be out on April 19, Patriots' Day, and a legal holiday in Massachusetts. But the members are very much afraid that the lake will be locked in ice even as late as that day. Arthur Shaw writes Mr. Rodney P. Woodman, under date of Friday, April 10, that there is a foot of solid ice in Sebago Lake, with no prospect of its breaking up before May 1. Mr. Shaw is an experienced guide on that lake. He has guided for Mr. Woodman a number of seasons, and his opinion concerning the ice is good. Mr. Woodman has his fishing tackle all packed ready for a telegram saying that the ice is out of his celebrated landlocked salmon waters; but he does not expect to be off for a couple of weeks at the very least. Sebago Lake cleared of ice last year April 15, ten days later than the year 1894. On April 19 of last year the Boston Dry Goods boys dedicated their new camp called Sebago. SPECIAL.

BOSTON, April 11.—Reports of the April 1st stream fishermen continue to come in, and nearly every man who has been out had some success, even though conditions of weather and water were bad. Dr. Hall, of Warren, R. I., was obliged to journey seventeen miles to his favorite stream, and although he found the water high and rapid, he captured a few trout—enough to make him feel repaid for the trip. James Edgar, of Brockton, Mass., with two or three friends, went down to Lakeville and found the streams so high that fishing was almost impossible. A very small creel held their catch of the day, and even then it was not necessary to tie the cover down. Another friend spent the first two days of the month down at Plymouth and came back with several trout, the largest of which weighed 1lb. 15oz. two hours after his capture. It is needless to say that this gentleman was satisfied. Not thinking for a moment that such a large trout made his home in the stream he was fishing, he thought he had hooked some mongrel fish or other; but this thought was rapidly dispelled by the strong fight made by his victim, which was all the more fierce since our fisherman was placed at a great disadvantage, being crowded down in an alder thicket too dense to give any freedom of action. W. K. Churchill and his friend, Mr. Vose, of Walpole, Mass., have gone down to Scorten Brook, on the Cape. Both men are good fishermen and are pretty certain to find reward. Some men are born with the fishing instinct fully developed, and surely if there is such a man in Massachusetts it is E. S. Thayer, of Salem. He can and does take fish where none are supposed to exist, and laughs to scorn many of the fixed rules of your ancient angler. He does not take any lengthy vacation, but manages to get away during the fishing season on many short trips of two or three days' duration. His first one of this year will begin next Monday, when he starts for Plymouth, intending to fish Eel River for brownbacks or California trout, with which this stream has been stocked. Mr. Thayer is now anxiously waiting for the ice to go out of Newfound Lake in New Hampshire. He goes up there every spring and gets the very first of the salmon fishing.

A Portland friend tells me that the ice in Sebago Lake is 20 or 30in. thick. In spite of these formidable figures the landlocked salmon fishermen, who go there in the early spring, are expecting it to break up about the usual time, that is, the last of April. A party of Portland men have organized a fishing club and are building a club house, which is said to be very fine. It is expected that an unusual number of anglers will fish Sebago waters this spring, as the lake has been steadily growing in favor with salmon fishermen during the last five years.

Mr. H. Marston, of Boston, returned a few days ago from California. He has been out there several weeks, and states that he had good sheepshead fishing, which he enjoyed very much. Just before starting East he reached a place on the coast where the salmon were running.

H. B. Stowell, of Boston, has been on the Pacific coast for about two months. He reached home last week. Trout fishing and some shooting furnished him with recreation during his stay in the West, and he came back with many pleasant memories of the trip.

Ed. Grant, the Maine guide who was with the Maine exhibit at the New York Exposition, spent a few days in Boston this week *en route* to his home. The redoubtable Ed. has been having quite a vacation visiting friends in other cities since the show ended, and during his short stay in the Hub he was followed in his perambulations by ripples of laughter from those he met over the quaint stories which he tells of experiences in the Maine woods. He has no equal in this accomplishment, and is a general all-round favorite among sportsmen.

That Boston sportsmen's exhibition which was to take place in Mechanics Building early in May has been abandoned, at least for this year. Nearly all of the Boston sporting goods houses signed a paper requesting that the show be put over until next year, on the grounds of lack of time for preparation, etc. A show of this magnitude cannot be carried to a successful issue in such a short time, and May would have proved much too late to hold it. It was a wise move for all concerned to put it over.

In a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM I mentioned something of a fire which occurred a short time ago on the preserve of the Inglewood Fish and Game Corporation in New Brunswick. I have since learned that the club property destroyed was much more extensive than reports at that time indicated. The buildings destroyed were the main club house, cook house and guides' room, guides' house, ice house and the new lounging camp, only one year old. Very fortunately the burned buildings were partially insured, so there will be some reimbursement for the loss. The fire took place on Sunday night and its origin is unknown. The warden, who was living in the guides' house, discovered fire issuing from the roof of the club house, and it was but a few moments more when the structure burst into flames. The club will rebuild at once, and it is the intention to put up a two-story log camp about 22×45ft. A partition will run across the center, with fireplace on each side. There will be a dining and lounging room downstairs and eight sleeping rooms on the upper floor. An 8ft. covered piazza will run around three sides of the building, and there will be accommodation for about fifteen people. In addition to this the club have two nice camps, which were not burned, that will accommodate twelve people. Other buildings for cooking purposes, guides' dining room and ice storage will be built, and all will be finished in time for the early fishing, for which a good-sized party is now organizing to go down. The club have placed in their waters in each of the last five years 50,000 sea salmon fry, and have built a fishway at one place 32ft. high, costing a large amount of money. There are twenty-six lakes and ponds on the property, in all of which good fishing can be had. HACKLE.

New England Trout Seasons.

CHARLESTON, N. H., April 9.—Although we have had a long, cold winter, the streams have not frozen to the bottom as they did the two previous winters, and the prospect for trout, in due season, is better than last year. But even May 1, to which our open season has been restored, will be full early. The fact is, that the middle of May, in average years, is early enough for Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, and all northern New York, say north of the line of the Erie Canal; while south of that, and for Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts, May 1 is early enough, except for the few streams which empty into Long Island Sound and Buzzard's Bay, where trout can be taken in April.

Our game seasons of all kinds begin too early and last too long if we expect the future generations to know anything of wild game except by tradition.

I hope you will "stand by your colors," as I know you will, to prohibit the sale of game and abolish "spring shooting." VON W.

Maine Ice.

AUGUSTA, Me., April 5.—While fishing through the ice last week (I think it was Tuesday, March 31) I saw an English snipe pass overhead. I do not think, however, that these birds have arrived in any great number yet. The ice on the lake where I was fishing was about 15in. thick on an average. One hole was cut, however, where the ice was 34in. in thickness, though of course this is unusual, and probably found only in a few places. One can think how much thawing or warm rains it must take to break up this ice, and it will probably be some time before he can go fly-fishing at Rangeley.

G. S. MORTON.

Cape Cod Trout.

DR. G. B. HARRIMAN, of Boston, recently bought a farm and trout brook in South Wellfleet, on the Cape. The first day of April he caught twenty-four trout that weighed 15lbs. They were counted and weighed by Mr. G. W. Holbrook, of Wellfleet. H.

COMMISSIONER BRICE'S PLANS.

COMMANDER JOHN J. BRICE, the new United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, has been interviewed by a Washington *Star* reporter.

"The first work of the commission," he said, "will be the establishment of hatcheries all over the country, and a description of those on the California coast will illustrate the idea to be carried out with them all. In California there will be sixteen central and subhatcheries. The theory is that the central hatcheries will be of a permanent nature, and have ponds for the propagation of trout and fishes of that class, with permanent working forces stationed at them, while around them will be grouped the smaller or subhatcheries located in easy proximity to the spawning beds of the salmon. To these places, during the spawning season, men will be sent who will take the eggs from the beds and then deposit in their places the young fry that will be hatched in the commission hatcheries.

"This fry will be kept at such places until the umbilical sack is exhausted, which will be probably from twenty-five to twenty-six days, and will then be allowed to drift out of the hatcheries into the stream. It is the intention to cover all of the streams on the Pacific coast that are frequented by salmon in this manner.

"The same system will be adopted on the Atlantic coast, where the shad will be treated identically as the salmon are on the western side of the continent," he continued. "It is the intention to extend these hatcheries from the Kennebec River on the north to the St. John's River on the south, and by this system I believe we can be assured that the supply of food fish each year will be greater than the demand.

"The propagation of fish is simple enough," declared Commissioner Brice. "It is almost impossible to destroy the life of the fish egg. Heat is about the only property that will effectually accomplish this—cold does not affect it—and 90 per cent. of the eggs we place in the hatcheries produce fish. There is no reason, therefore, why the streams of the United States should not be full of fish of the species either natural to their waters or which have become acclimated to such a degree that they flourish as though they were native to them.

"We do not propose to introduce fish in a stream without a full investigation as to its characteristics and the effect it will have on the natural denizens of such waters.

"Now, take your Potomac River, for instance, as a case in point to illustrate what I mean. A few years ago the Potomac was full of black bass from above Cabin John bridge to its headwaters, and fishermen enjoyed magnificent sport all along it. Now there is general complaint about the scarcity of the bass in the Potomac. This change is due to no other cause than the carp. The carp is a natural scavenger, and he destroys the spawn of a fish wherever he can find it. The carp follows the schools to their spawning beds and sucks up nest after nest without fear of interruption, because he is too big and unwieldy for the fish he pursues to drive him away. There will be no more carp distributed by the United States Fish Commission while I am in charge of it, and they will be cleaned out of all the ponds wherever they may be that come under the authority of this office.

"There will be no wall-eyed pike distributed either. We have received many requests for fish of this character under different names from various parts of the country, but they are all wall-eyed pike pure and simple, a most pernicious and destructive fish, and, as I said, none will be distributed. The perch is another destructive fish. There are very few members of the perch family that do not come under the condemnatory head. Like the carp, they follow the schools and destroy their spawn.

"We do not propose to introduce any more foreign fish in American waters," he continued. "There is some demand for the introduction of the German trout in this country, but the persons who desire such an importation apparently do not realize what an effect the appearance of this fish would have upon our native varieties. The German trout is stronger, larger, more vigorous and vicious and grows faster than any of our variety, and if it were introduced into this country it would quickly drive out the brook trout in the East and the rainbow trout in California. No," continued Commissioner Brice, "the care and preservation and increase of the fishes indigenous to American streams, or which have been found to adapt themselves to our waters without driving out or destroying the native varieties, should be the aim and object of the fish commission.

"Yes, there will be something in the way of a reorganization in the work of the commission," he replied in response to the reporter's query. "Its aim will be to secure the very best practical results of the most far-reaching nature; to exert the widest possible influence for good. It will be our object to reach all localities and increase wherever possible the supply of food and game fish native to their ponds, streams and lakes, introducing other varieties only when the assurance is absolute that no evil results will follow. Of course the scientific branch of the work will be fostered, as it is an important and necessary adjunct of the work, but it will be conducted as incidental to the practical aims of the commission."

Lake Champlain Smelt.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think your correspondent in FOREST AND STREAM of March 28 wrong in his opinion that Lake Champlain ice fish or smelt are not permanent residents of the lake. Perhaps for those who are interested in this matter a few of the incidents coming under my personal observation may prove of interest.

At Thompson's Point, situated on the shore just across from Split Rock lighthouse, is no doubt one of the best fishing grounds for the American pike perch to be found along the lake. On the point are nearly two score of cottages, among them being that of Justice J. D. Brewers, of Washington, D. C. Here each season are to be found many of the disciples of Izaak Walton enjoying their summer outing.

On the reefs just off the point I have caught many a fine string of pike, and very many times have observed that after getting them in the boat they would disgorge one or more smelt. This will more often happen if the fish is caught in deep water, say from 35 to 60ft. If the smelt is in a fair state of preservation, he makes a far more attractive lure than any live bait we are able to get.

Again, I have seen in the gray of the morning and at twilight thousands of smelt jumping on the surface in much the same manner as yellow perch do.

Mr. Harrington, a friend of mine here, caught last July three smelt in less than 20ft. of water which appeared to be as firm and hard as any caught through the ice.

These facts, I think, are sufficient to prove that smelt can be found in Lake Champlain twelve months in a year if one only knew where to look. FERRIS.

THE "BONE FISH" OF FLORIDA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the FOREST AND STREAM of April 4 Mr. F. S. I. C. has an article on "The Bone Fish of Biscayne Bay," and after giving a very fair description of this gallant fish he asks: "Is this fish a new discovery?" By no means. It is well known to all Florida anglers. I have repeatedly described it in my articles on Florida fishes, and a few years ago in the Florida number of FOREST AND STREAM I gave quite a full description of it, likening it to a silver shuttle on account of its quick, erratic movements when hooked, and pronounced it the gamest fish for its size in salt water.

It is the bone fish, or lady fish (*Albula vulpes*), and was named by Linnæus himself nearly two centuries ago. It was noticed in the waters of Florida and the Bahamas a century ago by the early voyagers, and was called by them the bone fish. It is found in tropical seas the world over. Another fish named by Linnæus, the "ten-pounder" (*Elops saurus*), and which belongs to the same family as the tarpon, resembles the bone fish very much, except that the mouth is terminal instead of beneath the snout. This fish is often confounded with the bone fish, as it is equally common in the waters of south Florida.

As F. S. I. C. is loth to accept the correct identification of the bone fish by the authorities at Washington, it is possible he has in mind the ten-pounder. I am forced to this conclusion by his statement that "it has a pointed snout, with mouth under its nose like the hake, which is most erroneously called by New York fishermen kingfish." Now the kingfish (its correct name) has its mouth beneath the snout, while that of the hake is terminal. The kingfish is also called barb and whiting, but never hake, which is a very different fish. The bone fish, ten-pounder and tarpon all belong to the herring tribe, and are all fine game fishes. JAMES A. HENSHALL.

TAMPA, Fla., April 4.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The comments of Dr. Bean upon this fish which I found at Biscayne Bay are what I wished to draw from some competent authority. I did not flatter myself that I had discovered a new species. It was new to me and I think it will be to the majority of Florida fishermen. I did not compare it with the tarpon as a game fish, but stated that the two fish are not in the same class. It would be impossible to compare the lively little bone fish with its mighty and most beautiful relative.

Now I want to ask of Dr. Bean one more question: What is the proper name of the fish which abounds along the western coast of Florida, and which is known there as the "lady fish," "bony fish" and "ten-pounder"? That is the fish which was described to Messrs. Hulings and McFerrand by the Fish Commissioners as the bone fish. It is long and slim, with silvery scales—without the glitter of the bone fish—and its eye is large and yellow. When hooked it leaps clear of the water, like a tarpon, several times in rapid succession, and often succeeds in freeing itself. It is worthless for food. F. S. J. C.

Pennsylvania Association Methods.

MR. MARION G. SELLERS, the active secretary of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association (1020 Arch street, Philadelphia), sends out to members "a reminder for your outings," which is:

"Sec. 12, By-laws.—It shall be the duty of every member to report at once to the executive committee or some member thereof any violations of the fishing or other laws of the State affecting the interest of this Association, and it shall then be the duty of the executive committee to communicate such violations to the proper authorities, and demand their abatement and the punishment of the offenders."

He has also devised a card which runs:

"Sometimes I forget!

"To keep up with the work of the Association, and on fishing or other outings to mention the Association to anglers I meet; to interest persons I meet in its work; to name such as may be desirable as members to our secretary, and get them to join; to increase the Association's correspondents by informing our secretary of any other fish associations I learn of; to carry on fishing trips to hotels and other places blanks, circulars, reports, etc.; to help start other fish protective associations.

"And when opportunity offers to attend the monthly meetings; to visit the rooms with my friends; to make use of the books, periodicals, etc; to induce my friends to join the Association; to pay my dues promptly and save expense of collector's visit."

Jo Merry Lake.

BOSTON.—Two or three parties of Boston sportsmen are desirous of building camps this year on certain Maine waters, but the fact that the land cannot be purchased may hinder them. Mr. Wayne H. North, Mr. George H. Lanphier, with ten or twelve of their friends, are very desirous of building a camp on Jo Merry Lake, in that State. They were there on their hunting trip last fall, and some of them had been there before. They are in love with the country, its fishing and shooting; but they have been flatly refused the privilege of buying the very small lot of land they want—any land on the lake, in fact. A lease the owners would be glad to let them have, and the condition of the many sportsmen who have only leases is mentioned. But it is not a lease that is wanted, and their determination not to accept of a lease will doubtless result in their not building where they most desire to build. They have about determined to purchase an abandoned farm not so very far from the lake. Here they can own the sod they occupy, and keep teams, so that it will not be hard to reach the lake where they wish to hunt and fish. SPECIAL.

Fish Paintings.

MR. WALTER M. BRACKETT, of Boston, gave an exhibition of his pictures of salmon and tront, and of Mr. Arthur L. Brackett's pictures of live game, at his studio, 41 Tremont street, Boston, this week.

Mr. T. Sedgwick Steele, of Hartford, has been exhibiting in his studio a number of his trout paintings, including the original of "Two at a Cast."

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

ONE of the private yachts that ply the waters of Gull Lake in the summer season is the Bohemia, a stanch little vessel fitted with a safety engine of the latest model, and capable of holding her own against all comers. She is owned and operated by two residents of a neighboring Michigan town, the elder a bachelor bookseller of no slight experience as a sailor, and the younger and slighter a banker whose love for aquatic pleasures keeps him on the water the greater portion of the summer. Other crew the Bohemia has none, and the two men are so entirely congenial that they are never at a loss for good times when in each other's company. It chanced one day last summer that quite a large excursion of country folk had come in on the adjacent railroad to spend the day at the lake, and as a party of them lingered near the dock, the Bohemia steamed up to make a landing. The elder man, who officiated as master, deemed this an excellent opportunity to give the landman an illustration of how things were, or should be done, on shipboard, and in making the landing and getting the line ashore he took occasion to issue as many orders as he could possibly think of that were pertinent, with some that were not, interspersing them with notes and comments somewhat after the style of the mate on Mark Twain's Mississippi River steamboat. During the operation the "crew" endured all this with silence and apparent patience, but as soon as the vessel was made fast and he had a chance to do so he took the admiring crowd into his confidence something after this fashion:

"Did you fellows hear how the Captain abused me while we were making the landing? Well, I am just about tired of this kind of thing, and as soon as my month is up I intend to quit him. I'm sick of being ordered around and sworn at without cause, and more than that, I can't get my wages half the time when they are due me. The old cuss is nearly a month behind with me now."

The Captain overheard a part of this jeremiad, as it was intended he should, and after the "crew" had gone up to the neighboring hotel for a cigar or some other light beverage, he proceeded to inform the natives what a thoroughly worthless man he had shipped before the mast.

"He needn't be in such a hurry to talk about deserting the vessel," growled the Captain. "I mean to discharge him anyhow when the month is up, and as for owing him anything! Why, he is in debt to the boat now four dollars and thirty-five cents for beer and tobacco."

And the crowd extended its silent but sincere sympathy to the unfortunate commander who had been so sadly imposed upon. JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., April 8.

BURGETTSTOWN, Pa., March 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed in the FOREST AND STREAM that H. J. W. used mice for bait. Dave Stottlemeyer and James Murphy, two old Potomac fishermen now residing in Burgettstown, Pa., have used mice for a number of seasons with good results. While they were fishing in the Raccoon Creek last season mice could not be found, so they baited with young ferrets. They were startled, but well pleased with the results, as the ferrets ran all the fish out on the bank, where they fell an easy prey to the two old salts. J. K.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

April 21 to 24.—Southern California Kennel Club's show, Los Angeles, Cal. F. W. Ingalls, Sec'y.

April 25 to 27.—Mohawk Kennel Club's show, Cohoes, N. Y. Wm. T. Ford, Sec'y, Cohoes, N. Y.

May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

May 9.—Hamilton Kennel Club's one-day show, Hamilton, Ont. W. J Tuik, Sec'y.

May 13 to 16.—Seattle Kennel Club's third annual show. C. B. Yandell, Sec'y.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.

Sept. 23 to 26.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual show. W. W. Welch, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Weetton, Sec'y.

Sept. 9.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 9.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. —.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

KINDNESS TO DOGS.

IT is commonly accepted that good temper or ill temper in the dog is a matter of individual inheritance, much the same as his color or conformation, etc., is such. Of course, all dogs have infinite varieties of temper, but however different they may naturally be one from another, it is rare indeed that one is so ill tempered that proper treatment will not bring good temper with it. Neither good nor ill temper are fixed traits. The former can be spoiled

by ill treatment or mischievous teasing; the latter can be improved by kindness and firmness.

If a dog is angered by continuous teasing, the effects become permanent. Good temper does not return when the anger has passed away. He anticipates more unpleasantness, and what may have been momentary irritation at first, by repetition settles into chronic ill temper.

Courageous dogs may display their ill temper in active hostility or resentment. A cowardly or timid dog may be ill tempered, but being deficient in courage he may show it only by sulking or by disobedience, etc. Ill temper in time leaves its imprint in the dog's expression and manner. He constantly expects trouble and when there is none he alertly is watching for it. All advances then, however honestly made by a stranger, are viewed with distrust and manifest disinclination to receive them. Friendly advances have so often concealed treacherous purposes that the dog is suspicious of friendliness. In these matters he differs not from his master, who, once bitten, is twice shy.

As for ill treatment, it not only sours the dog's temper, but it mars his companionable qualities. He becomes distrustful and unsociable, and as his companionship with man brings him more pain than pleasure when ill tempered, the dog rarely presumes on making any friendly advances.

The dog does not differ from man in seeking that which is pleasurable and avoiding that which is painful. Let life become a hardship to him, whether from overwork, ill treatment or an impoverished manner of living, and he shows the effects of these inimical conditions and influences of life much in the same manner as does his master. Under ill treatment, the dog's best development, mental and physical, is checked. His confidence in his master, cheerfulness, contentedness, amiability, devotion to his master's person and interests which comes from affection for him, are all dormant or at most but indifferently in action.

Kindness excites the more amiable traits which by many repetitions become habitual. A dog which naturally may be quick tempered may have his temper so cultivated that it becomes good, or at least the ill temper is always dormant. Kindness has a wonderfully beneficent effect on all animals, on none more than on the dog, the latter having an extraordinary responsiveness to any appeal to his affections or gratitude.

When ill temper is developed in the dog by man there is an implication of ill temper in the man which of itself might be profitably corrected. Ill temper begets ill temper between man and man quite as well as between man and dog, and if the ill-tempered dog begets a dislike he differs not therein from his ill-tempered master.

In raising dogs, and in their companionship, keep in mind that their good or ill temper is largely a matter of cultivation, and that kindness is an indispensable factor. Faults can be corrected and punishment administered when necessary without impairing the dog's good nature in the least, if the master be not ill natured in his own methods.

JUDGES, HANDLERS, FIELD TRIALS.

SOME suggestions have come to FOREST AND STREAM recently intimating that in some vague manner the differences of opinion in regard to dogs, rules, methods, anything and everything, could be so harmonized by some rule or agreement or vague method of dissipating all dissatisfaction that harmony would reign triumphant and sweet music go echoing down through the canine vistas of the future.

The idea has no material foundation in fact, and none has more illusion as a matter of fancy, for the fundamental principles of a field trial as in those of all other competitions rest on differences of belief and differences of opinion. Without such differences there would be no competition. One man believes his dog is superior to other dogs; a number of other men each respectively believes the same of his own dogs. Here, then, is the first principle which actuates men to competition.

As in all forms of competition which carry weight in the estimation of the world at large, there must be impartial and disinterested men who arbitrate on the differences of opinion, who give prestige and formality, the facts submitted being the performances of the dogs. Many men can recognize that they are beaten when superiority is shown by competitors. Many men, on the other hand, have such an affection for their dogs and are so prejudiced in their favor that they can see no inferiority in them even when it palpably exists. To such men the judges' decisions are sure to bring dissatisfaction. Men differ in their mental make-up and conscientiousness quite as much in the dog world as in the greater world. There is no possible way to avoid dissatisfaction if a decision is made. These differences and dissatisfactions have existed from time immemorial and will exist inferentially so long as men submit their differences for adjudication.

However, there may be aggravating causes aside from the inherent principles of the competition, and of these probably none is more in evidence than professional handlers being club members. The professional handler's interests are distinct from the club's mission and its interests in arranging a strictly impartial competition for all competitors alike. When one professional competitor has a voice in arranging who shall judge, what shall be the amount of the prizes, what rules shall govern the competition, where the competition shall be held, etc., he has an advantage over his brother competitors who have not such privileges. Moreover, a professional handler-member by his knowledge of all the inner workings of the club has an advantage over those who are not members. Some have been pleased to pervert such remarks as a reflection on their social standing, a matter entirely foreign to the issue. It is absurd to confound what is equity for all with the social standing of a professional or anyone else. One's social standing is precisely what one makes it, and has no reference whatever to what is fair between man and man in legitimate competition at a field trial.

While there are certain first principles of equity which should be recognized, there are also certain financial matters which must be correctly adjusted so that clubs will not be harassed with debts and deficits.

There is no doubt but what the prize lists and expenses of a number of clubs have been too high, particularly so in recent years, since stringency in money matters set in, and canine interests suffered thereby. Considering the ownership of dogs in a broad public sense, it is a luxury, and is therefore sympathetically affected by the prosperity or otherwise of a people. When hard times force retrenchment, there is nothing which can more readily be dispensed with at the outset than the luxuries of life. Still, notwithstanding the changed conditions of the financial world as they affect canine interests, nearly the same rate of values in making a competition are maintained. There is but little difference in entry fees now from what they were in the more flourishing times of years past.

There is no club which can afford to pay, year in and year out, its current expenses and $400 or $500 a year to its secretary. In exceptionally prosperous years, when competition is well patronized and when the membership list is long, the revenue may stand such a large draft on it, but let a bad year come, and then the heavy salary, combined with the other expenses, sap the financial vitality of the club. Once deficits are shown, the membership decreases, enthusiasm is deadened, prestige is lost, and generally disorganization is the end. There is no good reason why gentlemen should organize, guarantee purses out of love of a sport, etc., on a basis which may involve them in financial responsibility beyond what they care to pay. The truly equitable policy for a club to run on is the sweepstake; then the parties chiefly at interest, the competitors, make their own competition as cheap or as valuable as they please. The club might give plate or added money, but it performs its chief mission in arranging an impartial competition, selecting the judges, and in giving a prestige and standing to the competition from the reputation, influence and character of its members. Guaranteeing fixed money stakes and all the expenses in matters in which, be they ever so successful, there is nothing to gain, and in which when there is a loss the members have to make it good, is not founded on a true basis.

It is said that professional handlers would not support field trials if the prizes are not guaranteed, etc. Well, if they did not, whose would be the loss? The sportsman, the club member who pays his dues, cannot gain a penny for his trouble and his money. He derives no benefit other than the pleasure from furthering the sport he loves. The professional handler must support field trials, for they are not an incident of his business, they are the life of it on the basis of high prices for training. All the sweepstakes run by clubs have kept the latter out of financial embarrassment.

The love of the dog is fully as strong as it ever was. It is broader and more general. However general conditions have changed while particular conditions pertaining to dogs have changed but little, the love of the dog is still as strong as ever.

But for to expect that at any time the views of judges, handlers, owners, club members and the public will be all alike and satisfactory is to cherish an illusion and expect the impossible. It is better to correct the real evils which have been many times pointed out in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM than to indulge in any dream of universal peace and brotherhood of interests which are inherently in opposition.

The problem is not to change the fundamental principles of the competition, but to keep each interest distinct by itself, so that no one element is judge, jury and chief proprietor all at the same time. Then place the competition on a financial basis fitting with a club's mission, equitable to all the parties at interest, and make it at least in part a sport instead of a hustle for the dollars.

Wolf Hunting in Dakota.

JAMESTOWN, N. D.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Possibly you would like to publish a true wolf hunt had by me recently.

About a week before our hunt we determined to concentrate the wolves on the Trimble farm, fifteen miles southwest of Jamestown, and accordingly left a horse on the open prairie just south of the Trimble farmhouse. The unsuspecting horse was led to a point where we thought the wolves would most enjoy him, and then given a leaden pill which killed him. A few days after rumors came to me that the wolves had "caught on" and were having a genuine banquet.

On the morning of Jan. 8 my brother, W. O. De Puy, of Bismarck, and I loaded on our wagon four Russian wolfhounds and started for the scene. We arrived at the Trimble homestead at 10:30 A. M., and immediately, accompanied by Charlie Austin, on horseback, we let out the dogs and drove slowly to where the horse was lying in state. In the meantime, Castle, who runs the Trimble farm and wolf pasture, had perched himself on the tall horse stable to see the fun. Just as we came to the small knoll in front of the dead horse, Austin said, "There's a wolf." Not 100yds. off was a big ugly gray wolf going as fast as he could away from us.

"Sic 'em! sic 'em!" and away our horses sped and the hounds fairly flew. My brother and I in the wagon, with both horses on a full run, only touched ground once in a while, just to know we were on earth. Over old plowing and snowdrifts we galloped, but this race we knew would soon be ended, for already the leading dog had turned the wolf over. Mr. Wolf got up and started to run again, but this time two hounds tackled him and he rolled again; up he got again and started on his last run, for some three hounds had him, and then the fourth took a bite and then it was simply chew, chew, chew! and Mr. Wolf, weighing 60lbs., lay dead at our feet. We let the puffing horses breathe and allowed the dogs to have a snow lunch and stretch themselves out for a brief rest, then we loaded the corpse on the wagon and started for more wolves to kill. We had gone about a quarter of a mile when "Sic 'em! sic 'em! sic 'em!" Another wolf was sighted. Away we went again, but this time the race was too short, for in five minutes the wolf had joined his mate and was thrown into the wagon.

We clucked to our horses again and slowly drove over the prairie. Some half a mile off, on a side hill, a wolf, sitting up and looking like a giraffe, was seen. Away we went. At first the wolf seemed paralyzed, for he did not move while we were going the first 40 rods. Castle, looking from the top of the stable, said with the snow flying 50ft. in the air, completely enveloping the horses and wagon, we looked more like a moving cloud than a set of hunters, and it was that appearance no doubt which deceived the wolf. Mr. Wolf soon sailed away in his rolling motion, ducking down through every little coulee he could find. The distance from us and his speed made us despair at first of ever getting him. On we went rapidly; bangety-bang and rub-a-dub-dub went the wagon over the ice and frozen ground, and clickety-clack went the horses' hind shoes against the tires of the front wheel. The dogs were over the knoll away ahead of us. Soon we saw the wolf coming over a hill toward us. We knew the dogs had turned him. Immediately the dogs came over the hill too, and then a roll, a tumble and occasionally a yelp, when the wolf would clip a dog, and then all was over. Wolf No. 3 was laid in the wagon. On looking at our watches we read 11:20, and saw that we had been just fifty minutes in killing the three wolves. On examining our wagon we saw that the rear spring was a wreck and that during the last chase the wagon box was resting directly on the axle, which fact accounted for some of the noise we made. We all voted this the best wolf hunt we ever had, and I doubt if the record can be beaten.

DR. R. G. DE PUY.

Pointer Club Meeting.

A MEETING of the board of directors of the Pointer Club was held April 4—the first held by the new board—and the amount of interesting business transacted speaks well for the future of the club and the pointer.

The members present were Messrs. Anthony, Lewis, Jarvis, Sutton and Webster. The application of the Philadelphia Kennel Club for specials was considered favorably, and $20 was donated—$10 each to the best pointer dog and bitch exhibited and owned by a member of the Pointer Club.

The officers have been doing yeoman's service very quietly, and as a result of their labor felt justified in recommending the holding of a field trial, and stated that a full guarantee subscription fund had been raised, and that the stakes arranged for would at last enable pointer breeders of the world to demonstrate just where the pointer belongs in field work. The stakes decided upon will be generous in purses and four in number, as follows: A members' stake, open to members only, a cup; a Derby stake, open to all pointers and setters, first, second and third moneys; an all-age stake, open to all pointers and setters, first, second and third moneys; a champion stake, open to all pointers and setters, a cup.

The trials will be held in North Carolina in December, the date and location of the grounds to be made public later.

A committee was appointed by the board, consisting of the president, vice-president and secretary, which will have charge of the events and arrange all the details.

It was resolved that the board hold regular quarterly meetings hereafter, to be held on the first Wednesday of the months of April, June, August and November, at 7.30 P. M.

It was also resolved that the club give an annual dinner, the event to take place during the week of the Westminster Kennel Club show.

A list of candidates for membership was submitted and the following persons duly elected: Messrs. C. H. Odell, W. H. Root and W. Gould Brokaw, New York; George N. Clemson and Wm. H. McQuoid, Middletown, N. Y.; R. A. Fairbairn, Westfield, N. J.; C. L. Wright and R. J. Richardson, Plainfield, N. J.; C. G. Stoddart, Dayton, O.; Thomas Blyth, Madera, Pa.; W. E. Sperling, New Brunswick, N. J.; C. E. Davies, Boston, Mass.; H. P. Dortch, Goldsboro, N. C.

Mr. C. H. Odell was elected a member of the board of governors.

F. S. WEBSTER, Secretary.

English Setter Type and Breeding.

WINNIPEG, Man.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. P. H. Bryson, the judge at the late St. Louis bench show, writes to the press lamenting the fact that the English setter is losing all typical characteristics.

This is brought about by indiscriminate breeding by those who imagine they know more than nature, and who are misled with the idea that they are nature's sculptors, and who think that by selecting the clay they can mould a typical form. They reason it out on the same principle as the individual who wanted to raise poultry and keep a trim garden. His idea was that if he crossed a short-legged Dorking on a long-legged Langshan the result would produce a fowl with one long leg and one short one, so that no matter which leg it stood on it would be a physical impossibility to scratch up his garden. Unfortunately with the dog breeder, when he has produced his caricature, and having failed to produce a specimen to fit the type, he then advocates the adoption of a standard to fit his production, which is about as typical as the so-called Chesapeake.

Experienced breeders know that you cannot produce with certainty—as these dog sculptors claim—say a typical-headed dog by breeding a heavy-skulled specimen to one with a head and nose so narrow and pointed that, Mr. Bryson says, they can drink out of a bottle. It is ancient history to know that good ones are usually produced by what is most aptly termed a "nick," or some particular sire or dam that has character, which they transmit to all their offspring.

Personally I would sacrifice type for field ability, yet I experience a good deal of pleasure in experimenting for a happy nick, and candidly admit that my *beau ideal* field dog is a great disappointment to me if he happens to be ill-shaped, and would be correspondingly pleasurable were he typical.

But I hope if I am not successful in breeding a dog of typical form that I shall not try and cry down judges who for a quarter of a century have consistently and boldly stood up for type notwithstanding the sneers and adverse criticisms of those who were trying to grind their own axe, and whose idea of type is largely based on pedigree.

Yes, Mr. Bryson is quite right when he says "it is time to call a halt," and that we should try and produce something that will look a little bit like dog and less like you would expect from the progeny of a greyhound, a pug and a fox.

THOS. JOHNSON.

From Cape Town, South Africa, comes to us the *African Field*, a journal devoted to agriculture, horses, dogs, poultry, pigeons and general sport. Its letterpress and artistic features show the guiding hand of a master. From the amount of interesting matter embodied in its twenty-four pages, there must be extraordinary action in South African civilization, contrary to the general belief that it is still a land of savagery. The *African Field* has much the artistic appearance of a journal published in the cities of older civilization. Its merit entitles it to the success of the truly deserving.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

We can readily imagine the pain which Mr. W. W. Titus must have felt in parting with the cream of his kennel, Sam T., Minnie T., Cora T. (Minnie T.'s sister) and Nancy T., her litter sister. Mr. Titus informs us that he sold them to Mr. A. C. Waddell, who acted as agent for Mr. George Crocker, the price paid being $3,500. He also has sold his household furniture, stock, kennel yard, etc., and will give up his game preserve to Mr. Waddell, who will establish his kennel there. Mr. Titus, we regret to say, is going out of the business. While he may leave the business, he cannot leave his friendships, and of these there are hosts, as is fitting there should be for a man whose career has been one of sterling integrity and amiable personality. We heartily wish him good luck in other fields of action. Mr. Crocker has secured dogs of genuine worth, whose honors have been earned by the fairest of effort. The prices can be relied upon as being *bona fide*.

Mr. H. W. Huntington, who is well known to our readers as a steadfast dog fancier, has begun a public literary career in the important position of editor of *The Clubman*, published at 102 Fulton street, New York. The first efforts have a finish which denotes more than a passing knowledge of editing. The sheet is neat and artistic. It is devoted to clubs, cafés, hotels and general sporting topics. We wish it success.

We are constantly in receipt of letters asking where dogs of this and that breed can be purchased. Heretofore we have given information even when there were no advertisements of the breeds of which there was inquiry. It is reasonable to presume, however, that breeders who do not advertise are not specially interested in sales, therefore we shall not presume hereafter to call attention to their produce if they do not care to do so themselves.

Mr. George Richards finished the training season in Mississippi recently and returned to his home in Stewart, Minn. Nearly all the other trainers, non-residents, have returned to their homes.

A horse and dog show will be held in conjunction with the Mineola Fair next September, held by the Queens County Agricultural Society. The Mineola Fair is identified with the first bench shows of America, one being held in conjunction with it in 1874.

Greyhounds are very subject to heart disease. One of the most sensational incidents in connection with the Waterloo Cup occurred to Princess Dagmar, who won in 1881. During her first course her opponent was observed to suddenly stop and apparently lie down. Of course, the judges and slipper were on the spot immediately, when it was discovered that the unfortunate animal had dropped dead from over-exertion, and near him was lying the hare, stone dead also. An autopsy of the bodies revealed the extraordinary fact that they had died of heart disease. Master McGrath, one of the most famous of greyhounds, also succumbed to its effects suddenly after one of his final victories. He was the only dog, with the exception of Colonel North's Fullerton, that ever won the cup three times in succession. His fame was so great that he was accorded the unique distinction of being commanded to appear with his owner, Lord Lurgan, before Her Majesty the Queen.—*British Fancier.*

Yachting.

A Modern "Fast Cruiser."

One of the healthy signs of the times in yachting, that makes the cessation of syndicate racing less a matter of regret than it might otherwise be, is the great and growing interest in small craft from 40 down to 15ft., in which speed, while by no means neglected, is relegated to a place duly subordinate to ability, handiness; and in the larger yachts to accommodation as well.

The first crude attempts at safe cruising boats, made mainly through the efforts of the FOREST AND STREAM about 1880-82, developed heavy, slow boats, in spite of their good qualities; but the improvements of the present day in the line of lighter construction, lead ballast, and lighter, stronger and better canvas, wire, blocks and other details, have of themselves greatly increased the possibilities for speed; while much more has been done in the actual form of hull.

We have of late published a number of modern designs of knockabouts and similar small craft, and this week we add to the list another, the work of Wm. A. Fairburn, the well-known naval architect of Bath, Me.

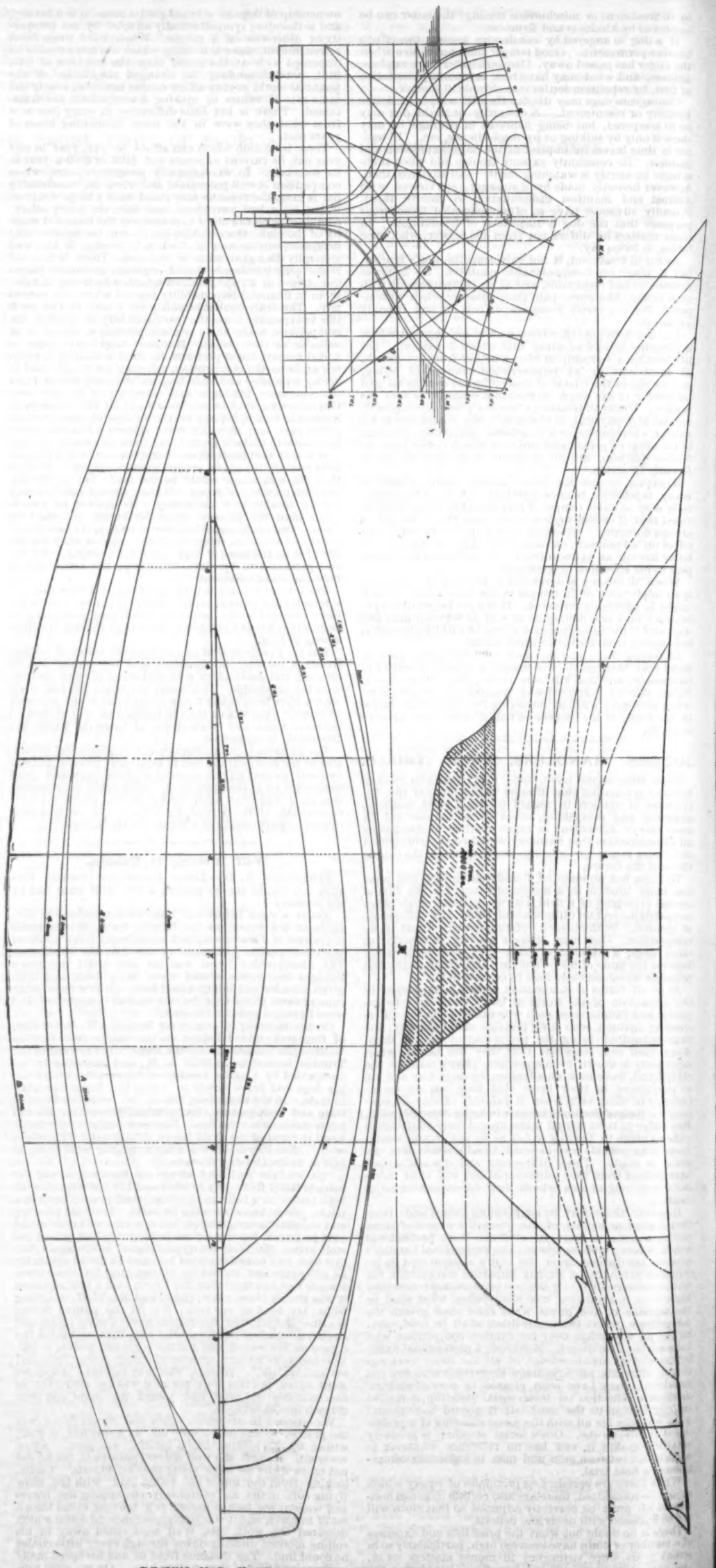
The design was made for yachtsmen in Hopewell, Me., for general use about the Maine coast in cruising and afternoon sailing—such work as has given a name to the "knockabout," though the yacht does not conform to the limitations of that class. Mr. Fairburn has turned out a boat that is both easy in her form and of good power, with a very pleasing form below as well as above water. The dimensions are:

Length over all	27ft. 6in.
l.w.l.	20ft.
Beam, l.w.l.	6ft. 8in.
deck	7ft. 4in.
Extreme draft	4ft. 6in.
Least freeboard to deck	1ft. 8in.
Sheer forward	2ft. 6in.
aft	1ft. 10½in.
Weight of hull—construction and equipments	3,000lbs.
lead keel	2,500lbs.
inside lead ballast	800lbs.
Displacement, Salt Water	6,128lbs.
Fresh Water	5,984lbs.
Center of buoyancy aft of center of length	1.147
below l.w.l.	.80
Area of load water plane	94.43sq. ft.
Center of flotation aft	1.1ft.
Lbs. per inch of immersion	503 5lbs.
Area immersed midship section	8 84sq. ft.
Transverse metacenter above C. B.	2 608
Longitudinal metacenter above C. B.	33.25
Midship section aft of center of length	2.
Area immersed longitudinal section	55sq. ft.
of mainsail	431sq. ft.
jib	79sq. ft.
Total sail area	500sq. ft.
Center of lateral resistance aft of center of length	2.099ft.
below l.w.l.	1.773ft.
Center of effort of sails forward of C. of L. R.	.65ft.
above C. of L. R.	16.784ft.

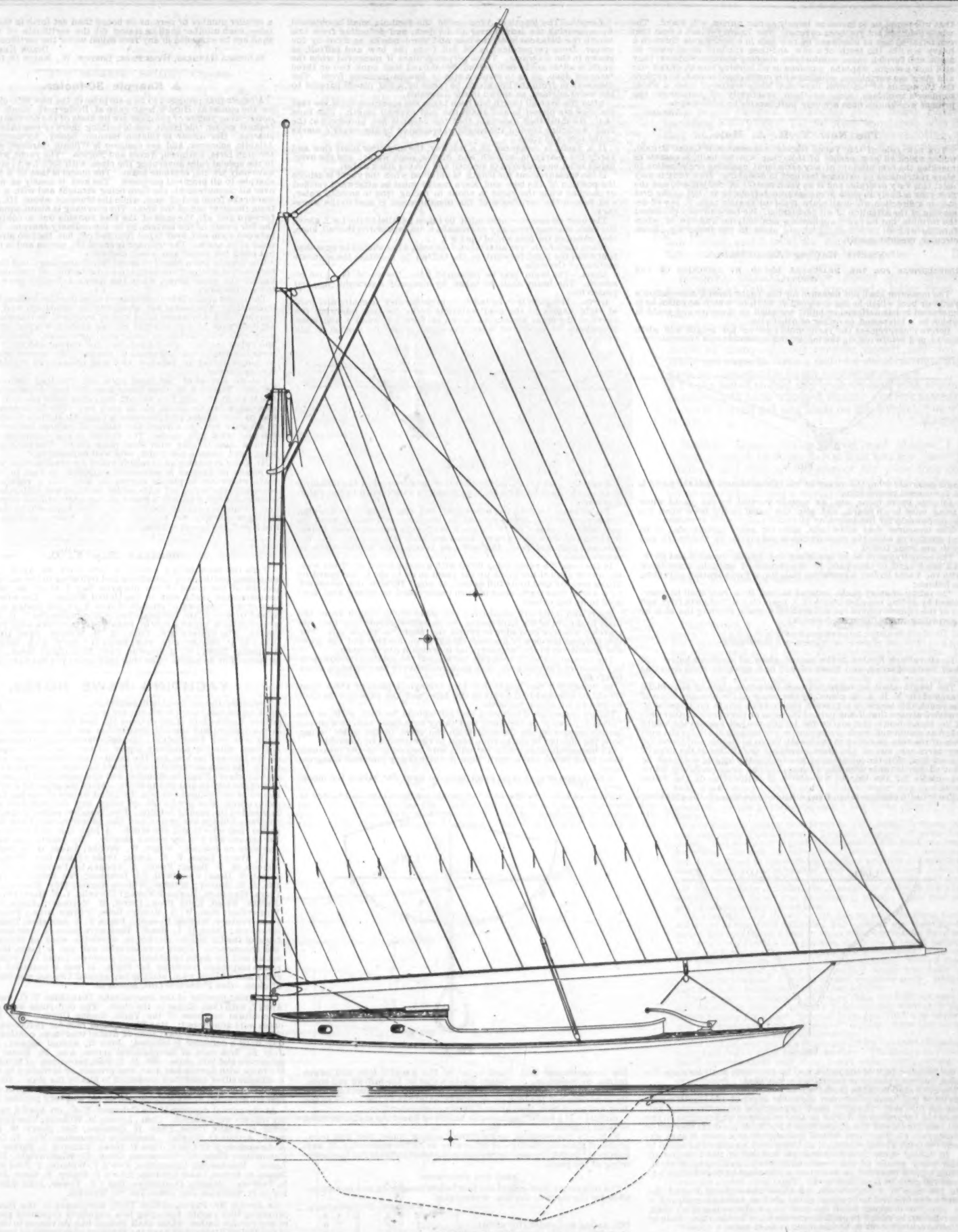
The design includes another suit of sails with an area of 460sq ft., the boat being rigged with jib and mainsail and fitted with bowsprit.

The boat will have a fairly large, comfortable cuddy and roomy cockpit, both of which will be perfectly watertight. There are no doors in the aft end of cabin, entrance being obtained by means of the overhead booby hatch only. For a boat of her size she will spread an unusually large sail area, and this feature will no doubt prove quite beneficial in the light sailing breeze usually experienced.

Kabeyan, cutter, has been sold by C. L. Seabury to W. P. Draper, who will use her about Bar Harbor. She was designed and built by Mr. Seabury for his own use, and in several seasons' sailing has proved a very satisfactory craft. She is 36ft. over all, 25ft. l.w.l., 9ft. 9in. beam, and 6ft. 6in. draft.



DESIGN FOR FAST CRUISER.—WM. A. FAIRBANKS, N. A. 1896.



SAIL PLAN.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

THE practical results derived from the racing of many small yachts in place of two large ones are shown in the following programme just issued by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. as a direct result of Mr. Duggan's challenge for the Seawanhaka Cup. Great as the interest is in Canada it is likely to be exceeded on this side of the line in the construction and racing of the defending fleet.

The sailing Committee have decided upon the racing fixtures for 1896 as follows: Saturday, May 9, 15-footers, club prizes; Saturday, May 16, 15-footers, club prizes; Saturday, May 23, 15 footers, Ross prizes; Monday, May 25, 15-footers, Ross prizes; Wednesday, May 27, 15-footers, club prizes; Saturday, May 30, 15-footers, Ross prizes; Wednesday, June 3, 15-footers, club prizes; Saturday, June 6, 15 and 20 footers—15, Ross prizes, 20, club prizes; Wednesday, June 10, 15-footers, club prizes; Saturday, June 13, 15, 25, 30 and A classes—15, Ross prizes; 25 and 30, club prizes; Wednesday, June 17, 15-footers, club prizes; Saturday, June 20, 15 and 20 footers—15, Ross prizes; 20, club prizes; Wednesday, June 24, 15-footers, club prizes; Saturday, June 27, 15, 25, 30 and A classes—15, club prizes; 25, 30 and A. club prizes; Wednesday, July 1, A. M., Sir D. A. Smith cup, open to 25, 30 and F. A. classes; Wednesday, July 1, P. M., club prizes; Saturday, July 4, 20-footers, club prizes and Girouard cup, open to 25-footers; Saturday, August 1, cruise; Saturday, August 8, cruise; Saturday, August 15, 25, 30 and A classes, club prizes; Tuesday, August 18, Hamilton Trophy, open to 20-footers; Saturday, August 22, Vice-Commodore Geo. W. Hamilton's cup, open to 25, 30 and A classes.

The racing will be almost exclusively devoted to the 15-footers, for which club prizes will be given on May 9, 16, 27; June 3, 10, 17, 24, 27, and July 1, and upon the other six dates, May 23, 25, 30, and June 6, 13 and 20, the commodore's handsome prizes will be sailed for, the boats scoring by the following points in each race: First boat to finish 20 points; second, 15; third, 11; fourth, 8; fifth, 6; sixth, 5; seventh, 4; eighth, 3; ninth, 2; tenth and all other finishers to score 1 point. The boat winning the greatest number of points in the six races by this table will be awarded first prize of $125, the second $100 and the third $75. Mr. Ross when presenting the $300 stipulated that it was only to be sailed for by the 15-footers eligible to be chosen to sail for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. challenge cup, *i. e.*, a boat must be of Canadian design and build, so no boat unless fulfilling these conditions will be allowed to race. Any of the six races being called off by the sailing committee for want of wind, foul weather or other reasons, shall not be sailed, but cancelled. All races on Saturdays will as far as possible be started at 3:30 P. M., and on Wednesdays at 6:30 P. M. Chart of courses, conditions, etc., will be mailed to members as soon as possible.

The racing this season, especially in the 15ft. class, promises to be very keen and well contested, as there are now six new 15-footers completed and seven more in course of construction, and all will be finished before the end of April, and have a week or so in which to tune up and take a few trial trips before the first race on May 9. The following list of names who are building shows that many a hard tussle will be had before the season is over and each owner is no doubt confident that his boat will prove a surprise to the others. The members who have placed orders are Messrs. Robert Fitzgibbon, H. G. Eadie, Arthur Hamilton, Lionel J. Smith, J. C. C. Almon, A. W. Shearwood and Charles H. Routh (jointly), Kirkpatrick and Prisick (jointly), E. S. Clouston, R. R. Wallace, G. H. Duggan, James Ross, Rev. H. Kittson, A. L. Drummond and D. A. Poe. Messrs. Dinning, L. M. Ogilvy and others are anxious to build if time permits. Five are, it is understood, being built in Toronto, three in Brockville, one in Cobourg and five in Montreal, and when this little fleet gets together it should prove a very pretty sight and well worth a trip to Dorval to witness a race from the club pier, as the courses to be sailed this year will not take the 15-footers out of sight at any time in a race. The steam yacht owners have also intimated their intention of giving a prize to be competed for by the 15-footers or other classes.

"Forest and Stream" on the Lakes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Have you any idea how powerful an organ the FOREST AND STREAM has been in awakening an intelligent interest in yachting, both sail and steam, on these fresh-water ponds between the St. Lawrence and Duluth? Apparently not, not lately that is. I have been all through that campaign, from the primitive birch to the modern racer with overhanging ends like an alligator, and I am well within the truth in asserting that the FOREST AND STREAM by its illustrations and descriptions of various craft, running from 20 to 120ft. waterline, has contributed more than any other medium to the present advanced stage of water sport on the Great Lakes. Has any other paper presented different types of boats propelled by steam or wind, or both, to the nautical public in the middle West since the bateaux epoch? Well, hardly; hardly any, that is. Are you aware that the principles of flotation as presented by Stephens and the lamented Kunhardt and various designers of steam craft, appearing from week to week, have inspired the yacht clubs and yacht owners of every port on fresh water between 75 and 95 west longitude? That the dainty sailboats and palatial steam yachts now getting ready to go into commission in these parts, in eight cases out of ten, first found a lodging in the minds of their owners through a perusal of these columns? I fear not, not from the signs that is. Nevertheless it is immensely so.

Let us have some more of these good things, accompanied by cuts,

that will tempt us to invest as largely as our purses will stand. The whole field has not yet been covered. The Lakes yet lack a boat that can be sailed fast to windward by two men in a heavy gale through a heavy sea like the teeth of a saw, and then run into shoal water at night and furnish them comfortable sleeping accommodations; they still lack a steam, naphtha, gasolene or oil burning launch of fair size and great seaworthiness, coupled with much cheaper cost, to explore the thousands of beautiful bays and inlets scattered over a whole summer's cruisings, some of them practically off soundings; the present well-known ones are only purchasable by millionaires.

ANNEKE.

The New Y. R. A. Rule.

THE new rule of the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain, under which all new yachts of this year will be built, is notable as marking the first attempt of any prominent yachting organization to place restrictions on extreme features in designing. How fully it may meet this very desirable end is as yet a matter of conjecture, and the first year is likely to show some serious defects in it; but as the first step in a direction which all clubs must ultimately take, it is well deserving of the attention of all yachtsmen. We have already published the formula, but its exact application can only be understood when familiar with all its details, which are given in the following official circular, recently issued:

Yacht Racing Association.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE MEASURERS ISSUED BY DIRECTION OF THE COUNCIL.

The measurer shall not measure for the Yacht Racing Association a yacht or boat which he has designed or built, or which any firm he is interested in has designed or built; nor shall he measure any yacht in which he is interested as owner or otherwise.

Before measurement the yacht must have on her length and girth marks, and before testing the marks and measurements the measurer

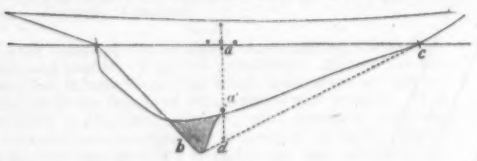


FIG. 1.

must ascertain from the owner or his representative that the yacht is in her correct racing trim.

All sails, spars, gear, etc., as usually carried by the yacht when racing, must be on board, and also the usual racing crew when the measurements for the length or girth are being taken or checked.

The measurer may allow sails, spinaker gear, tackles, etc., to be put amidships while the measurements and marks for the length and girth are being tested.

The measurements to be taken are the length, breadth and girth, and the length of the spars, or dimensions of sails, in accordance with the Yacht Racing Association Rule No. 3, for the rating of yachts, as follows:

The rating of every yacht entered to sail in a race shall be ascertained by adding together length (L), beam (B.), 0.75 of girth (G.), and 0.5 of the square root of the sail area (S.A.), and dividing the sum by 2 according to the following formula:

$$\frac{L + B + 0.75\,G + 0.5\sqrt{S.A.}}{2} = \text{Rating.}$$

In all ratings figures in the second place of decimals below 0.05 shall be disregarded, and those of 0.05 and upwards shall count as 0.1.

The length shall be taken between the outer edges of the official marks of the Y. R. A., as placed by the owner at the bow and stern of the yacht, this length to represent the extreme length for immersion, provided always that if any part of the stem or sternpost or other part of the vessel below the marks for length project beyond the length taken as mentioned, such projection or projections shall, for the purpose of the rule, be added to the length taken as stated; and pieces of any form cut out of the stem, sternpost or fair-line of the ridge of the counter, with the intention of shortening the length, shall not be allowed for in measurement of length, if at or immediately below the marks for the length, nor above if within 6in. of the water level.

The breadth shall be taken from outside to outside of the planking, in the broadest part of the yacht, and no allowance shall be made for wales, doubling planks or mouldings of any kind.

The girth shall be taken from l.w.l. to l.w.l. under the keel at a station 0.6 of the distance between the outer edges of the length marks from the fore end. The girth shall be measured along the actual outline of the vertical cross section at that station at right angles to the l.w.l., see Figs. 1 and 2, *a a'*, and Figs. 3 and 4. If the draft forward of that station, *e e*, Fig. 2 (not including the girth of a bulb, if any), exceeds the draft at that station, *a a'*, twice such excess to be added to G. In taking these measurements all hollows in the fore and aft under-water profile of the vessel to be treated as filled up straight. Should a piece be added, as at *b*, then a line must be drawn from *b* to *c*, and the girth be measured to *d*. (Fig. 1.)

In the case of a centerboard, 1.5 times the extreme drop of the board below the keel to be added to the girth as taken at *a a'*; and if the board is dropped below the keel at *e e*, the excess at *e e* shall, nevertheless, be added to girth in accordance with the rule. Bulb or ballasted centerboards to be measured as fixed keels.

Owners shall mark the length for rating of their yachts on both sides at the bow and stern, in such manner as the council may direct, with the official marks supplied by the Y. R. A., which marks shall at all times represent the extreme length for immersion when the yacht is lying in smooth water in her usual racing trim, including racing crew on board at and about the mid over all length.

Owners shall mark the points for measuring the girth as follows: by fixing three metal discs of suitable size on each side of the yacht, not less than 2in. or more than 6in above the load waterline level (and parallel thereto), and not less than 3ft. or more than 6ft from end to end, and so that the center mark, *a*, of the three, coincides with the distance 0.6 from the fore edges of the bow marks (see Figs. 1 and 2, *a*); and the owner shall also place a disk coinciding with this center mark (perpendicular to the l.w.l. level) under the rail or covering board, and another on the side of the keel perpendicular to the l.w.l. level, see *a'*, Figs. 1 and 2. The distances between the l.w.l. level and the horizontal marks to be measured when the yacht is afloat in smooth water with crew on board according to the rule, and deducted from the girth as obtained from center mark to center mark.

Example of working:

L.w.l. = 45.6ft. Girth = 22.4.
Beam = 18.0 Sail area = 2,600.

The girth multiplied by .75 is 17.55.

The square root of the sail area 2,600 is 51, which multiplied by .5 equals 25.5.

Then the sum will be:

L.	45.60
B.	18.00
.75 G.	17.55
.5 √S. A.	25.50
	2)101.65
	50.87 = 50.9 linear rating.

Length.—The length (L.) for use in the formula shall be obtained by measuring the length over all on deck, and deducting from this length the distances in to the bow and stern marks as fixed by the owner, from perpendiculars let fall from the bow and taffrail, as shown in the diagrams. These perpendiculars if measured when the yacht is afloat are to be obtained by a hand lead sunk two or three fathoms deep, so as to insure a steady line to measure from. The distances in from the line are to be taken by a rod placed parallel to the water surface, as shown in the diagrams.

After the over all length has been taken the measurer must see that the crew are placed at and about the mid over all length. (See Rule 14.) He must then ascertain that the yacht is not immersed at the load waterline beyond the length represented by the owner's marks at the bow and stern.

If a yacht is measured in a tideway, the measurer must view and verify the marks in smooth and during slack water; and the overhangs must be measured in smooth and during slack water.

If the measurement for length is obtained when the yacht is ashore the position of the bow and stern marks must be afterward verified or checked when the yacht is afloat in racing trim in smooth water, and before the certificate of the measurement is sent to the secretary.

The over all measurement must be taken parallel to the l.w.l. above the deck, starting from any convenient point forward on the rail, knee, etc., ahead of the fore end of the l.w.l.

When the length over all is taken with rods, a line should be stretched taut from the point forward to the taffrail to facilitate the accurate shifting of the rods.

Beam.—The beam may be measured when the yacht is afloat or ashore. The beam shall be taken by means of a straight edge and plumb line.

Girth.—The girth is to be taken from center disk to center disk (*a a*) at right angles to the load waterline under the keel, following the curve of the cross section as shown in Figs. 1, 2, 3 and 4, and must necessarily be measured when the yacht is on the stocks or laid ashore.

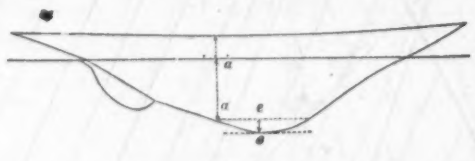


FIG. 2.

When the yacht is afloat for the other measurements the measurer shall check the level of owner's girth marks with regard to the waterline level.

The distance between the water level and the metal disks marking the horizontal line, or line parallel to the line of flotation, must be accurately measured when the yacht is afloat in smooth water, in racing trim and crew on board stationed amidship in accordance with the rule, and deducted from the girth as taken from center mark to center mark.

In the case of a yacht being fitted with a centerboard or lifting keel, the owner shall either block up the yacht so as to show the board or lifting keel lowered to its full extent, or shall furnish the measurer with a true drawing to scale of such centerboard or lifting keel lowered to its full extent.

Spars and Sails.—In measuring the main boom length from the mast to the pin of out-haul tackle, the measurer should see that the traveler, whether on a slide or round the boom, is chock out. For this purpose the clew of mainsail should be unshackled and the traveler hauled out to the farthest point to which it can be taken.

The measurer should ascertain for himself the point on the bowsprit or cranse iron to which the base measurement for fore triangle must be taken.

In measuring the height for fore triangle, a piece of white linen should be attached to the ring of the tape, and the tape can be then hoisted by the signal halliards.

Before measuring a jackyard the sail should be bent to it, or the foot laid parallel to the yard and fairly stretched; and, as a check, besides measuring the distance from the sheet to the outer lacing hole, the number of cloths from sheet to clew should be counted.

All measurements should be taken and recorded in the measurement book twice, and a third time if there is any material disagreement.

A steel tape or rods must in all cases be used for taking the measurements.

Trim and Length Marks.—The measurer must take and record in

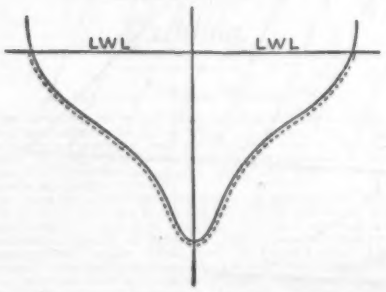


FIG. 3.

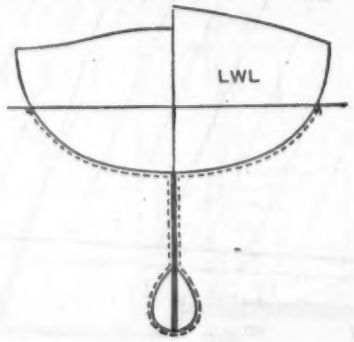


FIG. 4.

the measurement book such notes of the yacht's trim and length marks, by measuring the height above water at the taffrail and stem, or by such other means as will enable him at any subsequent date easily to ascertain if the immersion at the waterline or the marks at the bow and stern have been altered since measurement.

Ballast.—If a yacht has movable ballast on board the measurer must note its position.

N. B.—In the event of any difficulty arising under the first paragraph of these instructions or otherwise as to the measuring of any particular yacht, the secretary shall make arrangements for the measuring of the yacht.

FEES FOR MEASURING.

The measurers shall collect the fees before measuring and be responsible for the same to the hon. treasurer.

	Members. £	s.	d.	Non-members. £	s.	d.
24ft. rating and under (for girth)	1	1	0	1	7	6
Over 24ft. and not above 52ft. (for girth)	1	11	6	2	2	0
Exceeding 52ft (for girth)	2	2	0	2	15	6
24ft. rating (for length, beam and spars)	0	15	0	1	1	0
24ft. and not above 52ft. (for length, beam and spars)	1	1	0	1	11	6
Exceeding 52ft. (for length, beam and spars)	1	11	6	2	12	6

Half fees for a measurement of length and beam only if carried out conjointly; also half fee for spar or sail area measurement only.

Fee for certificate when no new measurements are required, 5s.

Upon measuring days fixed by a yacht club, boats of 24ft. rating and under will be measured at an inclusive fee of £1 12s. 6d., and half fee for girth only, or for length and beam only, or for spars only. The yacht club in such cases must pay the measurer's traveling expenses. The scale applies only when not fewer than four yachts are measured on one day.

When a measurer has to travel any distance specially to measure one yacht, the owner must pay his traveling expenses.

Upon regatta days, if sufficient notice is given to the secretary that yachts require measurement, the fees will include the measurer's traveling expenses; but for special visits to measure, the attendant traveling expenses must be paid by the owner of the yacht.

Ample notice must be given to the secretary by the owner as to when his yacht is ready for girth measurement.

EXTRACT FROM RULE 14.

In yachts of 42ft. rating and under the total number of persons on board during a match shall not exceed the number set forth in the following table:

Not exceeding 18ft. rating	3 persons
Exceeding 18ft. and not exceeding 21ft. rating	4 persons
Exceeding 24ft. and not exceeding 30ft. rating	5 persons
Exceeding 30ft. and not exceeding 36ft. rating	7 persons
Exceeding 36ft. and not exceeding 42ft rating	9 persons

If an owner elects to have his yacht measured for rating length with a smaller number of persons on board than set forth in the foregoing table, such number shall be stated on the certificate of rating, and shall not be exceeded in any race sailed under the certificate.

DIXON KEMP, Sec'y.
24 SUSSEX GARDENS, HYDE PARK, LONDON, W., March 12, 1896.

A Sharpie 30-footer.

A CRAFT that promises to be a surprise in the new 30ft. class is now on the stocks at Hunt's boat shop at Bridgeport, Conn. While the dozen other yachts of the class are fin keels of the conventional round framed model, this latest one is nothing more or less than a fin keel sharpie. Her owner is Clinton Barnum Seeley, formerly owner of Atlantic, schooner, and her designer is William Gardner, well known through Liris, Kathleen, Alcæa and Norota. The yacht will conform to the special rules governing the class, with 30ft. l.w.l., etc., but will have only 8ft. 1in. extreme beam. The model is that of a New Haven sharpie, to all practical purposes. The keel is nearly as long as the over all measurement, the stem being straight and with a slight forward rake from end of keel, while the transom, about 1ft. deep, rises from the after end of the keel. The overhang is about equally divided forward and aft, the ends of the keel running out in continuation of the fair sweep of the bottom, as in the ordinary sharpie. The corner between stem and keel is not rounded off, but the two straight lines meet at an angle. The transom is about 5ft. across and is not square, but has a fair round and is well shaped.

The bottom has a round of about 5in. to the floors, and the side timbers are not straight but swept to a long radius; all the middle frames having the same sweep, while the forward frames grow straighter toward the bows.

The construction is heavier than in most Gardner yachts, but is very interesting. The keel is flat, about 12×3in. amidships, and, as stated, running in a fair sweep from heel of sternpost to transom. At the angle between bottom and side an oak chine is worked, about 3×3in. amidships, with rabbets on lower and upper edge. The floor timbers and upper timbers are jogged into the chines, and stout oak floors cross the keel to take the strain of the fin. The bottom planking will be single, fitting in between keel and chines; the topsides will be double-skinned.

The fin will be of ¾in. steel plate, and the lead bulb will weigh 5,600lbs. The fin is 5ft. deep below keel, the hull drawing about 2ft., and is about 8ft. long fore and aft, the edges being vertical. The bulb overhangs the fin about 1ft. at each end. The fin is secured to the keel by steel angles, and provision is made for shifting the fin forward or aft after trial to correct any faults of balance before it is finally fastened with ⅞in. rivets. The rudder is approximately square in form; a steel forging with steel plate blade. The yacht will have a snug cabin under a low trunk, with well-crowned roof.

Mr. Hunt is making an excellent job of the construction, which is by no means as easy as is commonly supposed; in fact, in this size of craft, where single planks cannot be used and a regular frame is necessary, the laying off and actual building are both more troublesome and difficult than in a yacht of the conventional rounded form and its accompanying construction. The spars will be made by the Outing Goods Mfg. Co., successors to L. K. Young, at Bridgeport, the mast, gaff and spinaker boom being hollow.

Biscayne Bay Y. C.

WITH the snow falling heavily in New York on April 7, there is something particularly tantalizing and irritating in the accompanying picture of the home of the Biscayne Bay Y. C., of lat. 25° N., "the southernmost yacht club in the United States." The wretched victims of the "temperate" climate of New York and Boston must all be moved to envy of the fortunate few who compose the B. B. Y. C. The new club book shows a roll of twenty-six members with twenty-one yachts. The officers are: Com., R. M. Munroe, yawl Utilis; Vice-Com., L. D. Benton, aux. yawl Susie B; Sec'y, Kirk Munroe, yawl Aliapatta; Treas., W. H. Browne, yawl Holgozana; Meas., A. L. Caillet, stmr. Fin de Siècle. The club sails under the Seawanhaka rule.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Yesterday the old wooden drawbridge at the entrance of the Tiburon Lagoon was raised to let out the white-canvased flyers of the Corinthian Yacht Club. Last October the fleet went into winter quarters in the lagoon, and the old drawbridge has kept faithful watch and ward over their hibernation. So yesterday morning the merry, merry clubmen with the auxiliary power of two big draft horses, hauled on the falls and tackles, and the yachts were liberated for the season's sport. As each enlivened craft passed through the draw it was greeted with cheers from the launches and rowboats lined up abreast outside of the lagoon and on the shore. All of the graceful craft left the moorings and slipped out into the broad waters of the bay except the sloop Ceres. She draws 5ft. of water, and her iron keel was firmly glued to the muddy bottom. Two launches pulled strongly on the towlines, but the low water and the adhesiveness of her winter bed defied their efforts and she stuck. A high tide and a tug will start her and she will join her sisters shortly. The yachts that were taken out were as follows: Witch, W. Brooks; Secret, G. G. Bariage and T. T. Tracy; Elece, F. F. Ames; Pride of the Bay, William Nutz; Mignon, G. V. Beber; Freda, A. Lyons; La Paloma, E. G. Carrera; Cupid, R. Dean; Spredwell, Ed. Donahue; Fou Follett, H. H. Gorter; Iris, A. R. Gurrey; Arturas, William Grover; May, Newell & Hawkes; Clara, Hamilton, Hopps & Young; Cornelia, L. E. Hart; Phœnicia, H. Justins; Naiad, Kelly Bros.; Petrel, M. Mordecai; Æolus, Morrow & Westerfield; Mist, W. R. Moody; Belle, O'Brien Bros.; Truant, J. W. Pew; Venture, William Romaine; Pinta, F. E. Schoeber; Thelma, S. B. Stevenson; Clene, H. L. Head. They were taken to their moorings in front of the Corinthian clubhouse, where the work of trimming ship was commenced. Spars were scraped and put in place, the rigging set up and the decks scrubbed, and sundown found the white squadron in shipshape condition for night. It was a beautiful day, sunshiny and without wind, and the bay around Tiburon was like a sheet of glass.—*San Francisco Call, March 30.*

A regular meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held on April 7, with Com. Rouse in the chair. The club rules were amended to conform to those of the Yacht Racing Union. The following dates were announced: May 30, a special race for 15-footers, over inside course on Oyster Bay; June 22, first of trial races, continuing each day until a defender is selected; June 27, annual regatta; Monday, July 13, first race of international series; Aug. 26, Rouse cup for schooners and 30ft. class. Mr. B. C. Bell, helmsman of Ethelwynn in the races with Spruce last year, was present by invitation to receive a handsome silver matchbox presented to him by the club. On April 10 the club met with a serious loss in the death, at the age of 38, of its fleet surgeon, Dr. J. West Roosevelt, an old and very popular member.

At the annual meeting of the Cohasset Y. C., on April 2, the following officers were elected: Com., Lyman D. Willcutt; Vice-Com., Frederick H. Pratt; Treas., Chas. H. Cousens; Sec., Harry W. Souther; Meas., Arthur O. Higgins. Executive Committee, Wm. H. Crane, A. A. Lawrence, B. C. Clark, John C. Howe, Edmund L. Parker. House Committee, Chas. W. Gammons, Chas. C. Wheelwright, Elmer W. Lewis. Membership Committee, Edw'd F. Willcutt, T. Fred Stoddard, James A. Bouve, Caleb Lothrop, Edw'd F. Ripley, E. Snow, Jr., Frank R. Pegram. Regatta Committee, Dan'l N. Tower, John Richardson, Ralph B. Williams, Jas. Dean, Jos. N. Willcutt.

On April 8, Mr. Payne, of New York, introduced in the House a bill providing that yachts belonging to a regularly organized yacht club of any foreign nation which shall extend like privileges to the yachts of the United States shall have the privilege of entering or leaving any port of the United States without entering or clearing at the custom houses or paying tonnage tax.

The Lawley Co. will build for Oliver Ames, of Boston, a cruising cutter from designs by A. Cary Smith. She will be 54ft. over all, 38ft. l.w.l., 13ft. beam, 8ft. draft, with a freeboard of 2ft. 3in. About 9 tons, nearly all of the ballast, will be on the keel. The yacht will be of modern build, but with nothing of the freak nature in her construction.

Fleur de Lys, schooner, recently purchased by George Lord Day, from George Trotter, arrived at New York last week after a winter cruise to the West Indies under her new owner.

The yacht building at E. B. Strickland's yard, Port Republic, N. J., for J. J. Kane, Jr., of Phila., will be named Celia. She is intended for both racing and general use.

Intrepid, steam yacht, Lloyd Phœnix, arrived at Ponta Delgada, Azores, on April 12, having sailed from Bermuda on March 31.

Works on Sunday—

Talks business seven days in the week—a "Forest and Stream" Kennel Special advertisement.

Canoeing.

The Modern British Canoe.

THE accompanying design, which we reproduce from the *Field*, shows a canoe of new model just building by Turk, of Kingston-on-Thames, for W. Baden Powell, from his own designs. We have long since lost the run of the numbers of Mr. Baden Powell's Nautill series, but this design must be somewhere about Nautilus XVII. or XVIII. The canoe will be one of the first designed to the new rule of the Royal C. C., as follows:

"Rule 33. A cruising canoe, to be classified for racing purposes, shall be sharp at each end, with no transom or flat stern. Any metal keel, centerplate or ballast shall be detachable from her, and any 'bucket well' fitted within the sleeping compartment shall be detachable. Dimensions (maximum): Length over all shall not exceed 16ft.; beam not over 42in.; sliding seat (if any), when rigged in, to be within the beam of the boat; her fixed draft, including keel or drop keel, when hauled up, shall not exceed 14in.; the extreme length of any spar shall not exceed the load waterline length or rating length; rating $\left(\frac{\text{length of L W L} \times \text{sail area}}{6,000}\right)$ not to exceed 0.8.

"Minimum dimensions: Depth inside, from deck to skin (to be taken at any distance within 3ft. of mid over all length and at not less than 10in. out from the middle line), shall not be less than 14in.; depth outside, from top of deck at middle line to under side of keel (taken anywhere up to 1ft. from either end), shall not be less than 18in.; sleeping space not less than 5ft. 6in. in length, with hatchway thereto of not less than 18in. in width for a distance of 3ft."

We must confess that on first sight we were under the impression that the paper had been roughly handled in the mails; and, when this proved not to be the case, that the drawing represented the result of leaving a canoe for a day or two with her ends on the rocks and with cargo and ballast all amidships; but a further study of the design proved that both conclusions were erroneous.

In view of Mr. Baden Powell's long experience as a user and designer of canoes, of his superior knowledge of the particular work and water for which this craft is designed, and of the reasons given by him to justify the peculiar features, we are loth to venture a criticism; but we confess that it is a relief to the eye to turn from the exaggerated outline of this *fin de siècle* production to the fairer and moderate sheer, the sweet lines and harmonious proportions of many of the older Nautili, such as are illustrated in "Yacht and Boat Sailing." Ably as the advantages claimed for this design are set forth, we cannot reconcile ourselves to either the type to be developed by the rule—as exemplified by her—or to the bulky form and peculiar details of this individual design, as representing a desirable all-round canoe. If, as has always been assumed in discussing the canoe, portability, housability and compact form generally for purposes of house storage and rail transit are among the prime requisites; and if, as American practice shows, the limit of rail allowed by the R. C. C. rule—112sq. ft. for 16ft. l.w.l.—is smaller than desirable when a 42in. slide is used, it should be possible to produce a faster and altogether better canoe save for a sort of sea work which is never done here, if abroad, in a waterline of at least 15ft., and with no less useful but with far more symmetrical ends. About a year ago we were called on for a design for a large canoe on the dimensions of 16ft. over all and 42in. beam, and very much against our will we were compelled to limit the l.w.l. to but 12ft. 6in., for the sake of appearance in up-to-date overhangs. No doubt a better craft could have been produced by less overhang under a limit of 16ft. over all, and longer l.w.l. with appropriate canvas.

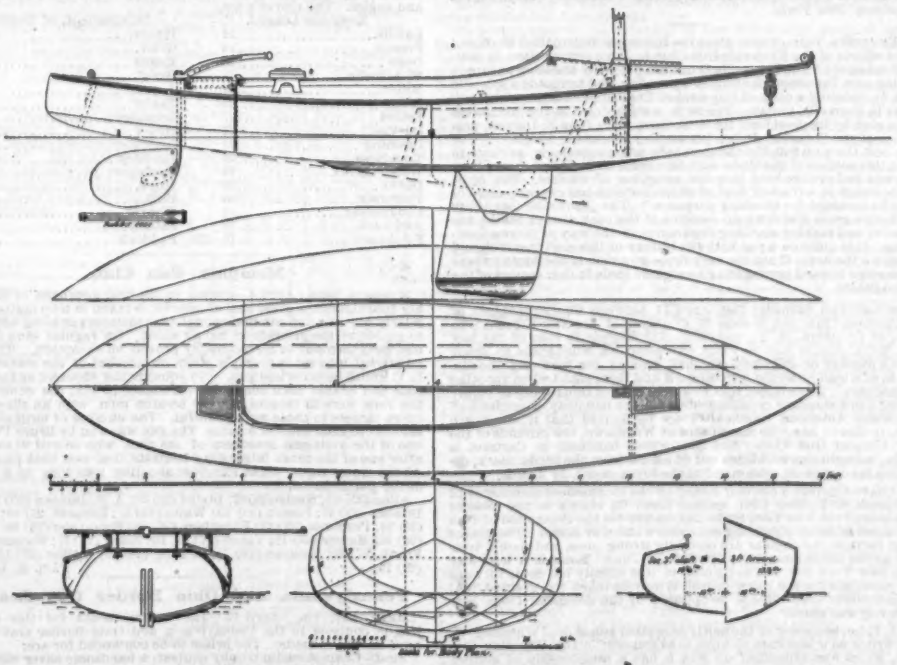
For certain special work we can understand that the new design may answer admirably, but not, in our opinion, for the all-round work that may reasonably be expected from a sailing canoe; nor is it the long-looked-for craft that is to rejuvenate canoeing.

BISCAYNE BAY Y. C. HOUSE.

Canoe vs. Yacht.

I HAVE frequently been asked by yachting men, "What on earth can you find in a sailing canoe that so weds you to canoeing that in your heart of hearts you prefer it to any other kind of sailing?" Well, one answer is that canoe sailing is the nearest approach to union between the animate and the inanimate, with a resultant mastery over the freaks of aquatic nature. Personal prowess, a bait irresistible to human nature, equally keenly sought and sometimes praised in war, in politics, and I am credibly informed in love and matrimony, is to be found in canoe sailing in the highest and purest degree and with the least comparative amount of personal danger. Whether the blood-tingling prowess is earned in a masterly exhibition of management and pluck in a wild weather race in presence of hundreds of spectators, or is gained on a storm-torn lake cruise, where a combination of perfect man and nearly perfect boat has got to windward of death with no "gallery" except the gulls, it is the same to the true canoe man—he did it, and he did it alone. To the yachtsman this is impossible, because "he didn't do it," his crew helped.

A sailor, even an admiral, who takes command of his own yacht, is looked at with half eyes by the crew, the idea between decks being that a skipper is being done out of a billet; and even in a ½-rater on the Solent, if the owner tries to enjoy his boat without a paid hand, the whole field is against him, for they think 30s. a week, and more, is being kept out of the pockets of an honest man. Is it not so also in salmon fishing? You go without a gillie, fish the pools without advice (advice usually tempered with whisky), kill and gaff your own fish; well, what's the verdict? "Ah! he's no much a fisherman, but he's just a bit lucky." Thank goodness, the 'attendant" has not yet entered the sailing canoe.—*W. Baden Powell in the Field.*



NAUTILAS CANOE.—DESIGNED BY W. BADEN-POWELL, 1896.

The Atlantic Division Meet.

THE officers of the Atlantic Division are extremely anxious that a good division meet shall be held this year to accommodate those who may be unable to visit the A. C. A. meet at Grindstone in August. In order that the interest in canoeing may be awakened as early in the spring as possible, it is proposed to hold the meet on Decoration Day, but some objection has been made to so early a date. We shall be glad to hear from canoeists as to their ideas and wishes in the matter.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

A correspondent asks for information about the Columbia River, in Washington, as he is desirous of making a canoe trip on it.

We have received from J. H. Rushton a supplement to his catalogue containing descriptions of a large line of small gasoline launches. The models, which range from 10ft. 6in. upward, are of the sharpie, canoe and dinghy types, both with and without overhangs. The Waverine double cylinder marine motor is used, a very compact and convenient engine. These small power craft are a novelty that will be appreciated by many.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

REVOLVER SHOOTING.

NEWPORT, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with much interest the article from Brass Barrel on handling a revolver. I have often wondered why it was that no space was devoted to revolver shooting, while every issue brings out discussions of the proper caliber, length, weight, loading and holding of rifle and shotgun. Then, too, it seems all the more strange when we think that in no other country is the revolver in more universal use (if ownership or possession implies use), while quite a large proportion of such possessors know little or nothing of the proper manipulation of the arm, to say nothing of efficiency in its use. I am glad Brass Barrel has set the ball rolling, and I trust we may hear from some of the revolver shooting fraternity as he suggests. ROB.

TORONTO, Canada.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Feb. 29 there appeared a letter from Brass Barrel on revolver shooting, in which he suggests that experts such as Walter Winans and others might be induced to contribute articles on the subject to FOREST AND STREAM. Brass Barrel voices the feelings, I have no doubt, of many of your readers, myself included, who, while not experts, have a taste for revolver shooting, but have no opportunity to get tuition in the art.

I have failed to find any book dealing with the modern revolver, and have watched FOREST AND STREAM carefully to see if I could get any hints on the subject, but without result. MORTIMER.

BOSTON, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I find a question asked by Brass Barrel that hits my case "plumb center," and with all due respect for your foot note regarding a high front sight I would like to hear from some one who shoots a revolver and can make a decent score with one. I have been troubled some years with the same complaint that B. B. has and I have become discouraged. RASTUS.

[We have in type for our next issue a practical paper on pistol shooting and another one for early subsequent publication. We believe that these will in large measure supply the instruction asked for.]

One Rifleman's Experience.

DECKERTOWN, N. J., Feb. 8.—From somewhere there was handed down to me a fondness for firearms, that is, some kinds of firearms, for I never took kindly to shotguns. I early fell heir to a good one, but seldom used it. It was too comprehensive to suit me. I wanted an instrument of precision; the rifle and revolver were more to my liking. I read tales of hunters and trappers out West who could drive nails, snuff candles and "bark" squirrels with unerring precision. This was the sort of practice I wished to emulate.

However, I was a grown man before I owned my first rifle. It came to me in the way of a trade, and was a sure enough back number. It was of the kind so highly indorsed by Frank Forrester in his "Manual for Young Sportsmen"; a Perry, made in Newark, N. J. This one was almost a cannon, for it weighed over 10lbs. and carried a .50cal. ball. The load, either a paper cartridge or loose powder and ball, was fed into the forward end of a tumbling breech block, operated by a finger lever. A feeling of chagrin comes over me now when I recall the many loose and erratic ways of that rifle for which I stood responsible. Nothing short of omniscience could tell where a ball fired from it was going to fetch up. I didn't "bark" any squirrels with it that I can remember, and sometimes I weakened and thought that perhaps a scatter gun was not such a bad thing after all for a fellow like me.

I was running a drug store over in New Jersey in those days, and now and again Doc Stiles and I would drop out of town for a little shoot. Doc was a royal good fellow and used to send me lots of prescriptions. He was the very soul of honesty, and I never suspected him of an intent to increase his surgical practice surreptitiously, but when I think of the pounds of lead which we turned loose, in ounce hunks, in our peaceful New Jersey valley, it is a marvel to me that we did not materially diminish the Democratic majority for which that section of New Jersey was particularly noted. There was little danger of hitting a Republican then.

On occasions Lew Beatty would join us with his .36cal. carbine and we would have a glass ball shoot, but most of our shooting was at a target put up against a tree or some other convenient fixed mark.

I cannot say that all this practice made me a much better marksman, but it removed the last vestige of gunshyness. The results of our shooting somehow did not beget confidence. When I found that Lew's old .56 could give my Perry odds, I nearly lost faith in everything along the line. I pulled myself together again, however, and cast about for something better than a Perry.

Long range shooting was all the go then, but I did not care for it. I had served my time at artillery practice, and wanted a change. I began looking for a neat, compact little gun that was easily carried and of a moderate, "good all-round" caliber. This had always been my taste in rifles. I liked condensation.

The market was not as well supplied with light-weight guns then as now; Creedmoor rifles were all the rage. The Sharps and Remingtons had it between them, and made heavy range and sporting weapons mostly. A catalogue of the latter firm contained one little rifle, however, which I thought would suit me, and knowing well the reputation of the firm I sent for the gun, feeling confident that I was going to get something good. It proved to be a flat failure. It was made on the revolving plan and was of .32-cal. Seth Green's favorite arm was a Colt revolving rifle, but it must have been better built than mine, for mine had a dangerous way of firing off several charges when you only calculated on one, and besides was weak, ill-made and forever out of order. I sold it for half its worth to a fellow whose girl had gone back on him, and began to look for something better.

About this time I left the store and went to live on a farm. I was fond of horseback riding, and this part introduced some new features into the choice of an arm. For shooting from the saddle a finger lever is objectionable unless the throw is very short. I liked the Maynard much, but the mode of operating it to me was objectionable for the above mentioned reason. The repeaters then made were not thought to be "in it" with the single loaders for accuracy. The Frank Wesson was my choice at last. These arms seemed to be free from most objectionable features, were neat and finished in appearance, and had an excellent reputation for accuracy. I finally ordered mine of a firm in New York city, .38cal., extra long, 24in. barrel, and 8¼lbs. weight. It was fitted with swivels and sling, and was a singularly handy and handsome little gun. This was before the days of the .32-40, .38-55, etc., and I thought I was choosing a pretty good cartridge. I used a canneiured ball and cut them off at the mouth of the shell, thus getting a good cartridge for short range and small game shooting. I have known the soft lead bullet when used entire with the full charge of 37grs. of powder behind it to pierce sixteen 1in. pine boards placed 1in. apart, and bury itself in a chestnut stump behind them. My shooting was much improved with this gun, and when it did not do right I blamed myself. It would make an unaccountable miss every once in a while, and I noticed that my first shots were always the best. The powder crust had a way of collecting at the rear of the rifling, which I did not quite understand, and that this may have had something to do with my gun's failings I now suspect. I had a feeling that this rifle was trying to be good anyhow, and I used it with a great deal of satisfaction for ten years or more, but still I did not attain to the point of excellence in marksmanship which had been the dream of my boyhood days and the hope of my early manhood.

Finally I concluded that Lyman sights might help me somewhat and packed my rifle off to Middlefield. Mr. Lyman wrote me in a few days that the rifle was ready to ship and in a postscript added that in testing the adjustment of the sights he had found that it had shot wild. This was final. My idol was shattered. It gave me a pang, but my old favorite had to go.

I think the firm I purchased it of was to blame for its faulty behavior. Not having a .38 extra long in stock, they had sent out a .38, short or long, to some bungler to rechamber for the longer cartridge. I find that many a good rifle is ruined in this way. A burr, however slight, left at the rear of the rifling holds the powder crust, and the cutting into the next ball fired destroys all accuracy. The Wesson

arms have an excellent reputation for accuracy and the perfect finish of my rifle went to show the improbability of any detail of its manufacture having been slighted.

My next choice was a Stevens. I never thought this make of rifles handsome and they lack, as far as I have had experience with them, that nice solid workmanlike make-up which is so dear to a rifleman's heart. A single point will explain what I mean. The rifle I bought was supposed to be one of their best finished guns, but if the barrel was tipped up when the hammer was down on the firing pin, and there was nothing to prevent this being done, the firing pin cut into the rear end of the barrel. I did away with this difficulty by making a slight groove in the rear end of the barrel with a rat-tail file. I suggested this simple remedy to the manufacturers, but they did not think it amounted to anything, as "one should not open a rifle with the hammer down," etc. But just such things are happening all the time, and guns should be so constructed as to put accidents as nearly as possible beyond the bounds of possibility. Besides it is not fair or wise to allow such defects to exist to detract from the merits of otherwise excellent arms. Riflemen are finicky about such things and want weapons as perfect in every detail as possible.

For accuracy the Stevens cannot be beaten. When I got hold of mine I was delighted to find what a marvel it was in this way, and I was also much disgusted to think that I had wasted years in practice with rifles that would not shoot where they were aimed. The first thing I did with my new Stevens was to knock over a red squirrel at 81yds. Then I went around and shot the tip off of every lightning rod on the farm buildings without a miss. I found at once that I was a better shot than had seemed possible before. I could do lots of fancy work with this little gun, and each shot added to my confidence. It would shoot where it was aimed every time. The caliber was .22, and it carried the long rifle cartridge. I shot in the 200yd. Tribune match with it and scored 42 with a stiff breeze blowing. This was with plain open sights. With the Lyman sights on I repeatedly in practice made 48 out of the possible 50.

My Stevens still holds good, though somewhat injured by a foolish fellow, to whom it was one day loaned, trying to blow out a lodged ball by firing another cartridge after it. I have killed many hogs and beeves with it, using for this purpose the ordinary short .22 cartridges. One shot does the work every time. For this work I like it better than a larger caliber on account of its creating no alarm among animals when a number are in a bunch together.

Recently when looking up the spruces of northern New Jersey I carried my little rifle with me on the saddle to gather specimen cones and twigs with from the tops of the trees; it saved much troublesome climbing. The Stevens is great, but there are other good guns, and the rifle of the future will be a repeater. When I get a new gun it will be a Marlin '93, to carry the famous .32-40. This suggests an objection to the .22, *i. e.*, the difficulty of keeping it clean, even with good care. I want a rifle with a hole in it—one that I can run a good hickory rod through. I would have my Marlin of the sporting model, but with 20in. barrel, to make it handy on horseback. The .32-40 is up to anything in reason when it has a man behind it who knows how to shoot. In the .32 shell I can use almost any weight ball I please, from the 50gr. round up, and vary the charge to suit my purpose. The solid-head shells can be used many times. Thus I would combine the economy of the .22 with the effectiveness of a larger caliber when I wanted it. The seven charges carried in the magazine of the 20in. Marlin would be ample for any encounter. Express balls and metal-jacketed balls can now be had for this caliber, and they greatly increase its effectiveness. I would buy my gun of Mr. Lyman, furnished with his sights, first, because it would not cost any more than it would without them, and they would greatly increase its efficiency. Besides, I would be more confident of getting a good gun if it was tested by an expert before it came to me. I would have the stock of my rifle made of selected walnut, but without pistol grip or ornamentation, and have it fitted with swivels and sling. This latter arrangement is good even if you use your rifle entirely afoot. If you learn the convenience of a sling strap once, you will never have a rifle without one. With a rifle of the above description I would feel prepared for anything in the line of rifle shooting that is likely to fall to my lot. It is a matter of keeping cool enough and being expert enough to put a ball in the right spot that tells after all, and while I have had no experience in big game shooting, so perhaps am not entitled to an opinion on this subject, I more than half suspect that the reason the majority of sportsmen carry cannon into the woods is that they have not confidence enough in their own marksmanship to hit a vital part with certainty and want to get the game anyhow. Sportsmen are now restricted in many States in the number of deer they may shoot in a season, and it might be a good thing next to compel them to prove a certain amount of proficiency with the rifle before being allowed to shoot at a deer at all. E. W. MILLER.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., April 5.—In the team shoot to-day Lieut. Payne's team scored 1,866 points to 1,859 scored by Capt. Gindele's team. Each team was composed of four men to a side; the totals were made up of the five best scores out of eight shot. Gindele made another clean score of 90 to-day. In a match between Roberts and Nestler for the five best scores, Roberts won, scoring 390 to 369. Payne used King's Smokeless powder to-day. The scores given below were made under the following conditions: 200yds., off-hand, standard target, 7-ring black:

Gindele	8	10	9	8	9	9	8	9	10	10—90
	7	8	7	9	9	9	10	10	10	9—88
	9	6	8	9	7	8	10	8	10	7—83
	7	7	9	10	8	9	8	8	5	10—81
Payne	9	8	10	8	7	10	8	8	9	5—82
	9	6	6	9	10	7	10	7	9	9—82
	10	9	8	9	7	6	9	7	7	9—80
	8	8	8	7	10	8	9	9	5	7—79
Weinheimer	9	8	10	6	8	7	10	6	8	7—79
	5	6	9	5	3	9	5	8	10	7—72
	6	5	10	9	6	5	8	10	5	7—71
	10	10	9	6	6	6	5	8	4	6—70
Wellinger	8	8	6	10	8	9	8	9	10	9—85
	8	8	7	8	9	8	10	9	9	10—83
	8	9	10	8	7	6	5	7	9	9—78
	8	9	6	8	9	9	7	5	10	6—77
Nestler	10	5	7	7	8	7	9	9	10	8—80
	8	8	7	10	6	6	10	6	10	10—81
	9	7	9	8	5	8	10	9	7	7—79
	10	9	9	6	7	6	6	9	7	7—76
Hasenzahl	7	9	8	9	7	8	7	10	8	7—80
	8	9	6	9	8	9	10	7	5	6—77
	6	9	8	9	9	8	5	8	6	9—77
	8	7	7	6	7	9	7	9	8	9—77
Roberts	7	10	10	4	6	9	8	10	8	10—82
	9	8	7	8	8	7	9	9	10	8— 9
	9	5	9	6	10	7	8	8	9	6—77
	8	8	7	8	7	8	10	5	9	7—77
Trounstein	9	5	6	4	10	9	9	8	7	6—73
	5	9	10	8	7	5	8	3	4	5—68
	5	7	4	3	9	10	4	5	7	9—63
	10	9	5	6	4	10	5	3	4	4—60
Drube	8	8	9	6	9	9	9	9	7	6—78
	9	8	6	7	8	7	8	7	9	8—77
	9	8	9	6	10	8	7	8	7	7—76
	8	7	10	9	7	9	6	6	7	6—75

Excelsior Rifle Club.

THE Excelsior Rifle Club, of Jersey City, N. J., will hold a prize shoot at its gallery, 54 Gregory street, that city, April 23-25. The shooting committee is as follows: L. P. Hanson, W. J. Hennessey, R. H. Duff, John Speicher and W. J. Channing.

The programme is open to all, a valuable list of premiums being offered for winning scores on the ring and bullseye targets. On the ring target the price is 25 cents for three shots, or three tickets for $1. On the bullseye it is five shots for 50 cents. The bullseye on this target is 3in. in diameter. Shooting commences at 7 P. M. on April 23 and 24, and at 2 P. M. on April 25. The gallery is only five blocks from the Cortlandt street ferry on the Jersey City side.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

April 20-24.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Twentieth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's and Game Protective Association. J. Emmett Haney, Manager.

April 21.—NEWARK N. J.—Third monthly competition of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the South Side Gun Club. W. B. Hobart, Sec'y.

April 21-23.—ZEELAND, Mich.—First tournament of the Michigan State Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Zeeland Gun Club.

April 21-24.—OMAHA, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament; $1,000 added to the purses. Frank B. Parmalee, Sec'y.

April 22-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 28-29.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Seventh bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds. Open to all.

April 28-30.—JOPLIN, Mo.—Annual Owl Shoot of Kansas and tournament of the Missouri Trap-Shooters' Association; also open-to-all programme; $1,975 added to the purses. W. G. Sergeant, Sec'y.

April 29-30.—BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-6.—BEDFORD, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. R. R. Braxton, Sec'y.

May 5-6.—ALGONA, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Algona Gun Club.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2,000 added money.

May 12-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club $2,000 added money.

May 19-20.—NEPONSETT, Ill.—Semi-annual tournament of the Neponsett Gun Club. E. H. Miller, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co.; $2,000 in cash added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 19-23.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 22-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kas.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 26-28.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—BRANCHVILLE, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Branchville Gun Club. Henry R. Cahrs, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 2-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; $500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—URBANA, Ill.—Third annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club. Frank L. Bills, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; $770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; $500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WOPSONONOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 23-25.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. F. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

A Knoxville, Tenn., paper gives the following information in regard to the efforts of the Knoxville Gun Club in game propagation in eastern Tennessee: "The Knoxville Gun Club proposes assisting nature in making east Tennessee the hunter's paradise, and has made a splendid start by ordering a coop of ring-necked English pheasants, which will arrive in Knoxville to-day. The birds were ordered at the instigation of the club by its president, Mr. S. B. Dow, from John E. Durrell, proprietor of the Pheasant Ridge pheasantry, Pheasant Ridge, O. The coop cost the club $40, but the members are exceedingly anxious to stock this section of the State with this game bird, and as it is a very vigorous and prolific bird, they are sanguine of success. The birds will be taken to a tract of land of which the club has control, and will there be loosened for breeding purposes." The Knoxville Gun Club has done a great deal for trap-shooting in the past, always taking the initiative and making startling departures in the way of tournament-giving. It is quite on a par with the history of this club that it should be among the first—if not the very first—gun club in the South to take active steps toward propagating new game birds in that section of the United States.

The match on Saturday last, April 11, between George McAlpin, of the Carteret Club, and George W. Coulston, of the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was of special interest in view of the fact that Mr. Coulston had recently expressed his willingness to shoot quite a number of different matches, naming his man and the distances at which he would have himself and them stand when shooting the matches. It is evident that Coulston did not think quite so highly of McAlpin's shooting capabilities as did the handicap committee of the Grand American Handicap, since he figured that it was worth 5yds. to him to have the match shot at Woodlawn, the grounds of the New Utrecht Gun Club. McAlpin, whose handicap at Carteret is 29yds., brought down 88 birds out of his 100 from the 28yds. mark, defeating his opponent, who stood at the 30yds. mark, by 3 birds.

We have received a circular issued by the tournament committee of the Rome, N. Y., Gun Club setting forth its claims to the votes of members of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game in favor of holding next year's shoot at Rome. The claims as set forth in the circular are certainly strong ones, and should bear fruit at the annual meeting at Buffalo in June. Rome is a long way from New York city, but as no club in this vicinity has come forward as a candidate for the shoot in 1897, it may be taken for granted that the Rome Gun Club will not be opposed by the delegates from New York city gun clubs.

J. A. Penn, secretary of the newly organized gun club of Wheeling, W. Va., writes us under date of April 10 as follows: "The Wheeling Gun Club, which was organized on Feb. 5, has a membership of sixteen and holds its first shoot on April 14. The President of the club is G. O. Smith, of this city. A team race will be arranged with the Fairmont Gun Club, to take place here some time in the latter part of May." Wheeling has a number of good shots among her citizens, one of the most prominent being the secretary of the club, J. A. Penn, the gentleman to whom we are indebted for the above note.

Frank Lawrence, the "grass suit man," now senior partner in the firm of Lawrence & Lichtenstein, of Beekman street, this city, was a guest at the Saturday afternoon shoot of the Vernon Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, on April 11. In one event it seemed as if fate was unkind to Frank, balks from targets broken in the trap pursuing him during that event with such monotonous regularity that some one remarked that if Frank wore one of his grass suits he probably would not flush the coveys so often.

The Vernon Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., with grounds at city line and Enfield street, is one of the handiest clubs for a Brooklyn shooter to belong to. Under the presidency of Dr. Littlefield the club has taken a new lease of life, and during the coming season its Saturday afternoon shoots will be a feature in the life of a Kings county trap shooter. The grounds are less than a five minutes' walk from the terminus of the Kings County Elevated Railroad in Brooklyn.

One of the best and most durable crimpers we have ever seen is one that is being put on the market by its patentee and inventor, Billy Wagner, of Washington, D. C. Neaf Apgar is using one now and swears by it. The crimp itself is very neat and pretty, and seems to us to compress the paper so firmly while crimping it that the shells will stand a great deal of wear and tear in shipping and handling, with but very little danger of the crimp working loose.

We have been asked several times recently whether any powder is barred in the championship or other events at the E. C. tournament. A reference to the programme will show that no powder, save black powder, is barred. The events are open to all, nobody barred. The championship cup, presented by the E. C. Powder Co., stands 24in. high, is solid silver and is valued at $500. The man that wins it will have to shoot.

The Reliance Gun Club, of Oakland, Cal., is evidently an organization that is officered by energetic men. It has issued a programme for the season of 1896 that shows that the management is fully alive to the importance of keeping up the interest of the club members if the club itself is to be a success. The list of prizes offered is a solid one, and should answer the purpose for which it was designed. The club's secretary is Sheldon I. Kellogg, of Oakland, Cal.

The officers of the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., are: President, Cornelius Furgueson, Jr.; Vice-President, Jere Lott; Secretary-Treasurer, Dr. George E. Pool; Committee on Live-Bird Shooting: C. M. Meyer, G. E. Nostrand and F. W. Duryee; Committee on Target Shooting: A. A. Hegeman, M. Van Brunt and D. Deacon.

A special low rate has been secured for shooters who want to go to Memphis after the E. C. tournament is over. The special car leaves at 3:30 P. M. on May 9, from the foot of Liberty street, this city, and runs to Memphis via the Shenandoah Valley route, a route that carries one through some of the loveliest scenery in the United States.

The third monthly tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League takes place on Tuesday next, April 21, on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, at Newark, N. J. The league team race is scheduled for 3 P. M., as usual; but there will be a series of sweepstake events shot off during the day, commencing at 10 A. M. sharp.

The Inanimate Bird Shooting Association of the British Isles is completing its arrangements for the championship meeting which will be held at Wembley Park on May 27-30. The prize list for the meeting exceeds, so it is said, $3,000 (£600) in value. Target shooting in England is growing very rapidly in popularity. The sport has come to stay.

Capt. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co., through the medium of the London *Field*, has issued a cordial invitation to English target shooters to cross the Atlantic and take part in the tournament of the E. C. Powder Co. An additional attraction Capt. Money holds out the Memphis tournament and the Hazard tournament at Cincinnati.

Last week was the quietest week in trap-shooting circles experienced in many months; it was but the lull before the storm. This week sees the commencement of the Southwestern circuit of Atchison, Kan.; Houston, Tex.; Omaha, Neb., and Joplin, Mo. Other fixtures for this week are Charleston, S. C., and Peekskill, N. Y.

The Newburgh, N. Y., boys are making preparations for their tournament on April 30-May 2. They say (and we believe it) that it will be the shooter's fault if he doesn't have a good time at the grounds of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association on the above dates.

In answer to numerous inquiries received during the past week, we will state once again that the E. C. Powder Co. bars no powder, save black, at its tournament the first week of May. In the regular programme events and in the championship events, contestants may use any nitro powder they choose.

C. E. Robbins, secretary of the Fargo, N. D., Gun Club, writes us that he expects the number of shooters in attendance at the State shoot at Fargo, June 10 and 11, will be double that which was present at the shoot in 1895. The programme for this tournament is noted under the head of "Western Trap."

The Pawtuxet, R. I., Gun Club expects to be in running order by May 1. At a meeting of the club held on Thursday night, April 9, it was decided to erect a club house 12×30ft. The club now boasts of 55 members, among the number some capital target shots.

The programme for the Joplin, Mo., tournament reached us too late for notice in this week's issue. It contains a wealth of advertising matter, but the meat of the work lies in the announcement that $1,975 in cash will be added to the purses at this shoot.

Fred Quimby has been showing the boys at Watson's Park that he can shoot live birds. "Some people think I can't shoot pigeons," says Fred; "let them come at me and I'll show them whether I can or not."

From Fred Gilbert's score in his match with I. W. Budd for the Du Pont Championship trophy on April 4, it looks very much as if it will be some time before Fred receives another challenge.

The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., is out betimes with the announcement of its sixth annual tournament at targets at its Marion grounds on Labor Day, Sept. 7.

APRIL 14. EDWARD BANKS.

The Keystone Men Won.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 9.—In a team race, sixteen men on a side, shot to-day on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League of this city at Holmesburg Junction, the home team won by 28 breaks, scoring 334 to 306 scored by their opponents, the Independent Gun Club, of Reading, Pa. The contest was at 25 targets per man, known traps and angles. The scores were:

Keystone League.		Independent, of Reading.	
Landis	24	Huber	24
French	23	Graff	23
Duke	23	Evans	23
W Johnson	23	Graul	21
Miller	23	Jones	21
Ridge	23	Taylor	20
Peters	21	Schaaber	20
De Voe	21	Henry	20
Leaming	21	Smeck	19
Treadway	21	Lindsley	19
Wolstencroft	21	Eppinger	18
David	20	Hook	18
Thurman	20	Bird	17
Longnecker	19	Cleaver	17
Anderson	18	Esterly	16
E Johnson	15—334	Paddock	10—306

Memphis Gun Club.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., April 4.—Owing to the near approach of the club's big tournament, a great deal of interest is taken in trap matters here. Nearly any day one can find enough club members anxious and willing to go out to the grounds to have a shoot. On regular club days the members turn out in force; to-day proved no exception. There was additional interest in to-day's shoot on account of the contest for an L. C. Smith hammerless gun. To equalize the shooters as far as possible and enable each one to have a chance to win, the conditions of the race were 25 targets for the scratch men, with an allowance of extra targets to those not so skilful. The number of birds allowed is set next to each shooter's name. The gun was won by Bruce Plummer, one of the youngest members of the club, who scored 25 out of 26, after one of the most interesting contests that ever took place here. As the scores show, some excellent shooting was done by a number of the participants:

Allen (25) 23; Neely (25)22; Divine (25) 23; A. B. Duncan (25) 24; J. B. Duncan (25) 21; Poston (25) 23; White (25) 21; Erhardt (25) 19; Bennett (26) 24; Plummer (26) 25; Robertson (26) 20; Thompson (26) 19; Yahnke (26) 22; Mercer (27) 15; Vance (27) 16; Dr. Black (27) 17; Watson (27) 19; Frank (27) 20; Sullivan (28) 24; Deming (28) 20; Walker (28) 13; Gregg (28) 16. PAUL R. LITZKE.

Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League.

MEADVILLE, Pa., April 12.—The arrangements for this season's league contests in the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League have now been made. The prizes to be contended for are:

First—Championship trophy contest; a handsome silver vase of appropriate design; to go to the club whose team shall win the greatest number of contests.

Second—Hunter Arms Co.'s prize; a high grade L. C. Smith hammerless ejector gun, to the club winning the trophy.

Third—Parker Bros. prize of a high grade hammerless Parker gun, to the club whose team shall make the highest aggregate score in all the team contests.

Fourth—The Cleveland Target Co.'s prize of five blue rock target traps, to the club whose team makes the second highest aggregate score in all the team contests.

The first contest takes place at Youngstown, O., on Thursday of this week, and the matter has aroused a good deal of interest among trap shooters in this section. Of course there will be an intense interest on part of the men composing the teams and the prizes will be of sufficient value to stimulate emulation. The greatest good hoped for by most of us is to stimulate the trap-shooting interest by making it popular, so that it may gradually lose the worst of its present gambling element and replace this with high class sportsmen who shall become enthusiasts on the score of the very large amount of sport which may be gotten out of it. The personnel of this league I believe to be first class, and I hope our scores may be worthy of us.

J. W. H. REISINGER, Sec'y Meadville Gun Club.

MEMPHIS TOURNAMENT.—The Southern Railway, "Piedmont Air Line," the only line running through Pullman vestibuled sleeping cars New York to Memphis. Leave New York daily at 4:30 P. M., arriving at Memphis second morning 7 o'clock. Reduced rates secured for this tournament. For full particulars call on or address, New York office, 271 Broadway.

On Long Island.

EUREKA ROD AND GUN CLUB.

April 8.—The Eureka Rod and Gun Club, of New York city, held its monthly live-bird contest at the North Beach, L. I., grounds to-day. The club contest is at 7 live birds, handicap rise. In to-day's contest three men tied for first place with straight scores of 7. On the shoot-off, miss-and-out, James G. Worthley (27) won by killing 4 birds, Wunderlich and Beaumont, both 27yds. men also, scoring 3 and 2 respectively. The full scores were:

J. G. Worthley (27) 7, H. J. Wunderlich (27) 7, J. J. Beaumont (27) 7, C. P. Herbert (28) 6, P. J. Ulrich (27) 6, C. T. Morrissey (28) 5, Dr. J. E. Jelliffe (26) 5, W. H. Rydesburg (25) 4, H. A. Nolan (26) 3, A. J. Reinecker (26) 3, J. A. Anderson (26) 2.

PARKWAY ROD AND GUN CLUB.

April 8.—The monthly live-bird shoot of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was held to-day at Dexter Park. The club contest is at 7 live birds, the members of the club being divided into three classes, a trophy going with each class. J. Bennett and F. A. Thompson were the only shooters to make clean scores, and both being Class A men, they had to shoot off the tie miss-and-out. Bennett won in the third round of the ties. The scores made were:

Class A, 28yds.: J. Bennett 7, F. A. Thompson 7, A. Botty 5.
Class B, 25yds.: John Wye 6, E. Frost 5, H. J. Selover 4, H. Bramwell 3.
Class C, 20yds.: A. Andrews 4.

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.

April 9.—The Unknown Gun Club turned out in force to-day at Dexter Park, the occasion being the regular monthly shoot of the club at live birds. The club contest is at 7 birds for three cash prizes. So good were the birds that not a single straight score was made. John Akhurst, J. Bohling, R. Potter and E. A. Vroome divided first money with 6 each; 5 split up second money, third going to four others. The scores were:

J. Akhurst (25) 6, J. Bohling (26) 6, R. Potter (26) 6, E. A. Vroome (28) 6, M. Brown (28) 5, L. Kolb (25) 5, Wm. Sands (26) 5, Robert Smith (25) 5, J. B. Voorhees (27) 5, H. Boemmermann (25) 4, H. Knebel (28) 4, H. Van Staden (26) 4, D. Timker (31) 4, A. Ranken (23) 3, J. Knebel (25) 3.

ENTERPRISE ROD AND GUN CLUB.

April 10.—The Enterprise Rod and Gun Club, of New York city, held its regular monthly live-bird shoot on the North Beach, L. I., grounds this afternoon. The club competition is at 7 live birds, handicap rises. In this contest three men tied for first prize and club badge: S. G. Hennessey (26), R. V. Bolton (26) and H. L. McTammany (28). On the shoot-off for the club badge, miss-and-out, Hennessey won by scoring 3 straight, Bolton losing his third bird and McTammany his first pigeon in the ties. The scores in the club shoot were:

S. G. Hennessey (26) 7, R. V. Bolton (26) 7, H. L. McTammany (28) 7, T. T. Dillon (27) 5, G. E. Samuels (26) 5, L. G. Schwartz (28) 4, J. V. Briodey (27) 4, P. G. Henderson (28) 4, D. G. Longman (26) 3, G. L. Neilson (26) 3, L. G. Harper (26) 2.

RIDGEWOOD GUN CLUB.

April 10.—The Ridgewood Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held its monthly live-bird shoot at Wissell's Ridgewood Park this afternoon. The attendance of members was very good, 20 shooters facing the traps in the club competition, which was at 7 live birds per man. So good were the birds that not a single straight score was made, while only 3 succeeded in stopping 6 out of their 7 birds. The 3 mentioned above were G. A. Diem (25), Charles Wissell (28) and Peter Eppig (30). Peter Eppig having previously won the badge, he was not entitled to shoot off for it again this month; the shoot-off, miss-and-out, was therefore confined to Wissell and Diem, the former winning in the 3d round. The scores were:

C. Wissell (28) 6, P. Eppig (30) 6, G. A. Diem (25) 6, J. Gardes (30) 4, J. Welz (30) 4, J. Bruemer (25) 1, R. A. Homeyer (28) 3, P. Kunzweiler (25) 3, M. Schlotter (28) 5, H. Neiderstein (25) 3, Ignatz Martin (30) 4, J. Bermel (25) 5, J. J. Jung (25) 4, C. Kadel (25) 5, Eppig, Jr. (28) 5, H. J. Wiemann (30) 5, F. Ibert (30) 2, L. C. Gehring (30) 5, G. F. Widmann (25) 2, G. Silber (25) 4.

BUSHWICK ROD AND GUN CLUB.

April 11.—There was quite a large attendance at the grounds of the Bushwick Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, near Flushing, L. I., this afternoon. The main attraction was a match between Frank G. Barton, of the Hudson Rod and Gun Club of New York city, and Peter J. Ulrich, a member of the Bushwick Rod and Gun Club. The conditions of the shoot were: 50 live birds per man, 28yds. rise, A. S. A. rules to govern. Barton won the match easily by 3 birds, scoring 41 to 38. Other events were also shot as follows:

No. 1, 5 birds, handicap rise: T. J. Williamson (26) 3, D. W. Longman (26) 2, C. R. Claverley (28) 3, B. G. Ullmann (27) 4, A. W. Philips (26) 4, G. W. Schmidt (26) 3, L. G. Hennessey (26) 2, T. H. Cameron (26) 3, H. P. Loomis (26) 4, S. G. Porter (26) 4.

No. 2, same: F. S. Andrews (26) 3, R. V. Koehler (26) 5, T. J. Williamson (26) 3, D. W. Longman (26) 2, C. R. Claverley (26) 2, B. Ullmann (27) 2, A. W. Philips (26) 4, G. W. Schmidt (26) 1, L. G. Hennessey (26) 2, T. H. Cameron (26) 3, H. P. Loomis (26) 4, S. G. Porter (26) 1.

No. 3, miss-and-out, 26yds. all: F. S. Andrews 3, Koehler 1, Williamson 0, Longman 2, Claverley 3, Ullmann 1, Philips 2, Schmidt 1, Hennessey 2, Cameron 2, Loomis 2, Porter 1.

No. 4, same: Philips 0, Porter 1, Koehler 2, Williamson 2, Longman 1, Claverley 2, Ullmann 0, Schmidt 3, Hennessey 2, Cameron 1, Loomis 3.

VERNON ROD AND GUN CLUB.

April 11.—The regular Saturday shoot of the Vernon Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held this afternoon, was well attended, several guests of the club being among those who took part in the several events shot off. The team race was the feature of the afternoon's sport, each man shooting at 25 targets, known traps and angles, the losing team paying for the targets. The scores in all the events were as follows, Neaf Apgar, of Plainfield, N. J., making the high average for the afternoon:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*25*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*
N. Apgar	8	9	8	9	9	6	10	23	9	15	15	17
F. S. Edwards	9	7	9	10	9	5	9	24	10	10	12	18
A. Hegeman	6	9	7	5	4	4	6	18	..	..	..	..
P. Adams	8	6	8	9	9	6	10	21	8	13	13	..
M. Herrington	8	9	8	8	9	4	9	21	9	14	11	..
T. Baron	8	8	5	7	..	5	..	21	..	..	..	12
H. S. Welles	..	5	6	7	6	3	5	15	8	12	9	..
F. A. Thompson	..	8	9	7	6	2	8	21	8	12	12	..
Dr. Allen	..	4	7	8	5	..	5	17	..	..	8	..
H. L. Johnson	..	5	6	4	4	1	..	14	1	..	..	..
S. Lyons	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	..	..
J. S. Remsen	..	..	8	10	7	..	8	23	9	12	..	..
Frank Lawrence	..	..	5	5	..	..	4	18	6	14	..	..
Thornton	..	..	..	..	6	2	6	18	6	10	..	..
Bishop	..	..	..	..	4	3	..	11	6	..	..	..
Dr. Adams	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	8	..	..	..

In the above events No. 6 was at 5 pairs. No. 8 was a team race between teams chosen and captained respectively by Edwards and Thompson. As the full score below shows, Edwards's team won by 11 breaks:

Edwards's Team.

F S Edwards	1111111110111111111111111—24		
Neaf Apgar	1111111111011110111111111—23		
Platt Adams	0111111101110111101111111—21		
S Lyons	0111111111101111011111011—21		
Frank Lawrence	1110011111111111011100100—18		
Thornton	0111000111111101111101011—18		
H S Welles	1000001101011110011111101—15—140		

F. A. Thompson's Team.

J S Remsen	1110111111111111111111101—23
T Baron	1111101111111111001110111—21
M Herrington	0011111111111110111111011—21
F A Thompson	1111111111100111111001111—21
A A Hegeman	0111110011001101111011111—18
H L Johnson	0101010111000111101100110—14
Bishop	1110000011011100010101000—11—129

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

April 11.—George McAlpin, of the Carteret Club, and G. W. Coulston, of the New Utrecht Gun Club, shot a match to-day on the New Utrecht's live-bird grounds at Woodlawn, L. I. The conditions were: 100 live birds per man, $100 a side, Coulston at 30yds., McAlpin at 28yds. At the end of the 25th round Coulston led by one bird, but the score was a tie at the half-way mark. Both scored 20 out of the third series of 25, so the score was still a tie when they started to work on the last series of 25. In this series McAlpin did his best work, scoring 24 out of the 25, running out with 20 straight kills and a total of 88 to 85 for Coulston.

In the club shoot at 10 live birds, W. G. Clark was the only one to score 10 straight. Clark, Gilman and Frost were the winners in their respective classes. Scores:

G W Coulston (30), New Utrecht G C	0122220212222220222222122—22
	0411212122222222214.20220—22
	2e222202020221222e22222221—20
	2211202221220022222011212—21—85
G S McAlpin (28), Carteret Club	022222e121221022222212221e2—21
	2222202221202222222222222—23
	22e20e2211122212e31210222—20
	2222022212222222222222222—24—88

Club shoot:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Class A.		
W G Clark*	2221222122—10	
T W Morfey	e221222222— 9	20002—3
C Furgueson, Jr	2202222222— 9	22221—5
Capt Money	212022212e— 8	01111—4
Dr Littlefield	1100010110— 6	.....
W F Sykes	201202221 — 7	01220—3
G W Coulston	02212002 — 5	22101—4
Class B.		
Gilman*	2021112121— 9	0211e—3
Dr Shepard	0021122012— 7	e2212—4
Conny Furgueson	e2e0222202— 6	22222—5
F W Duryea	2001112010— 6	20001—2
D Bennett	02121002 — 5	.....
Class C.		
Frost*	20011121e2— 7	.....
Parr	2020210021— 6	00122—3
Fleet	0000021101— 4	
Deacon		01111—4
Daley (guest)	22012020 — 5	22222—5
McAlpin		22021—4

* Winners in their respective classes.

In New Jersey.

ENDEAVOR GUN CLUB.

April 4.—The regular shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club of Jersey City was held to-day on its grounds at Marion. The wind was very high, making the shooting very difficult and having its effect upon the attendance. All events were at 10 targets, unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
E. Ingam	8	6	7	5	6	8	7	9	8	7
J. S. Dustin	7	8	6	8	7	6	7	6	6	6
Seeley	4	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G. H. Piercy	5	8	8	7	8	7	6	7	7	7
L. Piercy	4	..	6	6	..	7	6	..	..	..
A. R. Strader	..	8	8	9	8	8	6	9	8	8

J. A. CHEVELING, Secretary.

HAMILTON GUN CLUB.

April 4.—Only three of the members of the Hamilton Gun Club, of Hamilton Square, N. J., faced the traps this afternoon. A bitter and exceedingly strong northwest wind made the flight of the bluerocks very erratic at times. Scores in the club shoot, 25 targets, known angles, were as follows:

W A Mellan	1111101111011111011011111—21
J V Hutchinson	0011110110111000010011111—15
Wm Cubberly	1111001001010000100101000—10

FORESTER GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

April 11.—The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., held its monthly target shoot this afternoon. The attendance of members was not very large, but some good scores were the result of the efforts of those present. The programme was a varied one; Nos. 1 and 3 (medal shoot) and 7 were at known angles; Nos. 2, 5 and 7 at reversed order; No. 4, expert rule. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*25*	*20*	*15*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*25*	*20*	*15*	*10*	*10*
Wambold	9	14	24	15	12	7	8	Winans	8	10	17	..	..	..	7
Sinnock	9	13	23	18	14	9	8	Dr Cummins	..	..	19	15	18	8	..
D Fleming	9	10	18	14	..	..	7	C Smith	..	..	18	15	..	..	..
T Smith	7	10	20	16	..	..	5	J Fleming	..	..	..	14	11	..	..
Jewell	5	11	17	9	9	7	8								

H. E. WINANS, Sec'y.

Programmes for Forthcoming Tournaments.

NEBRASKA'S STATE SHOOT.

THE programme for the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association tournament, to be held at Omaha, Neb., on April 21-24, has reached us, and is indeed a formidable looking booklet, being composed of 56 pages without counting the cover. The large amount of advertising matter in those pages is a high tribute to the popularity of the State Association, of the local organization under whose auspices the shoot will be held, and of the management of the tournament—Messrs. Frank Parmalee, George Loomis and J. C. Read, men who are deservedly popular with all the shooters in the Southwest and with those who attend the tournaments of the circuit.

Divested of the advertising matter the programme is not a lengthy one. For the first three days the management has provided exactly similar programmes: Eight 20-target events, $3 entrance, $30 added to each purse, and a 50-target event, $3 entrance, handicap allowance of targets. The first prize in this event on the first day is a $100 dress suit, on the second day an $80 Remington hammerless gun, and on the third day a silver cup presented by the E. C. Powder Company. In each of these events there are also four other prizes, the purse being divided into four moneys.

The programme for the morning of the fourth day, April 24, contains four 20-target events precisely similar to those on the first three days of the shoot. The afternoon programme is about the most important of the whole shoot; three special events are set down for decision on that afternoon. These are: (i) Diamond badge championship of the State of Nebraska, 10 live birds per man, $10 entrance; (ii) gold medal for champion club team, 10 targets per man, two men to a team, $5 per team; (iii) Plattsmouth cup for champion club team, four men to a team, 10 targets per man, $10 per team. The above events are open only to residents of the State of Nebraska.

Cash prizes for grand averages are given for all events up to and including the programme for the morning of April 24. There will be twelve average moneys graduating from $20 down to $9, the whole making a sum total of average money of $168. The programme does not state whether this is for high guns, hence we presume that it means class shooting as far as grand averages are concerned.

The "notes" contain, as usual, information of value to intending visitors, chief among the items mentioned being the instructions as to the shipment of shells and guns. These should be shipped either to the Paxton Hotel or in care of the F. S. Parmalee Gun Co. This information is something that should never be omitted from a programme of any similar event. The grounds will be open for practice on Monday, April 20. All purses, except when otherwise stated, are divided into five moneys. All ties in the target races are divided, except those for the first prizes in the 50-target events; such ties must be shot off. All shooting will be at known traps, unknown angles, from two sets of empire traps. The Paxton Hotel will be headquarters for shooters; the cashier will be at the hotel at 8 P. M. each evening from Monday, April 20, until the close of the tournament, for the purpose of taking entries and paying off moneys.

TEXAS STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

The twentieth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association will be held at Houston, Tex., on April 20-24, under the personal management of J. Emmett Haney, of that city. It is by no means an easy matter to give a synopsis of the programme gotten out for the occasion by Mr. Haney, who has devoted much time and labor to drawing up a programme that will attract the shooters of the Lone Star State.

In addition to a long list of merchandise prizes, the association adds $230 to the purses as follows: On the first day, April 20, it adds $30 to the purses in three 20-target events, $2.50 entrance; on the second day it does the same thing over again; on the third day it adds $10 to each of the purses in four 20-target events, $2.50 entrance, and on the fourth day it adds $10 to the purse in seven similar events. The fifth day is devoted to live birds. The main event on this day is the contest for the Individual Championship Diamond Medal, for which event the association guarantees a purse of $300 in case there are twenty-five entries; the contest is at 20 live birds, and the medal is now held by M. F. Hope, of Farmersville, Texas.

There are several other championship events in the programme. On the first day, event No. 4 is the contest for the championship challenge medal, 50 targets, $3.50, targets extra; this medal was won last year by the late August Holzapfel (Holz), of Cuero, who took it with a score of 49 out of 50. Event No. 4, on the second day, is the contest for the team championship, each team to consist of two men, both members of a regularly organized gun club that is itself a member of the State association; the contest is at 25 targets per man, $5 a team, targets extra; Messrs. McCormack and Joe George, of San Antonio, won this event in 1895. Event No. 7, on the second day, and event No. 6, on the third day, are contests for an Ithaca 16-gauge hammerless and a Remington 12-gauge hammerless respectively.

Other special prizes are: Diamond badge, valued at $50, presented by J. L. Mitchell to the member of the T. S. S. A. who makes the highest average in all the programme events; diamond watch charm, valued at $75, donated by W. D. Teusten & Co. to the resident of Harris county who makes the highest average in all the programme events. The Remington gun contest will be a handicap affair, the handicap being as follows: All contestants who have averaged 90 per cent. or better during the first two days will shoot at 20yds. rise; 85 per cent. men will shoot at 18yds., and 80 per cent. men at 16yds. for 12-gauge guns; 10-gauge guns, 2yds. further back.

THE NEWBURGH PROGRAMME.

The programme for the tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., is decidedly easy to describe. The dates for the tournament are April 30-May 2. The first two days are devoted to targets, and on each of these days a programme of ten 20-target events, $2 entrance, is scheduled; three of the ten events each day are at known angles. The live-bird programme for the third day is as follows: No. 1, 5 birds, $5; No. 2, 7 birds, $7; No. 3, 10 birds, $10.

The club donates $50 for average money, divided as follows: $15, $12, $10, $8 and $5 to the shooters making the best general averages on targets; ties divided unless otherwise agreed upon. In all events there will be three moneys under twelve entries; over twelve, four moneys. All guns shoot from the same mark. These grounds have a good sky background, and the programme will be shot out, rain or shine. Gidney's Hotel, 200yds. from the traps, makes a rate of $1.50 per day. Stages run from 44 Water street, Newburgh, direct to the grounds.

Weiler Gun Club, of Allentown.

ALLENTOWN, April 7.—The John F. Weiler Gun Club held its regular monthly medal shoot on their new grounds at the Duck Farm Hotel, Griesemersville, this afternoon. It proved to be one of the most successful meetings since the club's organization. Among the participants were shooters from Carbon, Berks, Bucks, Northampton and Lehigh counties.

Before the regular match John Rehrig, of Lehighton, who, it is said, will shortly arrange a match with Frank Class, gave an exhibition of his skill with the gun and rifle. With the latter he hit quarters which were hurled into the air.

The gold medal was won by Brey, but he waived his claim to it and allowed it to go to the next highest man. The individual scores were as follows:

Club shoot, 25 targets per man:

M Brey	1111101111101111011111111—22
H Porter	1111101001110111111111111—21
I Hahn	0111101111111011110111101—20
H Schantz	1101011111111111011110110—20
F Saeger	0110011111111101111111110—20
J Rehrig	1101111111011111100111100—19
C Hohe	1101101111010011101111110—18
H Mohr	1110111110110100101101111—18
A Greasemer	1110110011011001101100101—15
S Weiler	1111100000000101111111101—15
O Acker	0100011011111010101010100—12
E F Miller	0010000011001110111110010—12
A Miller	0001001000001011001011110—9
H Acker	0101010010000000101000000—6
A Weiler	0000010000011000000010000—4
H Erdman	0000000000000001010000110—4

In a sweep at 6 live birds, $2, 3 moneys, the following scores were made:

John Rehrig, Harry Gassner, S. Weiler and H. Parker 6, Frank Saeger, M. Brey and A. Weiler 5, A. Greasemer, O. H. Acker and H. Mohr 4, Isaac Hahn and Ed Ulmer 3.

Western Traps.

ILLINOIS STATE.

CHICAGO, April 11.—A meeting of the board of directors of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association was held at the Sherman House yesterday afternoon to make preliminary arrangements for the annual shoot to be held at Burnside, June 2.

DAKOTA STATE.

The business-like programme is at hand of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association's second annual shoot, June 10 and 11, at Fargo, targets only. The Rose system of division of purses will be used, no handicap, except that professionals and agents will shoot at unknown traps and unknown angles in all events. Under the above system there can be no dropping for place, and all shooters may come, under the assurance they will have a square deal and a rattling good time at a pleasant place and among pleasant people. Several special attractions and a long list of merchandise prizes are offered. The officers of the association are: C. E. Robbins, Fargo, President; J. J. Gokey, Dawson, First Vice-President; D. R. Duck, Larabee, Second Vice-President; W. W. Smith, Fargo, Secretary; H. E. Magill, Fargo, Treasurer.

GARFIELD SERIES.

The series of six live-bird shoots for club individual championship held by the Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, will close to-day. Mr. T. P. Hicks is held safe for first, and either O. von Lengerke or Dr. Shaw for second.

EUREKA CLUB.

Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, is now doing business regularly at the old stand, and promises to show plenty of sport alike to members, visitors and competitors this summer.

WILL GO EAST.

Frank Parmalee and half a dozen others from Omaha state that they are going East to the E. C. Powder Company's tournament, May 5-8, and they will be but a few among the Western men that will be there, including of course Budd, Grim and the rest of the Iowa contingent, a few from Illinois and more from Ohio. For all these we bespeak consideration at the hands of the Eastern shooters, who we are to understand will be there from all corners from Maine to New Jersey. The inducements offered will take a lot of Western capital to the seaboard, but as the circuit progresses we will get it all back again before the snow flies in the fall.

E. HOUGH.

900 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

The Grand American Handicap Record.

PAUL R. LITZKE, of Little Rock, Ark., writes us as follows: "I see a report going the rounds of the press to the effect that the number of entries in the Grand American Handicap (104) was the largest that ever took part in any live-bird sweepstake shoot in this country, and, with the possible exception of the Grand Prix du Casino at Monte Carlo, won by Mr. Lorillard in 1878, was the best on record for the world. Taking everything into consideration, such as the number of birds each contestant is required to shoot at, the amount of entrance money, and the fact that whenever a shooter is unfortunate enough to lose three birds he must retire from the contest, and furthermore that it was high guns to win, the large number of entries is nothing short of remarkable.

"Yet it still remains a matter of record, that the number of entries in the Grand American Handicap of 1896 has been exceeded in the United States. During the tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, in June, 1891, at Watson's Park, Chicago, there were 128 entries in the Board of Trade diamond badge contest. The conditions of this event are 10 live birds per man, $10 entrance, 4 moneys, class shooting. Only eighteen of the contestants succeeded in killing all of their birds, and it was necessary for Mr. M. J. Eich to kill 15 more birds straight before he disposed of those in the tie with him; he had therefore to kill 25 birds straight to win the trophy. Rolla Heikes will doubtless remember this event, as he was one of the 34 who scored 9, and Roll, as usual, didn't do a thing but shoot them all out, though he had to kill nineteen straight in the shoot-off.

"What is more remarkable about the above large entry list is, that it is one of the conditions of the contest that anybody to be eligible to compete must be a resident of the State of Illinois. Rolla Heikes was then residing in Chicago, representing the Standard Keystone Target Co."

Mr. Litzke, who is representing FOREST AND STREAM at Airy Lou Hardt's shoot this week, and who will in turn visit Omaha, Neb., and Joplin, Mo., in our behalf, is a walking encyclopedia of events in the history of trap-shooting. We thank him for reminding us of the above event, although we hardly think it is fair to either event to draw comparisons between them. One was an "open to all, 25 birds, $25, birds extra," affair; the other was a "State event at 10 birds." Each is a record in its way, although the list of entries in the Chicago event stands as the record for the largest number of entries in a live-bird sweepstake in the United States. The Grand American Handicap of 1896 had 109 entries, 104 shooters, not 104 entries, as stated above by our correspondent.

Binghamton Gun Club.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., April 8.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Binghamton Gun Club:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Kendall	18	23	20	21	Hall	7	18	11	..
Boss	17	18	20	18	Vance	..	13	18	..
Brown	22	21	22	19	Hobbi	..	..	21	23

H. W. B.

MEMPHIS TOURNAMENT.—A special Pullman car will leave for the Memphis tournament via the Royal Blue and Shenandoah Valley route from foot of Liberty street, New York city, on Saturday, May 9, at 3:30 P. M. Reduced rates have been secured. For information apply to J. E. Prindle, New York Passenger Agent, 317A Broadway, New York; or L. J. Ellis, Eastern Passenger Agent, 317A Broadway, New York.

At Watson's Park.

Grand Crossing, Ill., March 31.—The following scores were made to-day at Watson's Park, the shooters named indulging in a little practice work:

Fred Gilbert	11111111101111212111	—19
W L Shepard	00101102022001210121222211011012	—22
Rice	00002102210000201001110022	—13
J H Amberg	01101200221201111010	—13
McCauley	00000220201111220210	—11
A C Bogardus	0012000002210	— 5

In a shoot at 20 empire targets on the same day the scores were: Gilbert 18, Amberg 16, Bogardus 15, Rice 13, McCauley 12, Shepard 10.

April 3.—There was quite a lot of shooting to-day at Watson's Park. Among those doing some practice work were: I. W. Budd, of Pemberton, N. J., and Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., the principals in to-morrow's match for the Du Pont championship trophy. W. P. Mussey also did some practice work at live birds as follows:

W P Mussey	0020220200222020000120120—13
	2201110220002220222222210—16—31

In shooting at 50 live birds for practice I. W. Budd did not show up very strongly, only scoring 40 out of his 50 as below:

I W Budd	2211210120122010112210020—18
	1101211011112021111111111—22—40

Three sweeps at live birds were also shot. Nos. 1 and 2 were at 10 birds, $5, 2 moneys; No. 3 at 5 birds, $3, 2 moneys:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Eddie Bingham	2222202202—8	2222122212—10	22222—5
L M Hamiline	2220020220—6	1112110220— 8	11202—4
I W Budd	2222000002—5	2000221021— 6	01122—4
Fred Gilbert	1221202221—9	2222112011— 9	11222—5
Ingriff	0010222112—7	1220221211— 9	20021—3
Lebl	0002001020—3	....	.....
W L Shepard	1021112200—6	....	01010—2
W P Mussey	....	2212120020— 7	.....

After the above live-bird practice, Mussey and Hamiline shot a couple of 50-target races, breaking even as below:

No. 1:

W P Mussey	10001001100011111111001100110100100011100111110110—26
L M Hamiline	01101011001010111111110110101110111001111100010101—28

No. 2:

W P Mussey	01111100111111100101110110010100110101100010001011—29
L M Hamiline	01101011010001011010101010010100011100101010100 11—25

On this day also in practice at 40 targets the following scores were made: H. F. Carson 34, Fred Gilbert 33, W. L. Shepard 24, Rice, Jr., 20.

April 4.—In addition to the Gilbert-Budd 100-bird race, the scores of which appeared in Forest and Stream of April 11, several events at live birds were also disposed of to-day at Watson's Park. The match between Fred Quimby, of the W. Fred Quimby Co. of New York, and L. M. Hamiline, of this city, created a lot of interest. Quimby, who shot extremely well, won easily by 6 birds. Score:

L M Hamiline	1201102020201020002122210—15
W Fred Quimby	1211020102112222022222101—21

A 10-bird sweep, $5, 2 moneys, resulted as follows:

Dr Frothingham	1222221222—10	W F De Wolf	0022210000— 4
W L Shepard	2210211221— 9	G Deiter	2211020022— 8
Fred Gilbert	2222211121—10	I W Budd	2011011211— 8
Richards	2211212101— 9	E S Rice	00122w

Another sweep, same as above, was also shot:

R Kuss	2121122021— 9	T P Hicks	1121122101— 9
Dr Shaw	120002 — 3	Babcock	20020 — 2
Schick	1021212112— 9	A C Bogardus	0101121002— 6
G Deiter	2221222222—10	Mason	1221021021— 8
C E Felton	0202101112— 7	Knott	1002121202— 7
G Kleinman	1012111001— 7	Barto	2222000022— 6
Eddie Bingham	2224022222— 9		

Another 10-bird sweep, similar in every particular to the two foregoing sweeps, resulted as below:

Fred Gilbert	1221111221—10	Thompson	2202122001— 7
George Kleinman	1221121212—10	Shepard	0112220012— 7
G Deiter	2222222222—10	Shoge	0220102101— 6
R Kuss	0211212102— 8	Wilcox	1220012001— 6
L M Hamiline	1120111010— 7		

Eddie Bingham and A. C. Bogardus shot a couple of 50-target races as below:

No. 1, 50 targets, expert rule, $10 a side:

E Bingham	11111111111110100011011111111111111011111111101101—42
A C Bogardus	01011101111011111111101110110101100101111111100011—36

No. 2, 50 targets, $10 a side, 3 known traps, known angles:

E Bingham	01111111111110111011111111111111111110111101111111—45
A C Bogardus	11111111011101111111111111101101011111111111111111—45

The tie in the last race was shot off at 10 targets, Bogardus winning by breaking 10 to Bingham's 7.

Other target scores on this day were:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Thompson	60	42	Johnson	20	10
Shepard, Jr.	50	31	Dr Shaw	50	34
Rice, Jr.	50	25	G Kleinman	50	40
Barto	25	20	R Kuss	50	40
Knott	20	14	Goodman	25	6
Wilcox	25	15	Johnstone	15	8
Schogen	25	16			

Ravelrigg.

The Memphis Tournament.

We have just received a copy of the programme for the third annual tournament of the Memphis Gun Club. The Memphis tournament of 1894 was a big affair, but the shoot given last year outdid its predecessor in every detail. This year the club proposes to have a week of shooting, and to make this event an improvement on that of 1895. As an inducement for shooters to attend its tournament the club will add $1,600 in cash and $500 in prizes to the purses. The dates for the shoot are May 11-16.

For the first day, May 11, there can hardly be said to be any regular schedule of events; it is really "merchandise prize" day, prizes valued as above at $500 being shot for on that day. The main feature of the day will be the "Memphis Mystery" event; in this event every contestant is guaranteed a prize equal in value to the amount of his entrance fee. This event ought to be productive of much genuine fun. Other events to suit shooters will also be shot.

The list of events scheduled for each of the next four days of the shoot, May 12-15, is as follows: seven 20-target events, $2 entrance, $50 added to each event; one 25-target event, $4 entrance, $50 added to each purse. This makes a total of twenty-eight 20-target events and four 25-target events; thirty-two events in all, with $50 added to each purse. All purses are divided into 5 moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.

In its programme for the sixth day of the shoot the club has made a departure from the usual practice of breaking inanimate targets, a departure that has been rendered possible by recent legislation in the State of Tennessee. For this day a handicap at 25 live birds is announced, $20 entrance, $300 guaranteed by the club and all surplus money added, class shooting, 4 moneys. Entries for this event can be made up to the night of May 15, post entries paying a forfeit of $5 extra.

The above completes a recapitulation of the programme with the exception of a few references to the "rules and regulations." Under this head the club announces "No handicap, open to all." All shooting will be at unknown angles. Dropping for place will not be tolerated, the club adding: "*We mean it.*" Shooting commences each day at 8:30. Special rates of a fare and a third on all railroads. Shells and guns can be sent in care of J. G. Schmidt & Son or Frank Schumann. In either case all goods so sent will be delivered at the grounds free of charge.

In regard to the special Pullman car for Memphis from New York, which will leave at 3:30 P. M. on May 9 via the Shenandoah Valley route, the programme requests that those desiring berths in the car should send in their names to Noel E. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co., Oakland, N. J., or to Tom Keller. We have been asked to state that owing to Keller's business calling him to the extreme western limits of the United States, he will be unable to be present at the shoot or attend to the booking of berths for the above cars. All letters in regard to such matters should be sent to Noel Money.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

Missoula, Mont., April 5.—Inclosed please find scores of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club, made to-day at the weekly medal contest. J. M. Evans carried off the medal on a score of 19; F. H. Allinson the silver medal on a score of 10 out of 20 singles at unknown angles. Scores:

A Class.

J M Evans	11111111101111111111—19
H W Thompson	11110110111110111110—16
Will Cave	11110011111011111110—16
W P Brayton	11001111111010001100—12
J P Menard	11101111010110101111—15
Ed Minx	00110000010011100001— 7
Robt Rogers	11011110111101110101—15
C A Searles	11111111011111011011—17

B Class.

F H Allinson	00110100101100101101—10
C W Bishop	01110101100000010100— 8

Will Cave, Sec'y.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

HERRON HILL GUN CLUB.

Pittsburg, Pa., April 4.—W. S. King did some good work to-day at the live-bird shoot held by the Herron Hill Gun Club. In a 5-bird sweep and the two 10-bird sweeps that followed it he went straight, making a run of 25 straight. In the 15-bird sweep he only scored 10, but in the miss-and-out that brought the day's proceedings to a close he ran 10 straight, dividing the pot with C. A. May. The scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
C A May	02121—4	2120210011— 7	2011221101— 8
W S King	21112—5	1221112222—10	1122122121—10
A H King	22111—5	1121121120—10	0112021202— 8
McPherson	12211—5	2222202022— 8	0212121202— 8
Farmer	10111—4	1101012001— 6	....
J S Robb, Jr.	12112—5	2212212022— 9	0021211022— 7
Cleveland	.....	0022201012— 5	1020010100— 4

	No. 4.	No. 5.
C A May	201200221112112—12	1112222212—10
A H King	012212111110122—13	10 — 1
McPherson	200220221022022—10	222120 — 5
W S King	200211221100101—10	2121121212—10
Cleveland	100102212100010— 8	20 — 1
J S Robb, Jr.	112212021202112—12	1220 — 3
Farmer	122010201212121—12	212220 — 5

HAZELWOOD GUN CLUB.

April 4.—The regular Saturday shoot of the Hazelwood Gun Club was well attended. In the first event, at 25 targets, Dr. Stilley ran 25 straight, while Crossland only dropped his 7th target. The scores in the two most important races shot during the afternoon were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2
Dr Stilley	1111111111111111111111111—25	1111111101111111001011101—20
Crossland	1111110111111111111111111—24	1111111111011111110111101—22
W Walton	1111111110111111111010111—22	1111111111101111011111010—21
Smith	0111111110111111111111011—22	1110111111101110111011101—20
P McCann	1110111101111111101110010—19	1111111111111011000100110—18
F Wilbert	1010111011110111011011110 - 18	....
Parsons	1111111100101111010110010—17	0101111101111100011100111—17
C Duke	0100100111011101101101011—15	1110011001111011110111000—16
O'Brien	0011000101101110001111001—13	....
Conerton	....	0011011110111101101001001—15
C Stilley	....	1111101111110011100010110—17
Dr Holmer	....	0011101111011111111001111—19

New Castle Gun Club.

New Castle, Pa., April 8.—The regular weekly shoot of the New Castle Gun Club was held this afternoon. The attendance of members was very good, 36 shooters taking part in the club event, which resulted as follows:

Club shoot, 25 targets:

Dr Wilson	1001011110001100001011011—13
Tom Elliott	1011101001110111111111110—19
E D Reis	1010001001000101101000000— 8
C W Hart	0111111111111010010101100—17
B Cosel	1011011001111011010110101—16
C G Sankey	1111110000100010110101111—15
Wm Harlan	0001000101101110000000000— 7
A M North	0011101100001100110001110—12
B T Braby	0011001101000111001100011—12
Jas Braby	1100101101000010100001111—12
E I Agnew	1011111010011010011010111—16
Sam Cosel	0010100000010000011000000— 5
F Grace	1011001011100010010100101—12
B Cunningham	1010101000001011010111111—14
J O Sutherland	1101010000101000001001100— 9
Shaner	0101110011110100011001000—12
Armstrong	1000011011011000111011111—15
Dr Bell	0110011110011010000001100—11
F Harlan	0000100000001111000111110—10
William Hill	0001110001101110100110000—11
L D Pierce	1100111111011111110111001—19
W Alexander	0000010010101010010000100— 8
M Gillette	0011010010111001001111000—14
J A DeNormandie	0110001101101100110111000—14
J Reis	0101111111101011111100111—19
Rev Glatzert	1001111000100110111010000—12
Dr Lee	0010100110000111000001111—11
P A Buchanan	0110111010001111101111000—15
J Elder, Jr	0111110011010100001001101—13
Dr Greene	0001000000000100110010100— 6
George Pearson	0111101011110100101011001—15

D. F. Harland, Sec'y.

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Mass., April 8.—The last shoot but one in the Boston Gun Club spring prize series took place at Wellington, Mass., to-day. About a dozen shooters turned up to do justice to the programme. The prize totals have for the past three shoots assumed a condition most interesting. Between first and second is a difference of 3 birds, and it is by no means an impossibility that the second will succeed as winner of gold badge. Third and fourth positions are already tied, also sixth and seventh. The final day is awaited with some degree of anxiety. The weather conditions this week were excellent, and though the prize scores were somewhat lower than the average, some good shooting was done in the extra events.

Events:	*1*	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*	*6*	*7*	*8*	*9*	*10*	*11*	*12*	*13*	*14*	*15*
Targets:	10	10	5	6	10	10	5	6	10	5	10	10	5	10	10
Gordon	8	7	3	4	4	7	4	4	9	5	5	8	3	6	10
Sheffield	8	9	4	2	2	5	3	2	6	4	6	8	5	9	9
Miskay	6	7	4	2	8	8	2	3	6	3	8	10	8	7	..
Sewall	7	9	2	2	6	6	3	5	6	3	10	7	4	5	6
Eddy	6	4	3	3	8	8	3	3	6	2	5	8	3	6	8
Horace	..	4	3	3	..	8	3	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Spencer	..	6	4	..	..	7	4	4	7	4	5	8	5	7	9
Williams	..	..	5	..	..	8	3	3	7	..	3	..	3	..	..
Pond	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	5	8	..	4	6	7

Events 2 and 11 were known reverse, 3 and 7 unknown, 4, 5 and 8 pairs, 5 straightaways, 13 known angles, use of two barrels, and balance of events known angles, with 14 at 20yds. distance.

Between events 10 and 11 two straightaway miss-and-outs were shot and won by Eddy and Gordon.

Events 6, 7 and 8 composed second last contest in prize series scores as follows: Gordon 15, Horace 15, Spencer 15, Eddy 14, Sewall 14, Williams 14, Miskay 13, Sheffield 10.

Meadville Gun Club.

Meadville, Pa., April 8.—This was the opening day of our shooting season for 1896. It was rather a slim affair, however, as the water has been all over our grounds and they have not dried out well as yet. The scores were:

Class A.

	No. 1.	No. 2.
H A Johnson	1110111111111111111111011—23	1111011111111011011111111—22
F W Smith	0011111111111101111111111—23	1111011111011011111111111—22
Hayes	1111111111111110101101011—21	1110110011011011011001111—17
Reisinger	0110111011111110111010111—19	1010111111111111111111111—23
Prenatt	1110011011110110111100111—18	0000011111111111111101111—19

Class B

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Stein	1111111101111101010111110—20	0111101101110111111101001—18
Krider	1010111011010011111110111—18	1011100100111011000001010—12
Clark	1000111011111011110011111—18	1110111111110100111111111—21
Lasbell	0101010111110110111001011—16	0011111101011010111011011—17
Leberman	1000110110100100111100011—13	0001101100111000000111000—10

Class C.

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Baker	1100111000001101110000010—11	1111111010111111000110111—19
Yates	0000000001101101011000l0— 8	....

No. 1 was at known angles, No. 2 at unknown angles.

J. H. W. Reisinger, Sec'y.

Lakeside Rod and Gun Club.

Burlington, Vt., April 3.—To-day was the opening shoot of the season for the Lakeside Rod and Gun Club, of this city. In spite of the disagreeable weather, a few of our more enthusiastic members faced the traps and tried their luck at breaking targets. Following are the scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
J Burns	0010111100111011111111011—18	1010111111101111111111100—20
H Spear	1110111111111111011100000l—18	1001011111101111111111000—18
E Morgan	0010111111010010110111011—16	1110111011110101011001000—15
W Phelps	1011101111100101000111011—16	1111010001011110011100110—15
E Worthen	1110001100111101000101111—15	0110001110010100111001111—14
L Harding	0001001001111011011010110—13	0010011011110011010100011—13
V Waterman	0100100000000000001100110— 6	....

No. 3 was at 10 pairs and resulted thus: Morgan 14, Worthen and Burns 13, Phelps and Spear 11.

No. 4, 5 pairs: Worthen 7, Morgan 6, Burns 4.

J. S. Denning, Sec'y.

Montreal Gun Club.

Montreal, Can., April 3.—The Montreal Gun Club's inaugural shoot, held to-day, was a success in every respect save that of weather. There was a capital attendance of trap-shooters, many of them crack shots too, but scores ruled very low owing to the gale that blew across the traps. Among those present from outside the city were: Greely, Westover, Fox, Mack, the two Clarks, Hibbard, Strickland, Allen and Nutting, of Waterloo; Tartre, of Sutton; Draper, E. G. Smith, the two Browns, of Ottawa; McMahon, Panet, Aubet, Henrichon and Lucas, of Cote St. Paul; the two Muirs, the two Coughtrys, the St. Laurent crack, Andrew Boa; Papa Deslauriers and Higginson, of Ottawa, and Curley, of Sutton.

The scores made are given in tabulated form below, with the exception that in all events after No. 1 all scores under 4 out of 10 are omitted. In No. 2 there were 14 scores less than 4; in No. 4, 13 such scores, and in No. 5, 6 similar scores: The table is as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*20*	*10*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*20*	*10*	*10*	*10*
S. A. White	8	8	10	6	4	3	J. D. Clark	3	6	..	..	..	..
E. J. White	7	7	11	9	6	8	A. W. Westover	3	6	..	5	5	..
W. McMahon	7	8	10	7	4	5	G. E. Cote	3	6	7	..	7	5
H. H. Wooten	6	7	5	6	..	..	Walton	3	6	..	..	..	..
Greely	6	..	..	..	..	..	F. G. Smith	3	..	..	..	..	..
C. Aubin	6	8	11	4	6	7	Foss	3	..	..	4	..	..
Higginson	6	5	..	5	5	..	Mack	2	6	..	..	..	..
E. C. Eaton	6	7	9	5	5	..	Strickland	2	..	..	..	..	..
C. L. Panet	6	6	16	6	4	9	J. Stewart	..	8	..	6	..	..
W. Henrichon	6	..	8	6	..	..	W. L. Cameron	..	7	13	6	..	6
R. Lucas	6	4	10	..	..	..	W. Candlish	..	6	8	..	..	..
Bennett	5	..	..	..	..	..	J. Muir	..	5	..	..	6	..
G. E. Clark	5	..	..	..	4	..	C. Muir	..	5	..	..	..	2
D. Candlish	5	7	7	..	..	..	J. Cameron	..	5	..	..	..	..
Tartre	4	..	..	..	..	..	G. E. Cleghorn	..	5	8	5	..	..
Deslauriers	4	8	..	..	4	5	Bayfield	..	5	..	..	..	..
Ross	4	5	..	..	..	..	H. Sums	..	4	..	..	..	..
H. E. Hibbard	4	5	..	..	4	..	Kearney	..	4	..	..	..	..
Hillyard	3	..	..	..	..	..	R. B. Hutcheson	..	..	10	..	..	..
Draper	3	..	..	..	..	..	Kennedy	..	..	..	4	..	..
A. Brault	3	5	..	..	..	..	A. Coughtry	..	..	..	..	4	..

The team race, event No. 3 in the above table, resulted in a victory for the team representing the St. Hubert Gun Club, of Ottawa, as follows:

Team race, 5-men teams, 20 targets per man:

St. Hubert Gun Club, Ottawa.

S A White	11001110101001000011—10
H H Wooten	00100100010001010000— 5
C L Panet	11110111101111111100—16
W McMahon	01000011011000111110—10
E T White	10011001111101000011—11—52

Montreal Gun Club.

G E Cleghorn	01001111000110000100— 8
R B Hutcheson	00110100010111100110—10
G E Cote	00100000111010000101— 7
E C Eaton	11100010000101011101— 9
W L Cameron	10111111000001110111—13—47

Cote St. Paul Gun Club.

R Lucas	01110001011010001101—10
C Aubin	01010111001011100110—11
W H Candlish	10000110000101110001— 8
V Henrichon	10100100001111001000— 8
D Candlish	01010101010010001000— 7—44

April 4.—In the events postponed from yesterday's programme, Eaton won the club championship, Cote being the runner-up. Saunderson, a new man, won the S. S. gold medal with a score of 16 out of 25.

Marietta Gun Club.

Marietta, Ga., April 9.—The Marietta Gun Club held its club shoot this afternoon in threatening weather. The club contest was at 25 targets, unknown angles. Following is the score:

Meinert	1111110100111111110111011—20
Black	1111111101011111010110110—19
Reynolds	0000101100000101010107000— 7
Setze	0001111100111000111100010—13
Glover	0101100110111101001010100—13
Thornton	0111011110011011001111110—17
Austin	0011011110001010001011100—12
Maury	0101101011010011001111100—14
Bailey	0000011000000001010000000— 4
Williams	0000100011011000000000100— 6
Stephens	1111110010000011010011000—12
Whitlock	0000011111110101111111001—16
Gramling	1010010001000000011101000— 8
Love	1110011000001000000010110— 9
Mosher	0010011100111001111101110—15

Rome Gun Club.

Rome, N. Y., April 9.—The scores given below were made by members of the Rome Gun Club at its shoot to-day:

Roberts 25, Beasley 24, Betson 22, Hauck 22, Rayland 22, M. B. Kingsley 21, Buttles 20, Barnard 18, W. L. Kingsley 16, Dowley 14, Pillmore 12.

Roberts won the heat with a straight score.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

Subscriber who sent in the poem "Zekiels' Remedy" will oblige by favoring us with his address.

J. T. McC., New York.—Where can I get a Great Dane pup? Ans. We do not know of any for sale.

A. G. Van Patten.—The entire programme at the New York State shoot is open to a resident of the State.

L. S., Jr., Providence.—Can you refer me to kennels where I can purchase greyhounds of the first water, preferably, of course, near my vicinity? Ans. We do not know of any for sale.

W. W. K., Indianapolis, Ind.—I wish to purchase a thoroughbred English bull pup. I do not care so much for a long pedigree as for a good dog for amusement rather than fighting purposes. Can you put me in communication with a kennel that might have something that will fill the bill? Ans. We are unable to give you the information.

A. W. J., Clinton, Conn.—An Irish setter, about seven years old, had one year ago in July a bunch under tongue. Finally the bunch disappeared. One shortly came on the other side of the tongue. I was told by local "dog men" it was a bone in the throat. The other bunch finally disappeared, and soon the bunch began to grow on the outside of the throat under the jaw, and has continued growing until now it is as big as a cocoanut, and for the past three days it has appeared to bother the dog much. Previously it was not very troublesome. It appears like goitre of the neck in a human being. Ans. I presume the swelling is not immediately under the lower jaw, but a little lower down. Apply iodine ointment to lump twice a day. Give a five-grain extract of thyroid gland (Armour's) tablet three times. Continue the tablets for some time, and should there be no improvement increase the number.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Special Rates South.

The Southern Railway, Piedmont Air Line, announce the following special low rates to points South reached by the system. The meeting of the Sons of Revolution, Savannah, Ga., April 20; American Medical Association, Atlanta, Ga., May 2; Methodist Episcopal Conference, Mobile, Ala., May 6; Gun Club tournament, Memphis, Tenn., May 11; Woman's Board of Missions, Memphis, Tenn., May 17; Western Georgia Association, Chattanooga, Tenn., May 20; Royal Arcanum Supreme Council, Savannah, Ga., May 20. This great system reaches all points South, giving the quickest time and best service. For information call on or address New York Office, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

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